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THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL.

In ENGLISH VERSE.

The ÆNEID Translated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With several NEW OBSERVATIONS

By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, and Others.

ALSO,

A Dissertation on the Sixth Book of the ÆNEID,
by Mr. WARBURTON.

On the Shield of ÆNEAS, by Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

On the Character of Iapis, by the late Dr. ATTERBURY,
Bishop of Rochester.

And, Three ESSAYS on PASTORAL, DIDACTIC and
EPIC POETRY, by the EDITOR.

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VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

The ÆNEID.

Book IX.

Book X.

Book XI.

Book XII.

Reflections on the CHARACTER of IAPIS.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL's
ÆNEID.

VOL. IV.

B

ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

NINTH BOOK.*

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
 And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
 Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,
 The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;

* This book is more particularly remarkable, because the hero has nothing to do in it; and it is the only one thro' all the poem of that kind. The moderns have taken too much liberty in this point; for how many entire books are there in Tasso's Jerusalem, where Godfrey never appears? Not that the poet is always under a necessity of following his hero, without so much as quitting him once: on the contrary, it is proper that he should sometimes magnify the valour of the enemy, to render that of his hero more conspicuous. But by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, we may perceive how deficient those episodes are, which depart entirely from the subject; and have no connection, either with the action, or the fable. Such are the amours of Rinaldo and Armida, and the greater part of the adventures of Tancred, Erminia, and Clorinda; as F. Mambrun has judiciously remarked. It is not a fault to depart sometimes from the hero; but it is necessary, that all which passes in his absence should have some connexion with the principal action, or at least with the fable, as may be seen from this book. The action of this poem is the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and the foundation of a city; there is no doubt but that all which Turnus performs against this action, is part of the action itself: Because it is necessary that this action should have a beginning, middle, and end; and of all these the fable or subject is composed; which is no more than the action, and its ornaments, or episodes; and which are so much the more beautiful, as they fall in more natu-

Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode 5
 In his old grandfire's consecrated wood ;
 There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
 Her rosy lips she open'd, and began :
 Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
 What scarce a god could promise to thy vows : 10
 For lo ! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
 And for new succours courts th'Arcadian prince.
 Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
 And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
 Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite, 15
 And the raw peasants gather to the fight ;
 Call, call the fiery courfers, and the car ;
 Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war.
 This said ; with levell'd wings she mounts on high,
 And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky. 20

rally with the subject. It is the very essence of episodes, that they may be taken away without hurting the subject ; though at the same time they should have a close connexion with the subject.

Virgil observes all this exactly ; but we are to consider, that the poet makes those episodes, where the hero does not much appear, far shorter than those where he has the principal part. For instance, the recital which Æneas makes of the taking of Troy, and his amour with Dido, are much longer than the history of Cacus related by Evander, or the adventures of Nisus and Euryalus which the poet himself relates. This last example of generous friendship, was an ornament not to be neglected : it is the chief beauty of this book ; but it is not the only passage where the poet exerts himself : the complaints of the mother of Euryalus, the invectives of Numanus, and the attack of the camp in which the poet makes Turnus perform so many brave exploits ; are all beyond imitation. SEGRAIS.

Trapp observes, that this book has the most fighting of any, and by that circumstance is likewise distinguished from the rest, and that in this too is the beginning of the warlike action.

He knew the fair ; his lifted hands he spread,
And with these words pursu'd her as she fled :
Bright beauteous goddess of the various bow,
What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below ?
What splendors open to my dazzled eyes !

What floods of glory burst from all the skies ; 25
And lo ! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll !
Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole !
Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inspiring god ! 30

Raptur'd he said, and fought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide ;
There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,
To ev'ry god address'd his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold, 35
Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,
On sprightly prancing steeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Messapus at their head ;
The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrheus led. 40
Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,
Tow'rs in the center, and outshines them all.
Silent they march beneath their godlike guide :
So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
In sev'n large streams his swelling solemn tide : 45
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.

Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise :
Then from the rampart's height Caïcus cries :

See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train, 50
 Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain.
 To arms—The foes advance—Your swords prepare;
 Fly---Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.

With shouts they run; they gather at the call;
 They close the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
 For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host, 56
 When late he parted for the Tuscan coast;
 Whate'er beset, their ardor to restrain,
 Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
 There, tho' with shame and wrath their bosoms glow, 60
 Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.
 But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,
 And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed;
 Eager before the tardy squadrons flew
 To reach the wall; and soon appear'd in view 65

62. *But mighty Turnus rode, &c.*] The character of *Turnus* is constantly preserved, *qualis ab incepto processerat*. I do not remember, that Virgil flags once in describing the resolute impetuosity, which this young hero every where exerts. He here begins the siege with a most spirited exclamation,

Ecquis erit mecum, o juvenes, qui primus in hostem?

He attempts every pass and avenue, as a hungry wolf in a tempestuous night tries to enter a fold, his rage and hunger being still further exasperated by the bleating of the lambs within: and, though he finds at last the fortress of the Trojans impregnable, he does not desist; but instantly makes an attempt to burn the ships. This character is conducted with a truly poetical fire. The above simile is taken from Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. i. 1243.

63. — *dappled Thracian steed.*] Virgil, says Catrou, seems to be particularly fond of Thracian horses, marked with spots of various colours. He has before mentioned this breed,

— *Quem Thracius albis*

Portat equis bicolor maculis.

Speaking of young Priam's horse, the son of Polites. See Turneb. L. 23. C. 14.

(With twice ten noble warriors close behind) ;
 His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.
 Who first, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare ?
 Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.
 Loud shout his train ; deep wonder seiz'd them all, 70
 To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall ;
 Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,
 Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
 Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain. 75
 As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,
 The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold ;
 Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
 Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs ;
 The monster meditates the fleecy brood ; 80
 Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood ;
 Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
 And madly rages at the flock in vain :
 Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,
 Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes : 85

69. *Then hurl'd a dart, &c.*] The throwing a javelin into the air, was a ceremony practis'd by the Romans, when they declared war against any nation. This they derived from the Greeks. Before this was done, it was unlawful to commit any acts of hostility. This declaration was made by the *pater patratus*, who was chief of the *fœciales*. He used to pronounce with a loud voice the reasons for going to war, and then threw a javelin into the country of the new enemy. Numa was the first who introduced this custom. The declaring war was called *clarigatio*.

81. *Now thirsts for blood.*] The original is *siccæ sanguine fauces* ; where the word *siccæ* is elegantly us'd for *vacuæ*, with an ablative case.

Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
 From the close trench to combat on the plain.
 But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
 That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
 Beside the camp—He calls for burning brands, 90
 And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
 His great example the bold troop inspires ;
 They rob the hearths ; they hurl the missive fires ;
 The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,
 With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies. 95

O say, ye muses, what celestial pow'r
 Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
 And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame ?
 The tale is old, yet of immortal fame !

The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide, 100
 Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide ;
 When thus to Jove, in heav'n's supreme abodes,
 Spoke the majestic mother of the gods ;
 Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,
 The first, since heav'n has own'd you for her lord. 105
 To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
 On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove ;
 Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,
 And waving pines, a venerable wood !

101.—*Hills of Ide.*] Æneas built his fleet at Antandros,
 which was at the foot of the Phrygian, not the Cretan Ida.

— *Classemque sub ipsa*

Antandro, & Phrygiæ molimur montibus Idæ.

Æn. 3. ver. 5.

Book 9. OF VIRGIL. 9

To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy 110

The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.

Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care :

But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r :

Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine ;

Be this their safety, that they once were mine. 115

Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls

The golden planets round the spangled poles :

What would our mother's rash request intend ?

To turn the fates from their determin'd end ?

How ! an immortal state would you demand 120

For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand ?

And shall the chief in certain safety ride,

O'er rocks, o'er gulphs, and o'er th' uncertain tide ?

A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd ;

No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god ! 125

But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,

The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,

Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,

Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,

Know, we will take the mortal form from these ; 130

Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas ;

And with her sister Nereids shall divide

The silver waves, and bound along the tide.

This said ; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow

By his dread brother's awful streams below ; 135

110. *I bestow'd with joy.*] Virgil here, very artfully, saves Æneas from the imputation of impiety, which he certainly must have been guilty of, had he cut down Cybele's trees, without her consent.

CATROU.

By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood ;
Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod ;
The heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god.

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate ;

140

When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.

First from the glowing orient they descry
A blazing cloud that stretch'd from sky to sky ;

137. *Then gave the sanction.*] In the original ; —
*Dixerat, idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris
Per pice torrentes, atraque voragine ripas ;
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympus.*

Virgil, it must be owned, has not here given us the same noble image of Jupiter nodding, which we find in his great Grecian pattern. Pope observes, that he has preserved the nod, with its stupendous effect, the making the heavens tremble. But he has neglected the description of the hair, and the eyebrows, those chief pieces of imagery, from whence Phidias (as Macrobius informs us) took the idea of a countenance proper for the king of gods and men, when he made his Olympian Jupiter. *Phidias, cum Jovem Olympium fingeret, interrogatus de quo exemplo divinam mutaretur effigiem, respondit archetypum Jovis in his se tribus Homeræ versibus invenisse :*

Η κρυανισιν, &c. &c. &c.

Nam de superciliis & crinibus totum se Jovis vultum collegisse ; quod utrumque videtis a Virgilio prætermisum. Macrobi. Saturnal. B. 5. Chap. 13. Scaliger's answer to Macrobius is entertaining. *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut nos ludit Phidias : Etiam sine Homero puto illum scisse, Jovem non carere superciliis & cæsarie.* Poet. B. 5. c. 3.

Mr. Spence would compound the matter between the two poets, by allowing (which is the very truth) that Virgil on this occasion has described Jupiter in the properest manner that could be among the Romans, and that Homer has described him in the noblest manner that could be among the Greeks. POLYMET. D. 6. B. 2.

143. *First from the glowing orient.*] The previous appearance with which Virgil hushes in this extraordinary metamorphosis,

The golden splendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play. 145

At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear :

Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy, nor lend
Your needless aid, our vessels to defend. 150

The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,
Burn to their beds profound the watry seas;
Launch you, my ships; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!

Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey, 155
From their loose anchors break, and bound away;

Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) rise in female forms again.

So many nymphs launch swiftly from the shore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before. 160

The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Messapus trembled at the sight, [flight. }
Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their rapid

Old murm'ring Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,
And to his source the hoary father fled. 165

All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,
Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he spoke :
These omens threat our foes (O glorious day!):

Lo! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away!

phosis, are beautifully imagined, and finely painted. As to the metamorphosis itself, he undoubtedly introduced it, as an old tradition among the Romans: *Prisca fides facta*. I cannot but observe, that Virgil, in relating this transformation, has judiciously avoided that affectation of conceit and witticism to be found in Ovid's description of it, Met. 14. 535. & seq.

168. *These omens threat our foes, &c.*] The abruptness of the original is remarkable. *Trojans*

Lo ! from our dreaded arms their ships retire, 170
 And vanish swift before our vengeful fire ;
 To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,
 The watry half of all the globe is lost.
 Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar ;
 The land is ours ; and Italy from far 175 }
 Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.
 Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast :
 On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.
 To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,
 Was all, their fates or Venus could demand. 180
 My fates now take their turn ; and 'tis in mine,
 For my lost spouse, to crush the perjurd line.
 Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
 The same my cause, and my revenge the same.
 Will Troy then venture on a rape once more, 185
 Who paid so dearly for the crime before ?

*Trojanos hæc monstra petunt :—his Jupiter ipse
 Auxilium solitum eripuit.—Non tela, nec ignes
 Expectant Rutulos.—Ergo maria invia Teucris ;
 Nec spes ulla fugæ.—Rerum pars altera ademta est :
 Terra autem in manibus nostris,—tot millia gentes
 Arma ferunt Italia, &c. &c.*

The whole speech is a noble instance of Turnus's violent temper.

168. *These omens threat our foes.*] Thus the Trojans II. B. 15. falsely interpret Jupiter's thunder in favour of themselves. Pope observes, that this self-partiality of men, in appropriating to themselves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes: It was the case of Croesus in his wars with Cyrus ; and a like mistake engaged Pyrrhus to make war upon the Romans.

185. *Will Troy then venture.*] Never were finer instances of a malicious sneer, than in this speech ;

“ One

Sure, they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind !
Fools ! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,
That slight partition betwixt them and fate, 190
Who not long since beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground !
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe ;
Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail, 195
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail ;
Though to support their desp'rate cause should join
Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line :
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The sacred thefts or murders of the night, 200
A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.
A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims ;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon shall they find no Argive host appears, 205
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away
In due repast the small remains of day :

“ One would think the Trojans had enough of women ; as they have already lost so much by them. Can they imagine a slight trench will protect them ? It is not long since they saw their own Troy, which was built by the hands of Neptune, burnt to the ground. Let us hasten to the attack ; I believe, we can easily overcome them, tho' we have not the advantage of a thousand ships, and arms forged by Vulcan. We'll deal fairly with them, they need not be afraid of our stealing their palladium, or concealing ourselves in the belly of an horse. We disdain a conquest in the dark ; we'll set their fortress on fire in broad day-light. They'll soon find themselves engaged with a more powerful enemy, &c.” See Note on ver. 508. B. II.

But rise, rise early with the dawning light,
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight. 210

Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.
Twice sev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands ;
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands :
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay, 215
And crimson crests on every helmet play.

They watch, they rest by turns ; and, stretcht supine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light ;
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night. 220

This scene the Trojans from their trenches view ;
All seiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew ;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain, 225
Mnestheus and brave Sereftus fire the train.

(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)

Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town. 230

The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.

231. *The valiant Nisus.*] The Poet (says Trapp) with great judgment naturally slides into this episode, without any formal preparation. He was speaking of the several posts which were defended: and among the rest, one was committed to the care of these two friends, whose characters he here judiciously gives us.

Nisus erat portæ custos, &c. &c.
Et juxta comes Euryalus, &c. &c.

From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game :
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms 235
Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms ;
So young, the springing down but just began
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, side by side ; 240
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd ;
And both alike were planted on the guard.

Has heav'n (cry'd Nisus first,) this warmth bestow'd ?
Heav'n ? or a thought that prompts me like a god ?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest ? 245
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze !
See the loose discipline of yonder train ; 249
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain :
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd ;
And mark !—a gen'ral silence reigns around :
Then take my thought ; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim, 255
(For I cou'd rest contented with the fame—)
An easy road, methinks, I can survey
Beneath you summit to direct my way.

257. *An easy road, methinks.*] This obscure hint of his design comes with much more grace than if it had been delivered in full and plain terms, as it implies a decent and ingenuous diffidence in so young a warrior.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
 Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd : 260
 And will my Nisus then his friend disclaim ?
 Deny'd his share of danger, and of fame ?
 And can thy dear Euryalus expose
 Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes ?
 Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy, 265
 Born, train'd and season'd in the wars of Troy.
 And, where the great Æneas led the way,
 I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
 Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd ;
 We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side. 270
 Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame ;
 Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame ;
 And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
 On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
 Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast : 275
 Thy worth and valour stand to all confess.

261. *And will my Nisus*] Euryalus, suspecting that Nisus had but a mean opinion of his martial abilities, as he does not at first propose to admit him a sharer in his intended adventure, breaks forth into this beautiful vindication of his own courage. A natural instance, of the delicate sensibility of true friendship, and the tender reproaches that sometimes arise from that passion.

275. *Let no such.*] Nisus replies, that he never suspected his friend's courage ; but as the undertaking seemed to be attended with no small danger, he would not chuse that his friend's life should be expos'd—*Te superesse velim* : and adds, that his younger years are a reason why he should not engage in so hazardous an enterprize ; *Tua vita dignior ætas* : which words, Trapp remarks, are extremely well contriv'd to add a pathos to the whole ; the more manly prudence and care of the one being oppos'd to the youthful fire and sprightliness of the

But let the danger fall (he cries) on me :
For this exploit, I durst not think on thee !
No :—as I hope the blest ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again ! 280
But should the gods deny me to succeed,
Should I—(which heav'n avert!) but should I bleed ;
Live thou ;—in death some pleasure that will give ;
Live for thy Nifus' sake ; I charge thee, live.
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands ;— 285
Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands ;
And decent to the silent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend :
Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead. 290
Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs ? Unutterable woe !
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea !
She left Acestes' walls, and she alone, 295
To follow thee, her only, darling son !

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain ;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard ;
By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd. 300

the other. But (says Nifus by a most beautiful transition) if you remain, there will then be one, who will redeem my body from the enemy, and bury it ; or at least build a tomb to my memory. Besides, continues he, think of your poor mother ! what must she feel for the loss of you, to accompany whom she left the rest of the Trojan matrons with Acestes !

Nec matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris.

There is a kind of presage and anticipation in what Nifus objects concerning Euryalus's mother, which is inexpressibly fine.

With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate 305
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state ;
Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,
And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent. 310
The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train ;
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began :

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers ! 315
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,
Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies ;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise. 320
If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.

203. *In silence.*] This is a beautiful military night-piece. Every thing is hush'd in sleep and silence, except the Trojans, who, leaning on their spears, are consulting how to recall their absent general: in the midst of this consultation, these two young adventurers are introduced, who voluntarily offer their service in the point debated. The reply of Alethes to their proposal is moving; and the contrast between youth and age, produced in his speech and embrace, has a fine effect.

306. *In solemn council.*]————

Consilium summis regni de rebus habebant.

This verse is borrow'd from Lucilius :

Consilium summis hominum de rebus habebant.

Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road, 325
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age : 330
Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will spare the relics of the Trojan line,
Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
With such high courage, such determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took 335
With tears of joy; and panting, thus bespoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to so great a deed?
The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply; 340
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.

And I, brave Nisus! crys the royal boy, 345
Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprize pursue.
Oh! to these longing eyes my fire restore;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more, 350
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine;

The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
 When low in dust the fair Arisba lay:
 Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold. 355
 And two large talents of the purest gold:
 With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
 Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal fire.
 And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own;
 When my great father mounts the Latian throne; 360
 When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
 The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war;
 What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
 His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield;
 That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine, 365
 Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
 My fire will give twelve captives with their arms;
 Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms;
 And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
 Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain. 370

354. *When low in dust.*] These words *Devicta genitor quæ cepit Arisba*, are understood wrongly by most of the interpreters. They suppose, that Arisba was taken and pillaged by the Trojans: on the contrary, it was a Trojan town, and one of the new dynasties of Priam's kingdom. Virgil means, that these two bowls were saved by Æneas, out of the sacking of Arisba, when it was taken by the Greeks. CATROU.

Trapp translates it,—Which my father took from sack'd Arisba.

359. *And when these vanquish'd kingdoms.*] This presumption of Ascanius, that Æneas would certainly succeed in gaining this new kingdom, is quite consistent with the warmth and levity of a young mind.

363. *What late thou saw'st.*] A beautiful horse, and fine armour, were objects which must naturally make an impression on the mind of one so young as Ascanius. He therefore promises these, esteeming them a very valuable reward.

But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share; 375
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!

All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Tho' fortune only our attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success. 380
But one reward I ask, before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, she left her native Troy, 385
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her, the danger of so dear a son:
To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace! 390
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone), 395
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!

381. *But one reward.*] The filial piety which Euryalus so passionately expresses, endears him to us, and prepossesses us greatly in his favour; and by that means, contributes to interest us so much the more in the success of his hazardous adventure.

With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Ascanius melts in tears, 400
To see the sorrows of a duteous son,
And filial love, a love so like his own.
I promise all, heroic youth! he said,
That to such matchless valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother still shall be the same 405
Creüsa was, and only want the name.

Let fortune good or ill success decree;
'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow, 410
When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race.

So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:

399. *Charm'd with.*] What an affecting picture is here!
The brevity and simplicity of

—*Perculsa mente dederunt*

Dardanida lacrymas—

is in truth inimitable. And how artfully does the poet, from this instance of Euryalus, take an opportunity of extolling the filial piety of Ascanius!

Virgil, beside the other proofs of his humanity and goodness, appears to have a strong idea of that swell in a good man's breast, which fills the eye with tears, on his hearing any great or good moral action or resolution:

—*Perculsa mente, &c.*

And this is the more remarkable, because it is scarce ever mentioned or described by any other of the ancient writers.

SPENCE.

414. *Gave to the pious youth.*]

Humero simul exuit ensen in the orig.

Book 9. OF VIRGIL. 23

The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made; 415

An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.

To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;

And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.

Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly waits,

With high applause, their progress to the gates. 420

Mature in wisdom, far above his years,

The fair Iulus in the train appears,

And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;

All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go, 425

Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.

But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,

With what large slaughter shall they bathe the shore!

All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd around,

The careless soldiers on the verdant ground, 430

Because the belt hung from his shoulder, tho' the sword by his side. So Book 8.

—*Lateri atque humeris Tegeæum subligat ensẽ.*

429. *Immers'd in wine.*] This whole description of the camp, and of the slaughter in it, is a masterly piece of painting. These strokes particularly in the original.

—*Passim vino somnoque per herbam
Corpora fusa vident; arreptos littore currus,
Inter lora rotasque, viros: simul arma jacere,
Vina simul—*

—*Ense superbum
Rhamnetem aggreditur; qui forte tapetibus aliis
Extructus, toto prostrabat pectore somnum.*

—*Truncumque reliquit
Sanguine singultantem: atro tepefacta cruore
Terra, torique madent.—*

—*Rhatum vigilantem, & cuncta videntem;
Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.*

Pectore

Amidst a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
 And empty cars, incumbering all the plains.
 Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;
 A mad confusion of debauch and war.

Now, now, cries Nisus first, thy courage call: 435
 The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
 Here lies our road: while I the passage find,
 Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
 From side to side, whole squadrons will I flay,
 Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way. 440

With that, the youth in silence drew his sword,
 And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd lord;

*Pectore in adverso totum cui cominus ensem
 Condidit assurgenti, & multa more recepit:
 Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
 Vina refert moriens.*—

Especially in that verse, *Condidit assurgenti*, &c. we see his breast rising full against the point of the sword, and meeting it half way.

But may not an objection be urged against this conduct? It is certainly none, to say (as some do) that it was cruel to kill so many men in their sleep: they were enemies in war, and but two against a whole army. The difficulty is in point of probability; how they were able to do it, without being discovered. 'Tis strange that the whole army should be dead drunk, or fast asleep; however debauched they had been. Nay, we are told, one was actually awake, and saw it all. 'Tis much he should not cry out to alarm his friends; at least after he was stabb'd, if he was afraid before. It is likewise very strange that these two adventurers themselves should not think they would come off very well, if they could get safe thro' the enemy's camp; without taking it into their thoughts, to do so much execution among them. To all this I have nothing to answer, but that the thing, tho' very strange, is possible: and possible and probable in heroic poesy signify much the same. If we deny it this boldness, we take away its greatest beauty; which is, the marvellous and surprising. TRAPP.

In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay, 445
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away
The fate of others he had still foreshown,
But fail'd, unhappy ! to prevent his own.

Then on the 'squire of Remus fierce he flew
And, as they slept, his three attendants flew. 450
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;
Lest on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood distains the couch around; 455
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyris and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus last, in all his sprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already spent in play; 460
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day.

Thus o'er th' unguaded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours; 465
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly sword; but nameless crowds destroy'd.
Hebescus, Fadus, as they slept, he goar'd; 470
But wakeful Rhæsus saw the slaughter'ring sword:

Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain ;
 For as the foe, detected, rose again,
 The furious youth, with all his force impress,
 Plung'd the whole sword, deep-bury'd in his breast ; 475
 With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd ;
 The purple foul came floating in the tide.

So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
 And scatters death and slaughter as he goes.
 Now when to brave Mesiapus' tents they came, 480
 The fires just glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
 The train lie scatter'd, while the steeds, unbound,
 Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
 Then Nisus warn'd him ; for he saw the boy
 Too fierce for blood, too eager to destroy ; 485
 Enough of death—our swords have hew'd the way—
 We stand detected by the dawning day.

They part ; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
 Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.

475. *Plung'd the whole sword.]*

—*Et multa morte recepit.*

Dr. Trapp's translation is remarkable,

—And with abundant death

Receiv'd him—

All the commentators (but one) apply *recepit* to the sword, not to the man, i. e. *retraxit ensē multa morte*, i. e. *multo cruore tinctum*. But the image is much nobler, and the expression far more poetical, as Trapp understands it, *recepit* [Rhætum] *multa morte*. The other was rising up towards him, and he receives him with *abundance of death*; meaning the full stroke which he had at his breast. Which (as observed in the foregoing note) is described by the very sound of the verse, Rhæsus rising full against the point of the sword, and meeting it half way. La Cerda is the only expositor, who interprets this expression like Dr. Trapp, *Recepit dira hospitallitate*. Some read *inulta*, for which there is the authority of one MS. in Italy, as we are told by Waddelius, *in loc.*

Book 9. OF VIRGIL. 27

But yet the fond Euryalus would stay, 490

Resolv'd to seize one rich distinguish'd prey ;

The shining trappings Rhamnes' coursers bore,

And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,

Of old, to Remulus was sent the prize

By Cædicus, the pledge of social ties ; 495

Which with his grandson at his death remain'd,

And last by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.

'This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,

And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain !

Next, with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread, 500

Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head,

Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,

They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.

Meantime, the Daunian hero to support,

Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court ; 505

Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,

Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.

Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,

And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.

Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd, 510

On which the moon in all her glory play'd.

494. *Of old, to Remulus.*] It was anciently a custom, says Pope [note ver. 313. Il. 10.], to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the first book of Sam. stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David ; and his garments even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle, chap. viii. ver. 4.

496. *Which with his grandson.*]

Ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti : in the original ;

This is a Greek mode of speaking, as, *εἰς αὐτὸν ἐχέειν*.

510. *Euryalus' bright helm.*] The discovery of our adventurers is finely conducted. They are detected merely by so

'Tis not for nought, those youths appear; declare
 (Cries the stern gen'ral) who, and whence you are;
 And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?
 Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight 515
 To the thick forests, and the shades of night.
 But the fierce warriors spurr'd their steeds, and stood
 All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
 O'ergrown and wild, the darksome forest lay,
 And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way. 520
 Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
 Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies;
 But miss'd the turnings, in his wild surprize.
 Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declined,
 Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind; 525
 Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
 Where the fleet courfers of Latinus fed.

slight a circumstance, as that of an helmet reflecting the moon-beams. What can be more natural than this! The beauty of this discovery consists in the slightrness of the accident which occasioned it. We are to remember too, that they are betray'd by part of the spoil they had been just taking, Messapus's helmet. See note on ver. 621. B. 7.

512. 'Tis not for nought.] *Haud temere*, &c. that is, *non otiose, segniter*, and consequently not in vain. Some refer *haud temere est visum* to the poet's narration; but I think it comes with much more propriety from the mouth of this watchful leader.

520. *And trees and brakes.*]

Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles.

Servius takes *semita* for a path made by men; *calles* for the tracks worn by cattle. *Rara semita* may signify either *paucæ semitæ*, according to Ruæus; like *Rara avis* in Juvenal, and *rarus emptor* in Pliny: or narrow; Trapp has taken both,

—few narrow paths. &c.

Servius says, *raro lucens*; for, instead of *ducebat*, some read *lucebat*, which I think a more elegant reading.

There stood the mournful youth ; and from the plain,
Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain !
Where is Euryalus, my only joy ? 530
Where shall I find (he cry'd) the hapless boy ?
Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,
The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind. 535
Here, while he paus'd, a general shout he heard ;
And lo ! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe : the gloomy night,
And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours croud the gath'ring train 540
Around the captive, who resists in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy ?
Or thro' th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,
And, prest by hostile numbers, nobly die ? 545
Then on the moon he cast a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook ;
Great guardian goddess of the woods ! (he cries)
Pride of the stars, and empress of the skies !
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine 550
For his dear son, and fought thy pow'r divine,

528. *There stood the mournful youth.*] Never was distress more strongly painted than this ! He looks back for his beloved friend, but in vain : He retraces his steps thro' the mazes of the silent wood, *dumisque silentibus*, and on a sudden hears the sound of approaching horsemen : At last he perceives his friend surrounded by the enemy. *Quid faciat ?* in this place, is finely introduced by the poet. His prayer to Diana, before he throws his spear, is affecting, and suitable to his circumstances.

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils;
 Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
 But, wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train. 555
 This said; with all his strength the spear he threw;
 Swift thro' the parting shade the weapon flew.
 In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood,
 And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
 He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay; 560
 While in thick sobs he gasp'd his soul away.
 The crouds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,
 Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.
 Thro' Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,
 It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain. 565
 Now, mad for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor found
 'The daring author of the distant wound:
 But thy curst blood shall pay for both, he said;
 'Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade
 Against the trembling boy—with wild affright, 570
 All pale, confus'd, distracted at the sight,
 From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:

562. *The crouds.*] This is a fine image, and an elegant expression, *Diversi circumspiciunt*; it is borrowed from the Medea of Pacuvius,

Diversi circumspicimus, horror percipit.

566. *Now, mad for vengeance.*] The rage of Volscens, upon the death of his soldiers, heightens our fear. But when Nisus sees him running upon his friend, with his drawn sword, we are almost in as great a fright, and in as much confusion, as he.

TRAPP.

Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine ;
Here sheath your javelins ; all the guilt was mine. 575

574. *Me, me, to me alone.*] Aristotle advises epic writers to intermix the tragic in their works. It is the epic poem, says he, which furnishes matter for tragedy ; and Homer in his two poems has exhibited an infinity of actions, proper for the stage. He says likewise, that the dramatic species has great advantages over the epic. It is necessary, that a poem which is carried on by narration, and whose imitation is in words, should approach as near as possible to the dramatic manner of tragedy. *Οι τες μυθες καθ'απερ εν ταις τραγωδiais συνισταναι δραματικες.* Virgil understood the importance of this precept. He has observed it in many parts of his *Æneid* ; but one would think, he had made it his business to give this episode of Nisus and Euryalus all the beauties of tragedy. 1. His narrative is as busy and active, as that of the drama. The poet says but little in his own person, but makes his actors say a great deal. What he says himself, is only to make out the necessary connexions between the speeches which he puts into the mouth sometimes of Nisus, sometimes of Euryalus, and sometimes of his mother. Think that you see each of them delivering their sentiments on the stage. 2. He attributes to his heroes manners intirely agreeable to tragedy. To move compassion for the personages represented in the theatre, it is not proper to form their characters so perfect (says Aristotle), that their misery should provoke the indignation of the spectator against the gods, when he sees them fallen, or ready to fall, into misfortune. Nor must they be painted so vitious, that they may raise rather abhorrence for their persons, than pity for their misfortunes. Foibles and faults of a lighter kind, joined with a good deal of virtue, make the hero of a tragedy deserve our tears. Euryalus is here completely formed to become the object of our most tender compassion. His birth, his beauty, his youth, his valour, his fidelity to his friend ; his imprudence in wearing an helmet, by which he is discovered ; his loading himself with spoils, that retard his march ; so natural for a young warrior ; all these circumstances excite a compassion for him, not mingled or dashed with any other sentiment. 3. All the incidents of this tragic episode are prepared and conducted after the manner of the most regular drama. These two friends do not depart from the Tro-

By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,
 His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood !
 Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend ;
 His only crime (and oh ! can that offend ?)
 Was too much love to his unhappy friend !

580

In vain he spoke, for ah ! the sword, address'd
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast.

jan camp, till the poet has taken care to give us an insight into their characters. We are not ignorant of their friendship founded upon virtue, *Nisus amore pio pueri*, nor of the age of the young Euryalus, *Mea quem spatii propioribus ætas insequitur* ; nor of his noble birth, his mother being descended from Priam, *Priami de gente vetusta*. We are informed of the subject of their departure, in which, without doubt, the whole colony is interested—*That of going to seek for Æneas*. Thus we have what Aristotle calls, the beginning of the poem, or the protasis ; which is employed in acquainting us with the persons interested in the action. Next follows the plot, or complication of circumstances ; this is accompanied with peripeties, that is to say, changes in the situation of the heroes. Our two friends march towards the camp of the Rutulians. Nothing is more happy than this beginning. Volscens comes upon them with a party of the enemy ; Nisus and Euryalus are discovered : another peripetie changing good into bad. Soon after one of them finds himself in a forest, the night being very dark. Our apprehensions lest these two friends should be slain, are suspended by the hopes of seeing them escape. This is a second part of the drama, which the masters of that art term the epitasis. Lastly, Euryalus is surpris'd by an ambuscade ; his friend endeavours to rescue him from the surrounding soldiers ; but, overpowered by the Rutulians, he dies ; and Nisus, to revenge his death, wounds Volscens, who had killed him ; himself expires upon the body of Euryalus. This is the unravelling, and the catastrophe. Nothing is wanting to this tragic event, but the pomp of scenery. But that, says Aristotle, does not belong to the province of the poet. The musician and the artificer partake with the poet the honour of the drama, by the decorations, and the harmony of the chorus.

CATROU.

With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
 And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
 As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd, 585
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground ;
 Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain ;
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies ! 590

Now midst the foe, distracted Nifus flew ;
 Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
 The gath'ring train the furious youth surround ;
 Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound ;
 All, all, unfelt ; he seeks their guilty lord ; 595
 In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword ;
 Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way ;
 And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,
 Brave Nifus flew the murd'rer as he dy'd ; 600
 Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,
 Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.

Hail, happy pair! if fame our verse can give,
 From age to age, your memory shall live ;

585. *Flow'r.*] This simile, copied from Homer, is finely improved by the Roman author (says Pope) with the particulars of, *Succisus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may be observed in favour of Homer, that the circumstances of the head being oppress'd, and weighed down with the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder Vigil omitted it ; and the rather, because he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of Euryalus, that discovered and occasioned the death of this young hero, and his friend. *Iliad*. 8. 371.

603. *Hail, happy pair !*] Instead of lamenting their destiny,

Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand, 605
Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world command !

ny, the poets breaks out into a noble congratulation of their fate, making it rather a cause of triumph than grief.

606. Or Rome's majestic lord.] — *Pater Romanus*—*Pater*, *parens*, and *genitor*, are often used by the Roman writers for ruler or governor :

—— *Jupiter arces*

Temperat æthereas, & mundi regna triformis ;

Terra sub Augusto ; pater est & rector uterque.

Ov. Met. 15. 860.

Statius calls Domitian, *Parens Latius*, Sylv. 1, 2, 178.

Valerius Flaccus, *Genitor*.

—— *Cum jam, genitor, lucebis ab omni*

Parte poli——

Arg. 1. 17.

He had called him *sancte PATER* too before, ver. 11.

Thus Ovid to Augustus :

Sancte PATER patriæ, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen

Hoc dedit ; hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen eques.

Fast. 2. 126.

How literally true, see Suetonius, in August. c. 58. The name of *reges* was generally used with some sort of contempt by the Roman writers. *Imperator* signify'd the same as a general, with us. *Pater* signify'd a ruler, a preserver, and father of the people.

Augustus was cautious of taking too high a title : *Non aliud discordantis patriæ remedium fuisse, quin ut ab uxo regeretur : non regno tantum, neque dictatura, sed principis nomine constitutam rempublicam.* Tacitus (where he is speaking for and against Augustus) An. Lib. 1.

Virgil in other places uses *genitor* and *pater* for governor, Æn. 1. 154. G. 4. 382.

These words had long been used in that sense ; perhaps ever since the first governments, which were by fathers. It was a mild humane name for a governor ; and perhaps has a particular propriety for a Roman governor ; for *pater* used by way of eminence, the senator, or chief senator, and *princeps senatus*, are almost univocal terms. To this may be added, that one of the most common inscriptions on Augustus's medals is, that of AUGUSTUS PATER. Thus Horace uses it of Augustus ; *Hic ames dici pater atque princeps.* Od. 1.

2. 50.

The victors first divide the gaudy prey ;
 Then to the camp their breathless chief convey :
 There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears ; 609
 There, crouds of slaughter'd princes claim their tears.
 Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,
 Some pale, in death, some gasping on the ground.
 With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,
 And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.
 All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought ; 615
 But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.

Now, dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,
 And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed :
 Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
 Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day. 620
 When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms ;
 First arm'd himself ; then call'd the host to arms.
 The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,
 In flame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
 On pointed spears, a dreadful sight ! they bore 625
 The heads of both the hapless youths, before ;
 With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,
 And shout, and follow with triumphant cries.

The Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight
 From their high walls ; the river guards the right. 630

2. 50. And of Jupiter, where too he is complimenting Augustus :

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos !

Orte Saturno ! tibi cura magni

Cæsaris fatis data ! tu secundo

Cæsare regnes.

Ib. Od. 12. SPENCE

They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,
And know the heads too well, tho' cover'd o'er
With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.

Now to the mother's ears the news had fled, 635
Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead:

The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook,
She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horror shook;
With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,
And rends the air with agonizing cries; 640
Breaks thro' the foremost troops in wild despair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.

And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms? 645
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?
So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?
Nor let me take my last, my sad, farewell?

635. *Now to the mother's ears.*] Though (says Trapp) what is commonly and strictly called the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, concludes with their death, yet the lamentation which is made by the mother of the latter, most agreeably brings us back to that subject, when we thought it was entirely ended. And whether we call it a part of that episode, or the sequel of it, is not at all material. However that be, it certainly equals, if not excels, any part of it.

643. *And is it thus.*] The manner, in which Euryalus's mother is affected, on hearing the fatal news of her son's death, is highly moving; but the speech which she breaks out into on the occasion is still more pathetic; the circumstances of distress are all finely chosen, and expressed in a most striking manner. What a beginning is that!

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio?

Scaliger (says Trapp) had reason to be in raptures upon it; for there is nothing in the fourth book itself more moving and pathetic.

A prey to dogs, alas ! thy body lies,
 And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies ! 650
 Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
 Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath ;
 Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
 Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er ;
 The work that charm'd the cares of age away, 655
 My task all night, my labour all the day ;
 The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
 For thee, my child ;—but wove, alas ! in vain.
 Where shall I find thee now ? what land contains
 Thy mangled members and thy dear remains ? 660
 How on thy face these longing eyes I fed !
 Ah ! how unlike the living is the dead !

651. *Nor did thy mother.*]

———*Nec te, tua funera mater*

Produxi.——in the orig.

Catrou translates this passage, “ *Nor was it permitted me to conduct you.—What have I said ? to conduct your corpse to the tomb.*” In this interpretation he follows Donatus ; who observes, that the afflicted mother is obliged by the violence of her grief, to make this abrupt stop in the middle of her speech, *Nec te—: Hic quoque aliud dictura fuit*, says he. To this explication of Donatus, Catrou subjoins, that she makes here a correction of what she had said, “ *Nec te produxi*, I did not conduct you ;—what have I said ? I would have said *your dead body, immo tua funera.*” This interpretation is truly poetical ; without recurring to the uncertain explication of the word *funera*, as some of the commentators have done.

653. *Nor bathe.*] Imitated from Ennius, in Cresphonte.

Neque terram injicere, neque cruenta

Convestire mihi corpora licuit ;

Neque misere lavere lacrymæ salsum sanguinem.

The Cresphon of Ennius was in all probability the story of Merope, so successfully handled by Maffei in Italian, and by Voltaire in French, and so miserably mangled by Hill in English.

For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone ?
 Is that, the sole sad relic of my son ?
 That bloody ball !—No more !—ye foes of Troy, 665
 Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy ;
 Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart,
 Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart :
 Or with thy bolts, O Jove ! conclude my woe,
 And plunge me flaming to the shades below. 670
 Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free ;
 'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me !

Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
 Their courage slackens ; and the frantic dame 675
 With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.
 But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,
 And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,
 With great Ilioneus, commands the train
 To bear the matron to her tent again. 680

Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
 With piercing clangors animates the war.
 The troops rush on ; the deaf'ning clamours rise,
 And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.

681. *Now the shrill.*] After this exquisite piece of pathos, and the damp struck into the Trojans by the lamentations of this distracted mother, how are we roused at the sudden sound of the trumpet !

*At tuba terribilem sonitum procul ære canoro
 Increpuit.*

It is to be observed, that the warlike action (I mean what may be called the regular warlike action) begins with these fine lines.

683. *The deaf'ning clamours rise.*] It was customary with the Romans to begin the engagement with loud shouts. This practice

Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volsians threw ; 685
 And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
 To fill the trenches which the camp surround,
 And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.
 Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
 They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs. 690
 From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,
 And with tough poles repel the rising foe ;
 Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
 And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
 Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain, 695
 To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.
 Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below
 The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
 At length the Trojans, with a mighty shock,
 Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock ; 700
 Full where the thick-embod' d squadron spreads,
 Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
 Broke thro' the shining arch, and crush'd the train ;
 And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
 In this blind fight no more the foes engage, 705
 But with their darts a distant combat wage.

There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
 And tost within the works the dreadful flame ;
 Tremendous chief !—while bold Messapus calls
 To scale the tow'rs ; and thunders at the walls. 710

practice was derived from the ancient Italians. Livy tells us, that the shouts of the Romans, in engaging the Carthaginians, so frightened the elephants of the enemy, that they turned back upon them.

685. *Strait, in a shell.*] See the testudo described in note on ver. 559. B. 2.

Ye sacred nine, inspire me to record
 What numbers fell by Turnus' slaughter'd sword.
 What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
 Each death display, and open all the war!
 Those mighty deeds which you alone can know, 715
 Repeat, ye muses! to the world below.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
 Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
 This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
 Point their full strength, their whole collected war. 720
 Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
 And through the walls their jav'lines gaul the foe.
 A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
 Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung;
 Then, thund'ring thro' the planks, in fury grew, 725
 Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure flew.
 With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
 Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
 While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
 The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way, 730

713. *What foes each hero.*]

— *Quem quisque virum demiserit orco.*

This is a translation of Homer's,

Πολλας δ' ἰφθιμους ψυχας αἰδι προιάψεν.

Iliad. B. 1. ver. 3.

Virgil seems to have rendered the verb προιάψεν in this place, by *demiserit*; which in another place he renders by *miserit*. Therefore the Greek scholiasts upon Homer are mistaken, who interpret προιάψεν ἀντιτὸ προτῆς εἰμαρμένης ἐπεμψεν.

FULVIUS URSINUS.

715. *Those mighty deeds.*] Catrou understands by *mecum ingentes oras evolvite belli*, *Conduct me to the end of the war*; the whole expression is drawn from Ennius,

Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?

Annal. B. 6.

The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
 And all Olympus trembled at the found.
 With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
 Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain.
 Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie ; 735
 Or on the points of their own lances die.
 Sav'd from the gen'ral fate, but two remain,
 And ah ! those hapless two were sav'd in vain !
 Unblest'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
 At once encompass'd by the foe appears ; 740
 Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
 Lycimnia bore ; unfortunately brave.
 Tho' born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
 In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.
 With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field ; 745
 Light was his sword ; and unadorn'd his shield.
 At first with wild surprize the youth descry'd
 The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry side ;
 Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lines rise,
 Fierce on the close embattled war he lies. 750

741. *His beauteous slave.*] Virgil and Apollonius Rhodius (whom Virgil imitates) by an odd kind of affectation attribute more bravery to the illegitimate brother (for they have both introduced two brothers) than to the illegitimate one.

CATROU.

746. *Light was his sword.*] The original is, *Ense levis nudo*. There is a difference to be made (says Catrou) between those troops which were armed with a buckler and javelin, and those which were only armed with a sword. Virgil says above, speaking of a squadron of horse, *tercentum scutati omnes* : this was for distinction-sake. Helenor was a soldier lightly armed, *levis*, and had no weapon besides his sword ; for the word *nudo* is here to be understood *solo*. It is true that he wore a round buckler, called *parma*, but he did not make use either of arrows or a lance.

So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
 Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
 On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
 Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
 But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way, 755
 Tho' jav'lines hiss, and swords around him play;
 Flies to the walls and battlements again,
 Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
 For close behind the furious Turnus flew:
 Fool! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue, 760
 Tho' swifter than the wind? (aloud he cries)
 Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize;
 And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
 Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.
 So Jove's imperial bird, thro' fields of air, 765
 Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare:
 So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
 Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
 Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
 Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain. 770
 Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
 Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
 Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,
 And at the turrets toss the blazing brands.
 As to the gates the bold Lucetius came, 775
 Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame;

765. *So Jove's.*] Helenor is compared to a tiger, or a leopard, who makes his way thro' the weapons of the hunters: Lycus is compared to an hare, or a lamb. These comparisons are proportioned to the bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other.

CATROU.

The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
 A rocky fragment, and the warrior flew.
 Young Liger's certain spear, Emathion sped;
 Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead. 780
 Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,
 But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
 Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
 And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.
 Sagar, the next, with Promulus was slain; 785
 And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain;
 First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
 (The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,
 His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
 Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side: 790
 Its fatal course thro' all his vitals held;
 And the pale corpse lay panting on the field.

All-bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,
 Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
 From where Palicus' loaded altars flame, 795
 In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
 Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
 Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by;

795. *Palicus' loaded altars.*] Palicus, or rather the Palici, were two brothers, whom the Sicilians ranked among the gods; they were the sons of Jupiter and Thalia, one of the daughters of Vulcan; or rather of Vulcan himself, and the nymph Ætna. These Palici gave oracles, and were reputed, in doubtful matters, to have the power of distinguishing between the man who spoke truth, and the impostor. They were very favourable to the Sicilians during a famine, and ever afterwards their altars were loaded with gifts. Macrobius relates the history of the Palici at large, Saturn. B. 5. C. 19.

Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw ;
 The glowing metal melted as it flew ; 800
 Thro' both his temples cut its dreadful way ;
 And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then first in fight the young Ascanius bore
 His bow ; employed on beasts alone before.

803. *Then first in fight.*] What Mr. Segrain has observed concerning the age of Ascanius, does not seem to be satisfactory. Trapp has, I think, adjusted the matter, whose words I shall transcribe.

If the Æneis takes up no more than a year, how could Ascanius, who was a child carry'd in Venus's arms in the first book, be so wise a counsellor, and so considerable a warrior, in the ninth ? Mr. Segrain answers the objection at large, in his last remark upon this book ; and tho' what he says may be defended, yet I am not wholly of his opinion. He makes Ascanius betwixt thirteen and fourteen years of age, when he was at Carthage. But sure such an one must be too big a boy, and too near a man, to be carry'd to bed in arms, as this prince was by Venus ; or kiss'd and dandled upon a lady's lap, as Cupid in his shape was by Dido. Nor is there any necessity of allowing him so many years at that time. It was seven years, says Mr. Segrain, since the destruction of Troy ; and then he was big enough to walk by his father's side : this, continues he, cannot be said of a child in a cradle. True ; but it may be said of a child of two years old : however, we will allow him three ; so that at Carthage, he shall be ten ; and in Italy, between ten and eleven. The caresses of Dido may well enough agree with that age ; nor is there any thing in the idea, at all incongruous, or unnatural. Venus's carrying him in her arms, and laying him asleep, was upon an extraordinary occasion. At the same age, he might very well be considerable enough to be inform'd of the state of things by his father :

Ascanio ferat hæc—

And strong and bold enough to ride a hunting :

At puer Ascanius, mediis in vallibus, acris

Gaudet Equo.—

And here in Italy, he may be supposed (as an extraordinary person, and the son of a demigod) to have discretion enough, to discourse, as he does, upon the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus ;

His vengeful shafts a royal victim found, 805
 And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
 Not long before the haughty chief had led
 Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed :
 Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
 He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud : 810

What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquish'd train,
 To lie beleaguér'd in your walls again !

All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait !

That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate !

Brave chiefs ! bold heroes these !—who come so far 815

To gain their brides by violence and war !

From Troy what god, what madness, call'd you o'er,

To fall and perish on a foreign shore ?

Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear ;

No crafty talking Ithacus is here. 820

We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,

And season in the frost their tender limbs.

Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,

Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horse.

Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear, 825

Plow, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.

Euryalus ; and strength and skill enough to draw a bow, and kill a man : the thing is possible ; for the rest, it ought to be extraordinary, and was intended to be so.

813. *In yon tow'rs.*] *Morti prætere muros.* Hence Milton's expression, which is a plain Latinism,

—Left that too heav'nly form *pretended*

To hellish falsehood, snare them.—Par. L. 10. 872.

821. *Plunge our infants.*] He applies a custom of the ancient Germans and Gauls to the first inhabitants of Italy. But indeed most uncivilized nations have this custom, probably a healthy one.

We live in steel ; in arms our hinds appear ;
 And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.
 Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd ;
 Still flames the noble ardour of the mind. 830
 Ev'n the grave fire with martial vigour glows,
 And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.
 All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
 Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils.
 While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy, 835
 Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ :
 Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands !)
 Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands.
 Your female souls the manly form disgrace—
 Hence then, ye women, to your native place— 840
 Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away !—
 With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play !
 Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
 But leave to men the bus'ness of the war.

Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more 845
 The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore.
 He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow ;
 But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow :

837. *Warm purple robes.*] Homer originally makes use of this kind of scoff, Iliad ω. and Odyss. θ. Milton has put it likewise into the mouth of Satan, where he is speaking against Abdiel, and his party :

I see that most thro' sloth had rather serve,
 Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song :
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven.

P. L. B. 6. 165.

847. *He fits an arrow.*] *Diversaque brachia ducens*, in the original, very aptly and elegantly expresses the disposition of both arms in drawing a bow.

My bold attempt, almighty fire, succeed;
 A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed; 850
 Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,
 Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands around.

He said—and, to the left, the fire on high
 Roll'd the big thunder thro' an azure sky.
 At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew, 855
 And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
 Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.
 Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
 Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply. 860
 No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours rise;
 And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.

High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,
 Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.
 Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries; 865
 Rise, glorious youth; in valour ever rise;
 Rise thus in time to heav'n's supreme abodes,
 The son, and father, of a race of gods!
 Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,
 Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords! 870

859. *Go—and once more.*]

Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.

It is remarkable, that we have here a very fair monkish rhyme. A learned critic thinks Virgil designed it, as proper for the mouth of a boy. But I am rather apt to imagine, that the poet overlook'd it.

868. *The son, and father.*] The gods, from whom Ascanius was descended, were Jupiter the father of Dardanus, and Venus the mother of Æneas: the gods, to whom he was, as it were, to give birth, were Romulus, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus. *Diis genite, & geniture Deos*, is happily concise.

869. *Who, great in arms.*] Virgil (says Catrou) takes all oppor-

Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy ;
Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy !

He said ; then down th' etherial road he flies
With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies ;
Assumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchises' long-try'd friend and faithful 'squire
In fields of old ; and now the chief of Troy
Had trusted to his care the royal boy.

875

Like this sage guardian to the youth he came ;
His voice, his visage, and his arms the same.

880

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries ;
Enough, young warrior—Let it now suffice
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies :
Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own :
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth—he said ; and past in air,
Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye ;
And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.

885

The sounding shafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd
With the loud quiver, and confess the god ;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbad the war.

890

While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die ;

895

opportunities of flattering Augustus. He makes Apollo predict, even in the time of Ascanius, the happiness which the world was to enjoy under this emperor ; that he was to put an end to war throughout the world, and shut the temple of Janus.

How sublime are those expressions of the Psalmist on the like subject ! “He maketh wars to cease thro' all the world ; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear asunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.” Psalm xlv. ver. 9.

Stones, spears, and jav'lines, from the works they slung;
 From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung;
 Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields resound;
 Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground; 899
 While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
 Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,
 Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain;
 Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies
 O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
 When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er; 905
 When Jove discharges all his wrathful store,
 And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the bursting thunders roar!

Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
 Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
 From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung, 910
 The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
 The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
 Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.

896. *And jav'lines.*] By *amenta* we are to understand thongs, which were ty'd to a kind of javelin, and by which they were darted, and, as it were, slung out of the soldier's hand. *Itaque* (says De la Cerda) *ut fundæ dicebantur torqueri, ita amenta.* Catrou renders *amenta*, darts fix'd to long straps or thongs.

906. *When Jove discharges.*] A noble image is here represented of the *Jupiter pluvius* dispensing storms and tempests. This is utterly lost, or rather burlesqued, in Dryden's translation:

Or pattering hail comes pouring o'er the main,
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain;
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.

908. *Pand'rus and Bitias.*] Macrobius tells us, that this passage is taken from the 15th book of Ennius's annals. Virgil
 VOL. IV. D

Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
 Appointed these, the guardians of the gate. 915
 Proud of their strength, the daring he heroes throw
 Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
 Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
 Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand :
 On their bright helms sat Horror plum'd ; on high 920
 Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky.
 So where the fields fair Athefis divides,
 Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
 With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,
 Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air ! 925
 Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
 The war breaks in ; but soon their leaders fly,
 Repell'd by hosts ; or in the portal die. }
 Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in steel,
 Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell. 930
 To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds ;
 The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
 No more imprison'd in their walls they wait ;
 All Troy at once came pouring to the gate :

gil (says Fulvius Urfinus) has here, according to custom, exprets'd Homer's ideas, in the words of Ennius. The passage of Ennius is lost.

922. *So where the fields.*] Imitated from the 11th book of the Iliad. Dryden's two last lines of this comparison, are, to the last degree, mean and ridiculous.

And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
 Dance at the whistling winds, and at each other nod.

This is something in the taste of a Pierrot dance.

922. *Fair Athefis.*] This is now called the river Adige ; which rises in the Tirol, and discharges itself into the Adriatic sea.

Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far 935
Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.

But in a distant quarter long engag'd,
Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd :
When to the prince a messenger relates,
'That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates ; 940
And, heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain.
This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead, 945
Sarpedon's off-spring by a Theban bed ;
The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,
Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breast :
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood :
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood. 950
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell ;
Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies :
No vulgar lance the valiant victor toft 955
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost) ;
A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold, 960

958. *A spear that roar'd.*] Catrou renders *phalarica*, *per-
tuisane*, a kind of halberd. Servius tells us, it is a vast dart,
with a turned handle ; its iron is a cubit long, above which
is a kind of ball plated with lead ; this sometimes is wrapp'd
round with pitch and tow, for firing buildings, &c. With
this

Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could slay;
 But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:
 As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 So from the Baian mole, whose structures rise 965
 High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;

this dart they us'd to fight from a sort of turrets called *phalæ*. Hence, in the circus, the divisions between the *curiæ* and the *metæ*, are called *phalæ*; because turrets were there erected, from whence they fought with this weapon. Juvenal says,

Consulit ante phalas, delphinorumque columnas.

Hence *hasta phalarica*, as *hasta murali*. It is plain from Lucan, that the *phalarica* was thrown by slings, or some machine:

*Hunc aut tortilibus vibrata phalarica nervis
 Obruat.*———B. 1.

Livy thus describes this weapon. "*FALARICA erat Saguntinis missile telum, hastili oblongo, & cætera tereti, præterquam ad extremum, unde ferrum extabat: id, sicut in pilo, quadratum: stuppâ circumligabant, linebantque pice: ferrum autem jus in longum habebat pedes, et cum armis transfigere corpus possit.*" Decad 3. Lib. 1. It does not appear that Turnus threw this weapon with his hand. It is said—*Phalarica VENIT*. The remark of Servius is therefore groundless, who says, that Virgil meant to extol the strength of Turnus, and represents him throwing it from his hand.

965. *So from the Baian mole.*] Now called *Castella di Baia*, in the *Terra Lavara*. It was the place the Romans chose for their winter retreat; and which they frequented upon account of its warm baths. Some few ruins of the beautiful villas that once covered this delightful coast, still remain: and nothing can give one an higher idea of the prodigious expence and magnificence of the Romans in their private buildings, than the manner in which some of these were situated. It appears from a letter of Pliny, Book 9. and from several other passages of the classic writers, that they actually projected into the sea; being erected upon vast piles sunk for that purpose. Virgil draws a beautiful simile from this custom,

The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
 With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps;
 Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry side,
 Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide: 970
 The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
 And burning Arime shakes wide round;
 The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread;
 The giant hears the peal; and, seiz'd with dread,
 Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed. 975

custom, where he compares the massy spear which Turnus let fly at Bitias, to one of those enormous piles thrown into the Baian sea. MELMOTH's notes to his elegant translation of Pliny's epistles, p. 510.

971. *The shores of Prochyta resound.*] *Prochyta alta tremit* is difficult enough to be understood. *Alta* could not be used as an epithet for that island; because it is all one flat: and to understand it of its trembling deeply, or to its foundations, is scarce a true Virgilian way of speaking.

Perhaps there was a *pharos*, or high light-house on that island formerly; and the island itself might be called *high* from its *pharos* appearing at such an height, and shewing it at a great distance. The same epithet is used by Ausonius, in speaking of a vale near the Moselle; who adds five or six lines to tell his reader, that he calls that vale *high* on account of the *pharos* standing upon it.

Tho' I don't know any writer, that mentions the little island of Prochyta's having ever had a *pharos* on it, 'tis certain, at least that *pharos*'s were common in that part of the Tyrrhene sea.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. l. 36. c. 12. speaks of a very considerable one at Puzzuoli: Statius Sylv. lib. 3. 5. 10. of another in the island of Capræ, which fell down a few days before the death of Tiberius, Sueton. in Tiber. c. 74. And Seneca says there were several destroyed thereabouts a few days after: *Vaslavit ignis colles, per quos elucebat. Erosit quondam altissimos vertices, solatia navigantium, ac speculas ad humilem arenam deduxit*, lib. 14. epist. 92.

SPENCE.

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
 Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
 And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
 The kindling legions gather to the fight;
 Danger nor death their furious course controuls, 980
 And all the god came rushing on their souls!

His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
 And saw the changing fortune of the field,
 He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
 And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate; 985
 But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
 A croud of friends to certain death expos'd;
 And, with himself, includes the trembling train
 Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.
 Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there, 990
 Mix'd with the crouds amidst the flying war;
 But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
 Like some fierce tyger midst the trembling fold!

993. *Like some fierce tyger.*] This puts me in mind of a simile conceived in the genuine spirit of the antients, where Spenser represents the gods looking on MUTABILITY with surprise,

—Like a * sort of steers,
 'Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
 Unwares is chanc'd, far straying from his peers.

Fa. Qu. B. 7. C. 6. St. 28.

994. *Loud clasp.*] This is prodigiously noble: one would have thought that as he was shut in single among his enemies, his courage should, at first at least, have failed him: But instead of that,

*Continuo nova lux oculis effulsit, & arma
 Horrendum sonuere, &c.*

I cannot help observing, that the spirit of the original is fully kept up by the translator.

* *A herd.*

If

Loud clafh his arms ; and, as he tow'rs on high,
Flafh the keen flames from his tremendous eye ; 995
Nods his proud creft, and formidably plays ;
And from his fhield the ftreamy lightnings blaze.

Too foon, with dire furprize, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
Strait fir'd with yengeance for his brother flain, 1000
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began :

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal fcene !
No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here defcry,
But hostile walls ; and 'tis in vain to fly. 1005

In that vaff bulk if any foul refide,
Come, try thy might (the prince fedate reply'd) ;
Go, and old Priam's trembling fpirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy foul to hell.

Then, firft, his knotted fpear the Trojan threw ; 1010
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew ;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.

But hope not thou to 'fcape this fword of mine,
Aim'd by a furer, ftronger hand than thine, 1015
The hero cry'd — Then flies againſt the foe
With the bright blade ; and riles to the blow ;

If it be objected, that this, with what follows, is more noble
than probable ; we muſt confider, firſt, that it is allowable to
paint bigger than the life : Secondly, that this hero, in his
amazing explots, is affiſted by a divine power.

Juno vires animumque miniſtrat.

TRAPP.

Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
 His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
 Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound, 1026
 And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground :
 There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
 In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
 On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight. 1025
 Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
 And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
 That day had seen their warlike labours o'er ;
 And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
 But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows, 1030
 And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.
 First, valiant Phalaris ; next, Gyges fell ;
 Deep thro' his knee he drove the pointed steel.
 'Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew. 1035
 New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd ;
 And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd :
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
 With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,

1019. *His cheeks.*] *Impubes malas.* Servius observes, there is a *pathos* produced by the epithet *impubes*. *Pathos ex ætate movit.*

1038. *Alcander, Prytanis*]

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noemonaque, Prytaminque.

This is an echo to Homer's line, *Iliad B. 5.*

Ἀλκάνδρον, Ἀλίοντε, Νοημόνατε, Πρυτανίτε.

By which it appears, say Servius, that these names are not real, and taken from history, but introduced merely to fill up the poem, *adornatum poematis.*

1044. *At one just stroke.*]

Cum galea longe jacuit caput.

High on the works engag'd in other fight— 1040
 Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
 And struck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
 For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
 At one just stroke his head and helmet fly
 Before the sword, and far at distance lie. 1045
 Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
 Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game;
 Who dipp'd th' envenom'd steel with matchless art,
 And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
 Next Clytius fell, tho' sprung of race divine; 1050
 Soft Cretheus last, the darling of the nine;
 Well was he skill'd, in sacred strains to sing,
 Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling string;
 Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
 The plunging furious steeds, and thunder of the fight. 1055
 Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
 What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;

To express the quickness of this action, Virgil makes use of the preterperfect tense, *jacuit*.

SERVIVS.

1054. *Arms, and the toils.*] Virgil hints, that this poet and musician did not employ his art in celebrating low and illiberal subjects, but those of an important and noble nature.

DONATUS.

Upon this account we are more concerned for his death.

This puts me in mind of the following fine passage in Glover's *Leonidas*:

Him Dithyrambus lov'd, a sacred bard,
 Rever'd for justice, for his verse renown'd,
 Which sung the deeds of heroes, those who fell,
 Or those who conquer'd, in their country's cause.
 Th' inraptur'd soul inflaming with the thirst
 Of glory won by virtue—His high strain
 The muses favour'd from their neigh'ring groves,
 And bless'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.

Fierce they advance ; when soon appear in fight.
 The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
 And where? (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on high)
 Where, to what other ramparts would you fly? 1061
 Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
 One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?
 With rage resistless, half an host destroy ;
 And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy? 1065
 Calm you look on, and see the furious foe
 Plunge crouds of heroes to the shades below :
 Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,
 Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain ?
 Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar, 1070
 Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war :
 The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the foes,
 Where round the works the mighty river flows :
 The Trojans shout ; and, with new transport fir'd,
 Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd. 1075
 As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe
 Retires, majestically stern, and slow.
 Tho' singly impotent the croud to dare, 1080
 Repel, or stand their whole collected war ;
 Grim he looks back ; he rolls his glaring eye ;
 Despairs to conquer ; and disdains to fly.

No more from Thespia shall his feet ascend

The shady steep of Helicon.

Book 4. v. 213.

If on its first publication *Leonidas* was perhaps too highly commended, yet certainly at present it is not regarded suitably to its merits ; which are, elegance, perspicuity, learning, lively description, and simplicity of design, particularly [book 3.

So Turnus paus'd ; and by degrees retir'd ;
 While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd. 1085
 Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
 And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
 But now from all the camp their forces ran
 Full on the chief ; an army on a man !
 Nor longer heav'n's great empress from on high 1090
 Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince supply :
 For winged Iris from the realms above
 Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,
 That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
 Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall. 1095
 Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield ;
 Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.
 The stones now rattle ; now the jav'lines sing,
 Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.

1084. *So Turnus.*] The retreat of Turnus is noble : tho' attacked by the whole army of the Trojans, he doth not fly, but moves off by degrees ; and still keeps up his courage, till he perceives himself deserted by Juno.

1098. *The stones.*] The whole description is copied from Homer, Iliad 16. See Pope's Note *in loc.* Ennius has a passage like this : lib. Ann. 15.

*Undique conveniunt, velut imber, tela tribuno :
 Confligunt parvam ; tinnit hastilibus umbo
 Ærato sonitu galeæ : sed nec pote quisquam
 Undique nitendo corpus discerpere ferro.
 Semper abundantes hastas frangitque quatitque :
 Totum fuder habet corpus, multumque laborat :
 Nec respirandi fit copia præpete ferro :
 Histri tela manu jacentes sollicitabant.*

Tasso imitates it, B. 9. 97.

Meantime the foldan in this latest charge,

Had done as much as human force was able :

All sweat and blood appear'd his members large,

His breath was short, his courage wax'd unfitable ;

A thousand weapons round his temples lay, 1100
 And strike the honours of his crest away.
 Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,
 With mighty Mnestheus thund'ring at their head.
 Pale, breathless, faint, and black with dust, in streams
 The sweat descends from all his trembling limbs. 1105
 Arm'd as he was (thus press'd on ev'ry side),
 He plung'd at last, undaunted, in the tide.
 The sacred river, for the welcome load,
 Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood :
 The hero to his host the surges bear, 1110
 Cleans'd from the horrid stains of slaughter, blood, and
 war.

His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable :
 Which bruise'd, not cut, so blunted was the blade,
 It lost the use for which a sword was made.

FAIRFAX.

The translator seems not to have done justice to the original which is as follows.

Fatto intanto hà il Soldan ciò che è concesso
 Far' à terrena forza : hor più non puote,
 Tutto e sangue, e sudore, e un grave, e spesso
 Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianchi scote.
 Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso,
 Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote,
 Spezza, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuso
 Perduto il brando homai di brando hà l' uso.

Such a passage as this, and many that might be mentioned both from Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante, are sufficient to confute that vulgar criticism, that the Italian language wants energy and strength, and is unfit to be used in describing lofty and sublime images.

T H E
T E N T H B O O K
O F
V I R G I L ' s Æ N E I D .
A R G U M E N T .

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas : Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist ; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

TENTH BOOK.*

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
 Th' etherial king convenes the pow'rs above.
 Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
 The spacious world, and vast creation lay;

* Those who have carefully perused these last books of the Æneid cannot doubt of the valour of Æneas: for in these, the poet omits nothing that belongs to the wisdom of a great general, or the courage of a brave soldier, to make the character of his hero complete. I have already remarked, how much these matters, tho' similar in general, are nevertheless different in the detail. For tho' these three books contain in general only combats, yet how different are these combats the one from the other? And even how different are the wounds, the deaths, and the surprising events, which happen in this war? This tenth book chiefly is that, wherein the *peripeties* are the most beautiful. Aristotle, according to F. Mambrun, defines this part of a poem to be, *A change of things into their contraries, which happens either probably or necessarily*. For tho' the epic writers ought to make use of *peripeties* more sparingly than the writers of romance, it would nevertheless be a great defect in their works, if these changes were not sometimes to be found there; and if a poet was to represent the party of his hero always triumphant, and every where victorious. Virgil distributes with so much address the favours of fortune, that one cannot enough admire his conduct throughout this whole book. If Æneas conquers on his side, Turnus likewise performs several brave exploits on his. This last kills the young Pallas; who had just killed Hæfusus, one of the principal

There in the starry courts, inthron'd on high,
 Sate the majestic senate of the sky,
 Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes ;
 To whom the king of men, and father of the gods ;
 What discord fires your minds, celestial train ?
 Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain ?

5

10

pal leaders, and some other of the bravest, of the Latin army. Æneas immediately hastens to revenge the death of Pallas, and kills Lausus and Mezentius. But as the single combat of Turnus and Æneas must make the unravelling of the poem, the address of the poet is worthy observation; who makes use of the mediation of Juno, to hinder these two men, who were so brave, and so much animated one against the other, from meeting. For without doubt, according to the rules of probability, they should seek for each other; and it would be difficult, that they should not meet, as they are so eagerly desirous of it. The complaints of Turnus in the vessel which carries him off, and the two harangues of Juno and Venus, are master-pieces of eloquence: and all that passes in the deaths of Lausus and Mezentius is described with equal art.

SEGRAIS.

1. *Now wide unfold.*] Dr. Trapp translates *omnipotentis* everlasting; and remarks, that he could think of no better word to answer it: for it cannot (continues he) be properly translated. Some think that by Olympus is meant Jupiter, and then *omnipotentis* must be taken in its proper sense. But if by the former be meant heaven; either the latter must be a metonymy (omnipotent heaven, because the omnipotent deity inhabits it), or it is called so, because, according to the heathen doctrine, the influence of the heavenly bodies commands every thing below. Trapp is for this last, because, in another place, Virgil distinguishes Jupiter from heaven, even where this epithet is added to it:

—*Rex omnipotentis Olympi.*

B. II. ver. 791.

The conciseness of,
Considunt tellis bipatientibus,—
 and afterwards of,
 —*Incipit ipse,*
 is very majestic.

Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
 That Troy and Latium should not wage the war?
 Why are we disobey'd? What vain alarms
 In flame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms?
 The destin'd time will wing its fatal way, 15
 (Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
 When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
 Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
 Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
 Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains. 20
 Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
 And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
 Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord cease,
 And let the nations join in leagues of peace.
 Thus, from the throne, in short, almighty Jove; 25
 And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
 O fire of men below, and gods on high!
 (For to what other pow'r can Venus fly?)

17. *When Carthage.*]

Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim

Exitium magnum, atque Alpes immittet apertas.

He alludes to Hannibal's forcing his way thro' the Alps, which were, according to Livy's expression, *muri vice* to Italy. No more can be implied by the word *exitium* than that Hannibal drove the Romans into very great streights. Dr. Trapp thinks, that we ought to understand by *Alpes* the inhabitants of the Alps; the place for the people, as *ultima Baëtra*, B. 8. And the word *apertas* (says he) is added, to insinuate the image of Hannibal's burying them, or opening his way thro' them. Juvenal says of Hannibal,

—*Montem rupit aceto.*

Sat. 10.

This Livy said before.

Our translator strongly expresses what is meant by *Apertas*,
 Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains.

27. *O fire of men.*] The art and address which Venus

Dost thou not see yon fierce Rutulian train ?
 With what success proud Turnus sweeps the plain ! 30
 Rapt by his steeds, triumphant on his car,
 The dreadful hero rules the storm of war.
 Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate ;
 For, lo ! grim slaughter rages in the gate !
 With hostile bands the walls are cover'd o'er, 35
 And the deep trenches float with tides of gore !
 My son is absent, while his subjects bleed ;
 But must we never from a siege be freed ?
 For, lo, great fire ! a second army falls
 On rising Troy, and thunders at her walls. 40
 In Latian fields against the Dardan train,
 Behold the stern Tydides rise again !
 Sprung tho' I am from thee, prepar'd I stand
 To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand !
 Yet, if against thy will the Phrygian host 45
 Have left their Troy, and fought the Latian coast,
 Withdraw thy potent aid, O sov'reign god !
 And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood !
 But since so many signs their course compel,
 The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell ; 50

makes use of in her speech, is, finely contrasted by the haughtiness which runs thro' that of Juno. Venus begins with the greatest reverence and modesty.

O pater, O hominum, &c. &c.

Juno begins like a fury,

—*Quid me alta silentia cogis*

Rumpere ?

This abrupt beginning, in the middle of a verse, is quite in character.

44. *To bleed once more.*] Catrou blames our poet in alluding to one of the most extravagant fictions of Homer, Diomed's wounding Venus : in which censure there is a false delicacy.

Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
 Or thwart th' unalterable course of fate?
 Her boundless vengeance why should I repeat?
 How on Sicilian shores she fir'd the fleet?
 How she dispatch'd to yonder world below,
 With that due charge, the goddess of the bow?
 How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
 Let loose th' imprison'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
 Hell and th' infernal powers were yet untry'd;
 All hell now arms, and rises on her side. 60
 The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
 And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
 Thro' all the Latian towns Ælecto flies,
 And her black visage blasts the golden skies!
 No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ 65
 (These were my hopes, when fortune smil'd on Troy).
 Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
 And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
 Since to the Phrygian race your haughty spouse
 No spot, no corner, of the world allows. 70
 Yet I implore thy grace, almighty fire,
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the fire!
 Give me, at least, the royal youth to bear
 (My dear Ascanius) from the rage of war!
 (And let the father, where your vengeful bride 75
 Or fortune points, still wander o'er the tide!
 Th' Idalian realm our Amathus be mine;
 Cythera fair, and Pastos me divine.
 There he may be defended from the foes,
 Lost to the charms of fame, in soft repose. 80

Then to Aufonia let proud Carthage come,
 And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
 O'er the wide world extend her boundless pow'r;
 Our hopes, and Jove's own promises, no more!
 What now avails it, that my godlike heir 85
 Broke thro' the hostile fires, and 'scap'd the war;
 Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
 And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
 What has it now avail'd him, to withstand
 Th' exhausted dangers both of sea and land? 90
 His lot were happier had he scorn'd a crown,
 And slumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
 O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
 Give them their Simois, with their wars again!

90. *Th' exhausted dangers.*] As she began with moving pity, so she concludes. Servius observes, that it is one of the grand rules in rhetoric, to handle the exordium and peroration after the same manner: *Ut epilegi & principia pari argumentatione traſſentur.* This same rule is likewise observed in Juno's speech.

93. *O! give their Xanthus.*] The conclusion of both speeches are as remarkable as the beginnings:

— *Xanthum & Simoenta*

Redde, oro, miseris! iterumque revolvare casus

Da, pater, Iliacos Teucris!

The humblest and lowest petition (says Trapp) which could be conceived.

How differently does Juno conclude!

Tunc decuit metuiffe tuis; nunc ſera querelis

Haud juſtis aſurgis, & irrita jurgia jaſtas.

In those last words (says Trapp) *irrita jurgia jaſtas*, the very cadence of them tells us, that she strikes her hands one against another, and sits down in the same abrupt rage with which she rose. They are distinguished too by this circumstance; that Venus all along applies herself to Jupiter; and reflects

Let Greece in arms her vengeful hosts employ 95

Ten long years more, and storm a second Troy!

To whom, with fury sparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empress of the skies :

And why, say, why, O goddess! am I prest
To wake the wrath, that slumber'd in my breast? 100

What god, or mortal, bad your son declare,
Against the Latian lord, so rash a war?

Suppose, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
Or (far more likely mad Cassandra's strains!

Say, did we bid him leave his town behind, 105
And trust the mercy of the sea and wind?

Commit the war, and his forsaken Troy,
To such an head, an unexperienc'd boy?

To court the Tuscans, and with vain alarms
To rouse whole nations from repose to arms? 110

What god, or what perverse intent of ours
Mov'd the wise prince to leave his rising tow'rs?

Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,
Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno, here?

'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire 115
To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire;

That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
(And yet he sprung from our immortal race);

Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waste the Latian lands with sword and flame? 120

reflects upon Juno only in the third person; and that too, but once,, only by hints and insinuations; and when she does name her, 'tis as softly, tho' as invidiously, as possible:

Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua conjux.

Juno on the contrary speaks to her adversary directly, and attacks her in person.

O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,
 Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away?
 From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
 To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
 You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud, 125
 And, for a man, present a figur'd cloud.

You from your navy could the fires restrain,
 And change your ships to Nereids of the main.
 Yet in her friends defence is Juno seen?

'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen! 130

Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe
 Invades his tow'rs;—and let him still be so!—

Cythera's isle, and Amathus, are yours;
 The Paphian realms, and soft Idalian shores.

Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline, 135

Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine?

Did we conspire your empire to destroy?

Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?

We?—or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?

Who did that black destructive crime inspire? 140

Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire?

Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,

From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?

Did we procure? did we retain the fair?

And, for his lust, support a ten years war? 145

Then, partial goddess, then had been your time,

To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;

But now, too late, unjustly you complain,

Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.

Thus spoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide, 150

And in mixt murmurs vote on either side:

So, pent in woods, at first with fullen sound
 The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the forest round;
 A dreadful signal to the naval train,
 Of the loud storms impending o'er the main. 155

Then spoke th' almighty father, as he sate
 Inthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
 (Th' attentive winds a solemn silence keep;
 The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
 Earth to her centre shook; high heav'n was aw'd; 160
 And all th' immortal thrones stood trembling at the god.)

Hear then our sacred will, ye pow'rs above;
 And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
 Since you refuse to bid your discord cease,
 And join the nations in the bonds of peace; 165
 Whatever schemes or hopes the parties frame,
 Latium and Troy to Jove are both the same;
 Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
 That hapless Ilion, or Hesperia bleed.

152. *So, pent in woods, &c.*] Milton has finely improved upon this hint:

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men, o'erwatch'd; whose bark, by chance,
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay,
 After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended.——

Par. L. B. 2. ver. 284.

153. *Th' attentive winds.*] This is truly sublime, but is taken from Ennius, in Scipione:

*Mundus cæli vastus consistit silentio;
 Et Neptunus sævus undis asperis pausam dedit:
 Sol equis iter repressit ungulis volitantibus:
 Consistere amnes perennes, arbores vento vacant.*

The stern Rutulians too their toils shall know, 170
And ev'ry hand shall work its weal or woe.
Your king, inclin'd to neither side, shall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
This by his brother's awful floods he swore,
That thro' the black infernal regions roar ; 175
Gave the dreadful signal of the solemn nod,
With his bent brows ; the sanction of the god !
From sky to sky the strong concussion rolls ;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the fire the high contention close ; 180
Then from the throne majestically rose ;
With him at once the sacred senate rise,
And to his palace wait the sov'reign of the skies.
Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Croud to destroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs. 185
By hosts surrounded, in despair to fly,
Close, in their trench, the helpless Trojans lie.
Yet some undaunted on the ramparts stand,
And guard the works ; a brave, but slender band.
There, sprung from Imbrassus, bold Asius shone : 190
Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's son.
The dread Asiaraci their succour bring ;
With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
Thybris and Castor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repel the rising war, 195
These Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrnessus' shore ;
With all his strength a broken rock he bore :
He match'd his brother Mnestheus' wond'rous might,
And his father great Clytius in the fight.

Some, pond'rous stones, some, pointed jav'lines aim, 200
And gaul the foe with shafts, or missive flame.

Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Ascanius shone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain constrains his locks that deck,
In glossy fable curls, his lovely neck : 205
So shines a gem, illustrious to behold,
On some fair virgin's neck enchas'd in gold :
So the surrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.

Thee too, stern Ismarus, O chief divine! 210
A great descendant of the Lydian line,
(Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
The hosts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe. 215
Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame,
From whom proud Capua since deriv'd her name.
Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.

These all the rigid toils of fight sustain; 220
Meantime, by night, their gen'ral plows the main.
For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coast,
And fought the leader of the Lydian host;

202. *Amid the train.*] How artfully is this graceful description of the appearance of Ascanius introduced, amidst the tumultuous and shocking scenes of the battle! He is represented bare-headed (says Donatus), because he was forbidden by Apollo to fight; *Caput detectus*, i. e. *non pugnaturus*. Some commentators think, that Virgil alluded to the custom of the Romans, who were always bare-headed, but during the Saturnalia. I rather think, especially from the description that follows immediately, that he is painted bare-headed, merely to make the more amiable appearance.

With pray'rs declar'd his bus'ness, race, and name,
 And with what force their vengeful tyrant came ; 225
 How the Rutulian rag'd ; what turns of fate
 And chance of war attend the mortal state ;
 Strait with the league propos'd the chief complies,
 And joins his forces to his new allies.

Now, uncontroll'd by fate, the martial train, 230
 Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main.
 In pomp, before, Æneas' gally past ;
 His lofty stern the Phrygian lions grac'd ;
 There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide,
 Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide. 235
 Here fate the chief with various thoughts oppress,
 The fate of war revolving in his breast ;
 Close by his side th' Arcadian prince inquires
 Of the swift motions of the heav'nly fires ;
 What seas he measur'd ; and what lands he fought ; 240
 What storms he suffer'd, and what fields he fought.

Ye muses ! now unlock your sacred spring,
 Inspire the bard, and teach him how to sing,

234. *Her sculptur'd Ide.*] " The Roman poets scarce say any thing in a personal manner of mount Ida ; unless possibly Virgil may be understood in that manner, where he is speaking of the figures wrought in the fore part of Æneas's ship,
Imminet Ida super, &c."

SPENCE'S Polymet. Dial. 15. B. 8.

242. *Ye muses ! now unlock your sacred spring.*] I have observed concerning the catalogue in B. VII. how different this is from that. Macrobius has made an objection to Virgil, upon the subject of the catalogue in this tenth book. He thinks, that Virgil ought not to have made it without order, as we see it is ; and that Homer, having treated of the same thing, passes from one subject to another, according to the neighbourhood of the countries whose inhabitants he has
 VOL. IV. E celebrated.

What ships, what heroes, what auxiliar hosts,
Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuscan coasts.

245

The Tiger first the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thousand warriors thro' the tides,
Who came beneath great Massicus' command,
From Cosa's turrets, and the Clusian land.

Close to their sides their polish'd quivers fate ; 250
Strung were their bows ; their arrows wing'd with fate.

Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.

Rich in her endless beds of steely ore,

The rugged Ilva sends three hundred more ; 255

celebrated. Instead of which, Virgil has not observed any rule, but jumps from one subject to another, without any manner of exactness. A certain Jesuit takes Virgil's part on this subject, and justifies him by the example of Thucydides ; who, tho' he is an historian, and consequently more ty'd down to the regularity which Macrobius wishes for, has followed it no more than Virgil in many of his descriptions. —This example does not seem to me sufficient for the defence of Virgil ; for if he has done wrong, it will be no excuse that Thucydides had done so before him, since we see that Dionysius Halicarnassicus blames Thucydides for this fault. But we may remark, that as the poet strives to delight his reader, and above all aims at the beauty of surprize, it is not necessary that he should confine himself to that exactness, which would be of no ornament, but on the contrary, by discovering his own artifice, would take off all the surprize from his narration, so that he would interest the reader the less. For as we observed in Rem. VIII. B. VI. If Virgil had placed in a genealogical order all those heroes, which Anchises celebrates in his prediction, this prediction had been less pleasing. It would be the same with this catalogue ; if those who are there mentioned, were ranged according to the order of their respective places, the reader would prevent the artifice of the poet ; and would find fewer graces in such an arrangement, than what he finds in this miscellaneous manner, which nevertheless, as we may observe, is without disorder or confusion.

SEGRAIS.

All, train'd to fight ; all, glorious to behold ;
And, on the stern, Apollo flam'd in gold.

With groves of waving spears, in thick array,
From Pisa's walls a thousand took their way ;
They march embattled from the Tuscan land, 260
And great Asylas leads the martial band ;
Asylas, skilful sage ! whose piercing eyes
Discern'd all signs on earth, or in the skies.
His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
From stars and birds, and lightnings as they flew. 265

Next beauteous Astur plow'd the watry field,
Proud of his bounding steed and sculptur'd shield ;
From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets rise,
And rank Graviscan marshes taint the skies, |
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign, 270
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain ;
Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.

Nor thou unsung, brave Cinyras, shalt pass,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race ; 275
Nor thou, Cupavo, under whose command,
Advanc'd to fight a small, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy crest, and wave above,
Expressive of thy fire *, transform'd by love,
While for his Phaeton his sorrows flow, 280
And soft harmonious strains beguile his woe ;
While in the dusky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the sisters shade,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies. 285

* *Cygnus.*

Now his great off-spring with his social train,
 In the huge Centaur plow'd the roaring main.
 High on the prow the figur'd monster stood,
 And shook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
 The founding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd, 290
 That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.

Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
 From prescient Manto and great Tyber sprung;
 By him, fair Mantua rose; immortal town!
 And from his mother's name deriv'd her own. 295
 Her mighty walls, illustrious founders grace,
 Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
 Three tribes distinct possess her fertile lands,
 And four fair cities every tribe commands.
 Proud of her Tuscan line, with glory crown'd, 300
 She reigns the mistress of the nations round.

292. *Next, warlike Ocnus, &c.*] Ocnus built the walls of Mantua; but the colony for whom he built them were by far more ancient than his time. This colony was originally made up of Thebans (says Servius) afterwards re-inforced by the Tuscans, and lastly by the Gauls, or, as some will have it, by the Sardinians. This mixture of different nations is implied in the *non genus omnibus unum*; and hence too the *genus illi [Mantua] triplex* is made out. By the *populi sua gente quaterni* is to be understood, that beside the city of Mantua, there were three other cities in the Mantuan territories all respectively governed by their lucumones, or petty kings; of all these Mantua was the chief,—*Ipsa caput populi*. But tho' Mantua was composed of three different lucumones or nations, yet the mightiest of them all were the Tuscans. *Tusco de sanguine vires*. Thus Virgil in four lines has sketch'd out the present state, and the complicated genealogy, of his country. The Ocnus above-mentioned is Bianor, whom

omb is spoken of in the third eclogue,

—*Jamque sepulchrum*
Incipit apparere Bianoris.—

Next, gen'rous hate to stern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's sacred cause.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his course
From old Benacus' venerable source, 305
In one vast ship he pours the warlike train,
Down thro' his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours thro' the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean sweep, 310
Plow the white waves, and lash the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the sea below.
Down to his waist the human form descends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monster ends. 315
Swift as he swims, the waters fly before ;
And, dash'd beneath the god, the frothy surges roar.

So many chiefs in thirty vessels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the sparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, thro' th' ethereal height, 320
Rode in the solemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the stern, the helm Æneas plies ;
No creeping slumber seals his careful eyes.
Amid the seas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ships transform'd to Nereids of the main ; 325
As many goddesses, as stood before,
With brazen beaks, tall vessels on the shore.

322. *Fixt at the stern.*] The leader of a colony (says Castron) should be equal to every task which that business requires. Æneas does not disdain to pilot his own vessel in the night. This he had done before, after Palinurus fell into the sea. B. 5.

They know the chief from far, and in a ring
 The dancing Nymphs inclose their wond'ring king.
 'The first * whose eloquence excell'd the rest, 330
 Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breast ;
 Held with one hand the stern, while one divides,
 With many an easy stroke, the silent tides :
 And dost thou wake, great off-spring of the skies ?
 Wake still, and open ev'ry sail (she cries :) 335
 Thy ships are we that once on Ida stood,
 Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
 When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
 With the dread sword, and the devouring flame,
 We burst our anchors, by the foe compell'd, 340
 And fought our master o'er the watry field.
 These forms the mother of the skies bestow'd,
 And made each ship a goddess of the flood :
 Low in the sacred seas our court we keep,
 And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep. 345
 Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
 Midst all the terrors of the Latian war.
 The brave Arcadian horse, and Tuscan host,
 Have reach'd the land, and seiz'd th' appointed post.
 The Daunian chief has sent a squadron down 350
 To stop their destin'd progress to the town.

340. *We burst our anchors.*] Catrou mentions this part of Cymodocea's speech as a specimen of the politeness of a sea-nymph. Nothing (says the refined Frenchman) can be more polite than the language of this new nymph. She gives Æneas to understand, that she was turned into a goddess solely against her own will, and that she had rather still have continued in his service under her original shape.

* *Cymodocea.*

Rise, hero! rise; and, with the dawning light,
 Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
 With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
 That golden, bright, impenetrable shield. 355
 The morning sun (nor think my promise vain!)
 Shall see vast heaps of fierce Rutulians slain.
 This said; the goddess (for she knew the way)
 Push'd the light vessel o'er the glassy sea:
 Swift as a jav'lin, or a storm she flew; 360
 And, wing'd with rival speed, her course the rest pursue.
 While at the sight the hero stood amaz'd,
 The prosp'rous sign his bounding spirits rais'd.
 Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
 To potent Cybele the warrior cries: 365
 Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
 Supreme, majestic mother of the gods!
 Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
 While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car!
 Oh! kindly second this auspicious sign, 370
 And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.

358. *This said; the goddess.*] Dryden justly observes, that the transformation of the ships, as violent a machine as it is, serves here to carry on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell Æneas what had pass'd in his camp during his absence; and what was the present distress of his besieg'd people; and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle next day, and foretel him good success: so that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take them more unprovided to resist his landing.

Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire !

He said ; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away ; 375
When first the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war ;
Rouse for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.

As on his stern the godlike warrior stands, 380
And views distinct his camp and social bands ;
High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd :
Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
The shining orb ; their darts and jav'lins fly ; 385 }
And their loud clamours tempest all the sky.
Less loud the thick-embod'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, thro' the clouds of air ;
When, at the signal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind. 390

Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose ;
Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.

382. *High in his hand.*]

*Ardet apex capiti, cristisque a vortice flamma
Funditur*—

Gabriel Faernus conjectures that Virgil wrote, *tristisque*
for *cristisque* ; which (says Fulvius Ursinus) is a very plausible
reading, tho' it is not found in the old MSS. I think *tristis*
heightens the sublimity of the description ; and it must be
allow'd that *cristis* is superfluous. See Homer's Il. B. 5. *sub*
mit. Δαίε δ' οἱ ἐκ κορυθός, &c.

From great Æneas' crest the lightnings stream, 395
 And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam ;
 A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
 Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.
 So the dire comet, with portentous light
 And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night : 400
 So the red dog-star, when he mounts on high,
 And with his fatal splendor fires the sky,
 Scares the pale nations ; for his burning breath
 Darts down disease, blue pestilence, and death.
 But still, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train, 405
 To seize the shore, and drive them to the main.

Lo! what you long have wish'd, to prove your might,
 The hour!—the place!—the foe!—the promis'd fight!—
 Your wives, your sons, your country calls you on,
 Your great forefathers glories and your own. 410
 Now while, with slidd'ring steps, to gain the land
 The Trojans toil ; descend we to the strand ;
 Soon as on yonder shore our bands appear,
 One noble stroke, my friends, shall end the war :
 The brave command succeeds.—The hero said ; 415
 Then with himself for one cool moment weigh'd,

399. *So the dire.*] Virgil has finely improved this simile from Homer. See II. χ . Milton has copied it, and exceeded both his originals in sublimity.

—————Like a comet burn'd
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' Arctic sky ; and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. ———

P. L. B. 2. ver. 709.

This comparison is applied with greater propriety by Milton, than by either Homer or Virgil, as he is speaking of a being more than human.

To the bold task what chosen troops to call,
And to what bands entrust the leaguer'd wall.

Meantime the hero lands his warlike train ;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main ; 420
Then vault, and seize the half-recover'd shores ;
Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon spy'd,
Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide ;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar, 425
He fears no shoals, but hopes a friendly shore.
Thither his vessels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew :
Now, now, my friends, exert your utmost force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious course. 430
Push, heave your desp'rate gallies to the strand ;
Plow with your beaks and keels the hostile land.
My sole ambition is to gain the coast :
And then—no matter—let the ship be lost.

So spoke th' impatient chief; and, as he spoke, 435
They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke.
Full on the land the rushing vessels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the sandy shore.
Safe to the shelving beach the gallies run ;
All 'scap'd the shock, brave Tarchon, but thy own. 440
Thy own amid the shallows rush'd, and there
Dash'd on the rock, and sloping hung in air :

439. *Safe to the shelving beach.*] *Innocuæ*, says Ruzens, is here to be taken passively for *inlæsæ*. Thus Lucan uses the word *innocia*, Lib. Phars. 9. ver. 895. speaking of the *Pfyllæ* :

— *Gens unica terris*

Incolit a sævo serpentum innocia morsu.

Catrou thus understands the word.

Press'd by a war of waves, her shatter'd sides
Burst, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They swim, incumber'd with their broken oars : 445
The floods supplant their feet, and bear them from the
shores.

Meantime against the Trojans, on the coast,
Brave Turnus led his close-embattled host.
The sprightly trumpets found with martial strains,
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains ; 450
The valiant Theron flew, with matchless might,
The first auspicious omen of the fight ;
A giant chief ; his furious course he held
Against the prince, the foremost of the field.
Fierce thro' his shield and mail (an op'ning wide !) 455
Flew the swift sword, and pierc'd the warrior's side.
Then Lycas bled, and stain'd the thirsty shore,
To Phœbus sacred from his natal hour ;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'scap'd the steel !
The man, unhappy ! by the faulchion fell 460
Gyas and Cisseus next the hero flew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their strength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their Herculean arms, and boasted fire,

450. *When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains.*] By the *turmas agrestes*, we are to understand, men levied in the country by the Latins. These were much better soldiers than the militia rais'd in towns. The army of the Latins was made up in a hurry, and did not consist of regular troops.

CATROU.

459. *Ripp'd from.*] It was a custom to consecrate to Apollo, the god of medicine, the infants that came into the world in this extraordinary manner.

Alcides' friend; whose glorious steps he trod, 465
 While earth supply'd new monsters for the god.
 As loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos flood,
 Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
 On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawless joy,
 Fair Clytius courted and carefs'd the boy, 470
 With all his force the mighty hero drove,
 And soon had finish'd his prepost'rous love;
 Soon had the youth, expiring on the shore,
 Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
 But Phorcus' sons, seven valiant warriors, flew, 475
 And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
 Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
 Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
 Thus press'd, thus compass'd round on ev'ry side,
 The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd; 480
 Bring, bring those darts (not one shall fly in vain)
 That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
 Then a long lance with all his might he cast,
 Thro' Mæon's shield the furious weapon pass'd;
 Thro' the strong cuirass pierc'd the hissing dart, 485
 Transfixt his breast, and quiver'd in his heart.
 The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
 To raise his grov'ling brother from the sand;
 But, wing'd with death, a second jav'lin flies,
 Swift as the first, and sings along the skies; 490

478. *Turn'd by Venus.*] How came Venus to interfere in the combat, says Donatus, after Jupiter's prohibition.—Jupiter had only exhorted the gods to concord; and Juno, Venus, and Juturnus, took party.

480. *Achates.*] Our hero's friend must be allowed to make but an inconsiderable figure in these three last books. He is no Patroclus.

Thro' his extended arm the spear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corse, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by, 495
But slightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.

Next Clausus, flush'd with youthful strength and grace,
(Clausus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed spear aloft in air, 500
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppress'd the voice, and stopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the shore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.

Still rushing on, the chief the slaughter spread; 505
By various deaths three sons of Boreas bled.

As many more, poor hapless youths! expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their fire.
Against the prince his bands Halesus leads,
And fierce Messapus lash'd his fiery steeds. 510

In furious conflict mix'd, both armies stand
On the first verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.

As when the winds from diff'rent quarters rise, 515
Pour to the charge, and combat in the skies,

506. *Three sons of Boreas bled.*] These words *Boreæ de gente suprema* may have two significations; viz. that these three first Thracians were of the divine family of Boreas; that is to say, sons of Zethus or Calais, who were the offspring of Boreas and Orvthiya; but my interpretation is the most simple; viz. That these three brothers were of the most northern part of Thrace, where Boreas reigns. CATROU.

In due suspense the struggling tempests keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poise the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' aëreal fight : 520
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
These scorn'd to yield, nor those can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.

But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods 525
Had spread the ground with shatter'd rocks and woods,
Th' Arcadian squadrons from their steeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccustom'd fight.
Now to an open rout their ranks inclin'd,
And close their foes came thund'ring from behind. 530
This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair;
He saw, and strove to stop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight? 535
By your past deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your sov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array. 540
Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Rush to the fight; no gods our arms oppose;
Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal strength and soul appears, 545
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!

Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall?
Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall? 550

He said; and, rushing on the hostile bands,
First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands;
Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
Full in the reins descends the pointed spear;
Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain, 555

Fir'd at the sight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
Against the prince; the prince his bosom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion sped,
Who dar'd to stain his stepdame's sacred bed. 560

You too, ye Daucian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! perish'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each mistook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child, 565
And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.

Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice distinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, fought its absent lord; 570
The dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.

563. *So like your features.*] Thus Claudian speaking of the resemblance between Castor and Pollux.

—*Juvat ipse tonantem*

Error, & ambigua placet ignorantia matri.

This description of our poet is simple and chaste enough, considering, that the subject is purely epigrammatical.

571. *The dying fingers.*] It must be owned, that there is not that great variety of wounds, and different manners of dying, described by our poet as by Homer.

The Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inspir'd,
Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose ; 575
Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus shoots impetuous thro' the war ;
While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew. 580
The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd ;
He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
As, when the summer glows with fervid rays, 585
The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire :
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the skies : 590
On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shores.
Halefus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe ; 595
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.
First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel ;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat ; the faulchion lops his hand : 600
Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.
His old prophetic fire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Halefus from the war.

But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes, 605
 The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.
 Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
 A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.
 His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
 But first the youth prefers his ardent vows ; 610
 O father Tyber ! give my winged dart,
 To fly direct thro' proud Halesus' heart !
 His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear ;
 So pray'd the youth ; the god allows his pray'r.
 Helesus shields Imaon from the foe, 615
 But leaves his breast all-naked to the blow.
 He fell ; his fall alarm'd the Latian host ;
 They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.
 But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair ;
 Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war. 620
 Stern Abas first he slew, of matchless might,
 Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
 Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
 And Troy's bold sons, who 'scap'd the Greeks in vain.
 Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came ; 625
 Their chiefs, their numbers, and their strength, the same.
 The rear close-pressing to the dire alarms,
 Th' incumber'd troops scarce wield their uselefs arms.

606. *The fatal sisters.*]

Injicere manum parca, telisque sacrarunt

Evandri—

Virgil (says Catrou) here alludes to two customs, the one belonging to the civil law, and the other to the pontifices. By the words *injecere manum parca*, we are to understand what the lawyers signify by the *manus injectio*, that is, seizing or taking possession. The *telis sacrarunt*, alludes to the practice of the pontifices when they destin'd a victim to the altar.

Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there ;
 In all their charms the blooming youths appear. 630
 Poor, hapless youths ! alas ! your native plain
 Must never, never bless your eyes again !
 In vain would you engage ! for Jove withstands ;
 Both, both must fall ; but fall by greater hands !

Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came, 635
 Warn'd by his sister *, the celestial dame ;
 Thro' cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
 With furious speed, and thunders thro' the war.
 Forbear, forbear ; nor touch my due, he cries ;
 For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize. 640
 To me, to me alone, belongs the fight :
 Oh ! could his fire be witness to the fight !
 He said ; and at the word, th' obedient train
 At once retir'd, and left an open plain.

629. *Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there.*] It was natural for the reader (says Trapp) to think that these two young princes, being so equally matched, and now so near together, must meet and fight. The poet shews us, that he was not unmindful of this ; and so starts this idea : but passes from it to a quite different one ; and gives us an hint of what would be the fate of them both. This is extremely ingenious and judicious ; first, causing in the mind that, which never fails to please it, vicissitude and surprize ; secondly, shewing the art of the poet in telling us what he could have done, tho' he does it not. It may be observed too, that it was more glory to these two youthful heroes to be slain, as they were, by enemies so far superior to themselves, than for either to have killed the other, or for both to have been killed by each other. Not to mention the beautiful use, which the poet afterwards makes of their deaths. Thus far Dr. Trapp. In like manner the reader's expectation is raised in B. 4. of the Par. Lost, where an encounter is likely to ensue between Satan and the angelic squadron.

* *Juturna.*

The youth with wonder saw the parting band, 645
 Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
 With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
 Around his manly limbs, and ample size;
 And to his haughty foe, in short, replies :
 Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire
 Immortal fame ; or gloriously expire !

}
 650

Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
 Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.
 This said ; amid the field the hero strode ;
 All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood. 655

The Daunian chief sprung dreadful from the car,
 And rush'd on foot, impetuous to the war ;
 Rush'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
 On some stern bull, that meditates the fight.

But soon as Pallas saw the prince appear 660
 Within due distance of the flying spear,
 Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries ;
 And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the skies :
 O great Alcides ! by my father's feast,
 Thyself vouchsaf'd to grace, a glorious guest ; 665
 Assist his son, and crown his bold design ;
 Let Turnus fall, and own the conquest mine ;

953. *My father stands prepar'd.*] Dryden translates *pater* in this place by Jupiter :

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.

In this interpretation he is greatly mistaken ; for *forti pater æquus utrique*, is manifestly an answer to *cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset*. In his dedication before the *Æneis* he observes, “ how could Ruæus imagine, that it was the same thing “ to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame ? The “ poet certainly intended Jupiter the father of mankind.” *Æquus* implies, *he [Evander] is able to bear, is equal to, forti utrique, either chance, my living or dying.*

And, while the victor spoils the bloody prize,
 View the proud trophy with his closing eyes,
 His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears, 670
 And pours a flood of unavailing tears :
 While in his breast he check'd the rising groan,
 Th' all-gracious father sooth'd his sorrowing son :
 To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date ;
 Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate : 675
 'Tis virtue's work, by fame to stretch the span,
 Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.
 How many sons of gods were doom'd to fall,
 Great as they were ! beneath the Trojan wall ?
 Great as he was ! among the mighty dead, 680
 Ev'n my own son, the brave Sarpedon bled :
 Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
 And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.
 This said ; th' almighty sov'reign of the skies
 Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes. 685
 Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw,
 And from the sheath the shining faulchion drew.
 The whizzing spear, with erring course impell'd,
 Flew thro' the ringing margin of the shield,

685. *Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes.*]

—*Oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.*

Ruæus, I believe, is singular in the exposition of this passage, *retulit oculos ad campos Trojanorum* ; he turn'd his eyes towards, &c. which, says Trapp, is bad sense, and worse grammar. Catrou remarks, that Jupiter, in turning his eyes from the field of battle, shews, that he will espouse neither party, Trojan or Rutulian, according to his promise. But is not this promise afterward broken, when he sends down a fury, B. 12. ver. 1204. to terrify Turnus ? Is not this espousing the Trojans ?—Trapp tells us, that Jupiter turned his eyes away, that he might not see a death, which he would have prevented, and was not able,

And, glancing, raz'd the shoulder of the foe.— 690
Then Turnus shook the lance; prepar'd to throw:
He shook the lance; and see, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a surer dart than thine!
He said, and threw. The spear with forceful sway
Broke, thro' the solid shield, its destin'd way; 695
Thro' ev'ry steely plate, and brazen fold,
Thro' thick bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Thro' the strong cuirass flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breast, and panted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore, 700
The purple soul came floating with the gore.
Down sunk the youth; his rattling arms resound;
He spurns, and grinds in blood the hostile ground.
Then, as he strode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor said: 705
Go!—be this message to your master known;
Such as the fire deserv'd, I send the son;
Unbrib'd, unfought his relicks I bestow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.
Dear for the Trojans friendship has he paid!— 710
Then, with his foot he prest the prostrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his bosom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmost art Eurytion had display'd. 715
Here, thick emboss'd, the fifty daughters shed
Their consorts blood, and stain'd the bridal bed;

716. *Here, thick emboss'd.*] Statius, Theb. 4. gives one of his heroes a shield ornamented with this story:

The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely-bright
 Came out, and stood projecting to the fight.
 This spoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes 720
 Surveys, and glories in the costly prize.

But man, too haughty in a prosp'rous state,
 Grows blind and heedless of his future fate :
 The time shall come, when Turnus in dismay,
 Shall mourn these spoils, and this victorious day ; 725

— *perfectaque vivit in auro*
Nox Danaï : fontes furiarum lampade nigra
Quinquaginta ardent thalami : pater, ipse cruentis
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inspicit enses.

Which last expression is very picturesque.

722. *But man, too haughty.*] Thus Homer of Chromius and Aretus. Il. 17.

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance, not fated to return !

These beautiful anticipations (says Pope) are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with a knowledge of futurity. So Tasso, Cant. 12. St. 58.

O vanity of man's unstable mind !
 Puff'd up with every blast of friendly wind !

LIX.

Why joy'st thou, wretch ? Oh what shall be thy gain ?
 What trophy this, the bold Tancred rears ?
 Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,
 For ev'ry drop of blood a sea of tears.

FAIRFAX.

Milton makes the like apostrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam, before she met the serpent :

— — — She, to him, engag'd
 To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,
 And all things, in best order, to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve !
 Thou rev'r from that hour in paradise,
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

Par. L. B. 9. 400.

Shall wish, too late! the golden belt unfought,
And curse the trophies he so dearly bought!

With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a shield,
Bear back their breathless leader from the field.

Thus to thy father's arms dost thou retire, 730

Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy fire!
O early lost! with strength and beauty grac'd!
This thy first day of warfare was thy last:
Yet didst thou scatter death thro' half an host;
And, ere thy own, a thousand lives were lost. 735

Now by spectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief these mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompass'd by the foes.

With his huge weighty sword, without delay, 740
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.

Thee, Turnus, thee he seeks along the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless Pallas slain.

The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind. 745

Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! destin'd to the dead,

746. *Four youths.*] Pope observes, that Virgil expresses no disapprobation of this cruel action, which the Greek poet does in plain terms, speaking of this in *Iliad* 23. ver. 176.

— Κατα δε σφρασι μνηστο εργα.

It is not only (says he) the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacrifice them to the manes of his favourite hero. —As this is to be considered as a religious rite, and not an action of revenge, I do not see why Æneas should discover any detestation of it.

He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
 And sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
 At Magus next his furious spear he cast, 750
 But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon past :
 The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
 To bend his stern, inexorable heart.
 By thy dead father's shade, thy suppliant spare !
 By all the hopes of thy surviving heir ! 755
 Preserve, victorious prince, this life alone,
 To glad a longing father and a son !
 High in my dome are silver talents roll'd,
 With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold.
 These, to procure my ransom, I resign ; 760
 The war depends not on a life like mine !
 One, one poor life, can no such diff'rence yield,
 Nor turn the mighty balance of the field !
 Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treasur'd store
 Keep for thy sons ; but talk of terms no more. 765

764. *Thy talents.*] These tender and affecting expressions, with which Magus endeavours to sooth the wrath of Æneas, but without effect, support a charge of great inhumanity against our hero, as well as the slaughter of Liger and Lucagus, the two brothers, who beg their lives of him, and whom he insults in sarcasms that do not become a man of any generosity.

These instances, and his unrelenting revenge upon Turnus, raise a strong party against him : but, considering the importance of the objection, it is not to be supposed, that I am the first who appeared in his defence.

Gallutius is very copious in his apology for this poet, Artic. 9. B. 1. where he discusses this important question, whether the man who kills his enemies, that beg their lives, who devotes the four children of Ufens, and the four children of Sulmo, to the names of Pallas, to be slaughtered as a sacrifice on his tomb, had any claim to the appellation of just and merciful, by them, as the poet pretends.

He

Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.

He goes thro' all these cases, and to every one gives a pertinent answer: I shall just mention his arguments, having already observed, that we are not to judge of one age by another, much less of the religion of the ancients, by that we profess.

Doubtless, according to the precepts and the spirit of a religion so holy as the Christian, every such instance of unrelenting slaughter must be looked upon as the highest and most shocking barbarity. But such a censure makes nothing against Virgil: on the contrary, it proves that he is so far from having been guilty of a fault in this case, that if he had done otherwise, he would indeed have been much to blame, that is to say, if he had made his Pagan hero act like a Christian hero. We see clearly enough, that it was an instance of superstition most astonishing to think of, that the shades of the dead longed for these bloody sacrifices; and that the greatest misfortunes that could befall the soul, was to remain unassured of due vengeance for the death of the body. But this superstition was considered as a point of religion, and nothing was accounted more inhuman in the living, than to leave the shades of their friends unrevenged.

All the works of the ancients are full of instances of what I say. Achilles, who refused to engage the Trojans out of pique to Agamemnon, stifles this resentment when the death of Patroclus is to be avenged.

Lucan says, that the soul of Crassus murmured, that he was not revenged upon the Parthians, the Romans not having sent forces to obtain satisfaction for his defeat and death.

Ovid introduces Althea putting to death her son Meleager, to revenge the death of her other children. We all know the Greeks, on this account, sacrificed Polyxena at the tomb of Achilles. Dido in her death finds no circumstance more deplorable, than the thought of perishing unrevenged.

Moriemur inultæ?

And at the same time that Diana, B. 11. sees the death of Camilla as inevitable, she thinks of nothing but revenging it.

Upon the whole, as religion was concerned in this point, we ought to conclude Virgil acted very consistently, and with great propriety; that Æneas would have appeared destitute of humanity and piety towards his friend, if he had been pre-

So deems my living son ; my fire below ;
And, from this sword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.

vented from avenging the death of Pallas, by a compassion which in that age would have been interpreted weakness. The poet is justified by shewing, that he had reason sufficient for introducing his hero acting in this manner.

— *Pallas, Evander, in ipsis*

Omnia sunt oculis.

To the death of Turnus he is actually obliged, by the express words of Evander ; if we consider, B. 11. what this unhappy father sends in charge to Æneas, by the men who bear the body of his son :

Vadite, & hæc regi memores mandata referte.

Quod vitam moror invisam Pallante perempto,

Dextera causa tua est ; Turnum gnatoque patrique

Quem debere vides meritis, vacat hic tibi solus

Fortunæque locus : non vitæ gaudia quero ;

Nec fas : sed gnato manes perferre sub imos.

We must enter therefore into the sentiments that Æneas must be supposed to derive from the morals of his religion, rather than those which the Christian inspires us with : we must figure to ourselves, that it would have been much more inhuman in this hero, to have given less attention to the misery of Pallas (whose soul he believed to be in a state of disconsolate wandering till his death was avenged) than to the prayer of Magus, of Liger, or even of Turnus ; when, to remind him of the death of Pallas, the poet so judiciously contrives to make him see the belt which Turnus had spoiled him of ; a circumstance not necessary at the deaths of Liger or Magus, as they followed that of Pallas so close.

Nay we see the wrath of Æneas carries him so far, as to make him tell Tarquitus (another whom he kills in the heat of the combat), that he should not enjoy the rites of burial, which the ancients esteemed so great a misfortune. This shews how far the piety and affection of Æneas to his friend, and to Evander, could push his courage.

SEGRAIS.

I cannot forbear adding, that our infidels seem not sufficiently to have considered, what a spirit of mildness Christianity hath introduced into the world, and how much it hath softened the minds of men. Witness the insolent and cruel treatment of captives, the exposing of children, the bloody gladiatorian spectacles, the dreadful proscriptions, the massa-

ces

This said; he seiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd, 770
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.

eres of slaves, the frequent poisonings, and many other enormous barbarities, commonly practised by the so much admired Greeks and Romans.

768. *So deems my living son; my fire below.*] In reality the action of Turnus, in killing Pallas, is a piece of cowardice. He challenges to single combat, at the head of two armies, a youth unequal to himself either in strength or experience. On this action Æneas justly founds his revenge. The verse under consideration is not so much a cruel sentiment, as it is a direct answer to the intercession of Magus, who begs his life in the names of Achises and Iulus. Lactantius, cited by Catrou, thinks the killing Magus too barbarous a deed for the pious Æneas: but we are to consider, that Æneas has just lost his friend Pallas, and, seeking to be revenged on Turnus, meets Magus: That even at this time,

The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind.

Ver. 744. sup.

771. *Deep-bury'd in his neck.*] Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he described the death of Magus in the tenth Æneid. Those lines of his prayer where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of Adrastus; but both the prayer and answer Æneas makes, when he refuses him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: young Pallas is just killed, and Æneas, seeking to be revenged upon Turnus, meets this Magus. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made:

Per patrios manes, per spes surgentis Iuli,

Te precor, hanc animam serves natoque patrique.

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply to it?

—*Belli commercia Turnus*

Sussulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.

Hoc patrio Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from Æneas, which had less agreed with his character, than it does with Agamemnon's, whose reproof to Menelaus in this place, is not unlike that of Samuel to Saul for not killing Agag.

Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
 In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
 The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain !
 Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain. 775
 Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,
 And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.
 Sereftus strips his arms ; a costly load ;
 A trophy destin'd to the * Thracian god.

Umbro, the Marſian chief, exerts his might, 780
 And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,
 Against the prince he warms the troops in vain ;—
 He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders thro' the plain ;
 Løps warlike Anxur's arms ; the hand and ſhield
 Drop down, an uſeleſs burthen on the field. 785
 Before he vaunted, and he ſeem'd to riſe
 In his proud thought, exalted, to the ſkies.
 But ah ! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
 With the fond hope of years on years behind !

In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing ſtood, 790
 Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
 Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear ;
 But thro' his ſhield and corſlet flew the ſpear.
 Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,
 He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain. 795
 The trunk ſtill beating on the ground below,
 Thus in proud triumph ſpoke his conqu'ring foe :
 Lie, mighty warrior, there ! no mother's hand
 Shall now inter thee in thy native land ;

798. *Lie, mighty warrior, there.*] After this manner Hector
 ſalutes Patroclus:

* *Mars.*

Lie

But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear, 800
The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air.

Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, then he slew,
Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew, 805
By far the wealthiest of the Latian train ;
And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.

And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god ;

Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee the joy
(Thy pride one promis'd) of subverting Troy,

* * * * *

But thou a prey to vulturs shalt be made.

POPE'S H. IL. B. 16. 1007.

807. *And soft Amyclæ.*] Amyclæ, a city of Peloponnesus, is styl'd *tacitæ*, either because its inhabitants were too modest to resent an injury done them by a neighbouring nation, according to Ruæus ; or, as Servius remarks, because they followed the doctrine of Pythagoras, which enjoined to keep silence for five years, and never offer any violence to serpents : but this occasioned their destruction ; for, upon some of these venomous animals breaking out of a lake near their city, they religiously forbore to attack and kill them, and so were devoured by them.

808. *And as, of old.*] Æneas in no part of the Æneid appears more formidably great than in this. He rages like the giant Ægeon besieging Olympus with an hundred arms, &c.

The poet could not have represented, in a more expressive and lively manner, the terror that attended his hero, than by describing the horses of the enemy as frightened at his figure marching along (even when at a distance), and breathing revenge and destruction. Spenser has a very fine image of this kind, F. Q. B. 5. c. 8. lt. 37. &c.

Speaking of prince Arthur fighting with the soldan :

At last from his victorious shield he drew

The veil, which did his pow'rful light empeach ;

And coming full before his horses view,

As they upon him prest, it plain to them did shew :

Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms, 810
 And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms ;
 Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
 Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires ;
 As many shining swords he shook, and held,
 Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield. 815
 So, when his reeking sword in blood was dy'd,
 Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.

Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
 Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war ;
 With wild affright the startled steeds beheld 820
 The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field ;
 Flew back, and cast their master on the plain ;
 Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.

Liger and Lucagus next came in view :
 Drawn by white coursers, thro' the troops they flew; 825
 Two haughty brothers ; that, the coursers sway'd ;
 This brandish'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.
 Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to bear,
 Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
 No Phrygian fields are these (proud Liger said), 830
 Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede ;
 You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car ;
 Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war !
 Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
 The prince, in answer, launch'd his whizzing spear. 835

38.

Like lightning flash, that hath the gazer burn'd ;
 So did the sight thereof their sense destroy,
 That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
 And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
 With his keen jav'lin urged the fiery course,
 And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
 The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight ;
 Beneath the shining margin of the shield, 840
 Swift thro' the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
 Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
 And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
 The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
 And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead: 845
 Nor were your courfers slow ; nor vain affright
 At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight ;
 Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
 And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war !
 This said ; he seiz'd the courfers by the rein ; 850
 When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,
 With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain ;
 Now, by thyself, thy mercy I implore ;
 By those who such a godlike hero bore ;
 This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare, 855
 And with soft pity listen to my pray'r. —
 In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before ;
 Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more ;

845. *And thus, in scornful terms.]*

Quem pius Æneas dictis affatur amaris.

The epithet *pius*, in this place, seems to be inconsistently applied to Æneas, while he is insulting a dying enemy. Trapp remarks, that some soldierly epithet would have been more proper on this occasion, But the word *pius* is here introduced as a general epithet, and not meant to convey any particular or circumstantial idea ; as

Εκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο — ευκνημίδες Ἀχαιοί.

With many other of the like nature in Homer.

Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
 And wait thy brother to the realms below ! 860
 He rais'd the sword aloft, as thus he said,
 And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.

Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
 He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around ;
 Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain, 865
 Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.

While thus the battle bled ; imperial Jove
 Address'd his consort in the realms above,

159. Go! 'tis a brother's part.]

———*Haud talia dudum*

Diſſa dadas ; morere, et fratrem ne deſere frater.

Macrobius quotes this paſſage, among many others, to prove how great a maſter Virgil is of diverſity of ſtile.

I cannot forbear tranſlating the beautiful ſimile with which he concludes his chapter :

“ If we diligently ſurvey the world, we ſhall find a great reſemblance between that divine work and this poem. For as the eloquence of Maro is ever fitted to the ſubject, is ſometimes conciſe, at other times copious ; is here reſerv'd, and there florid ; ſometimes flows like a rivulet, and ſometimes like a torrent ; and often comprehends at once all theſe different ſpecies ; ſo the earth itſelf is here beautified with corn and the green graſs ; is there rough with rocks and forests ; exhibiting in one place ſandy deſerts ; and, in another place, is moiſtened with fountains ; among the reſt too is to be ſeen the vaſt ocean. Pardon me, continues he, nor call me an enthuſiaſt, who have thus dared to compare Virgil to nature. I ſhould indeed ſpeak beneath the merit of this great poet, if I was to pronounce that Virgil has blended all the different ſtiles of the ten rhetoricians which did ſo much honour to Athens.” Saturn, c. 1. B. 5.

The whole chapter is well worth the peruſal of the curious critic. Drayton, in his beginning of the ſecond ſong of the Polyolbion, introduces the above ſimile ; and Angelus Politianus concludes his AMBRA with it.

867. While thus the battle bled.] We begin to be tired with ſo many deaths. Virgil, therefore, very artfully ſhifts the
 the

As both from heav'n survey'd the deathful scene :
Say, sister-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen, 870
Still, is it ſtill your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war ?
See ! how the martial bands increaſe in might !
Strong from their wounds ! and vig'rous for the fight !
Can ſuch brave heroes, who ſuch dangers prove, 875
Depend for ſuccour on the queen of love ?

And why, my lord, ſubmiſſive, ſhe rejoin'd,
Theſe words ſevere, to rack my anxious mind ?
Did ſtill your love (as ſure it ſhould) remain,
A wife and ſiſter might not plead in vain, 880
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing fire.—
But let him die, ſince Jove has ſo decreed !—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed !—
And yet his birth might ſome diſtinction claim, 885
Since from our own celeftial line he came.
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.
Thus ſpoke the ſuppliant queen ; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies : 890

If 'tis your pray'r to ſpare his forfeit breath,
By a ſhort reprieve of approaching death ;
Snatch him this inſtant from the fatal hour.
'This grace we grant him ;—and we grant no more.
For if you beg his deſtin'd life to ſpare ; 895
Or turn the courſe and fortune of the war ;

the ſcene. The introducing divinities on theſe occaſions is
an excellent practice in an epic poet.

CATROU.

Vain your request, and vain your hope appears—
 To whom once more, the pensive queen, with tears :
 And what, my lord, if you reverse the doom ?
 Spare the dear youth, and save him from the tomb ! 900
 Ev'n from your soul this grace if you will give,
 (Which scarce you promise) that he yet may live !
 Ah ! now I see, or in my fears portend,
 The guiltless youth approaching to his end !
 But may those fears, my sov'reign lord, be vain, 905
 And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again !

This said ; with momentary speed she flies,
 Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the skies ;
 In fable storms she drives the clouds before ;
 Then to the fields of fight her course she bore : 910
 There, in Æneas' shape, a figur'd shade
 Of light impassive air, the goddess made.

911. *There, in Æneas' shape.*] This fiction is imitated from Homer, Il. B. 5. where Apollo raises a phantom in the shape of Æneas. There the spectre is raised by Apollo, or the *sun* ; and here by Juno, or the *air* ; both equally proper, says Pope, to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, Virgil has improved and beautify'd his original. Spenser, F. Q. B. 3. c. 8. seems to have improved this imagination in the creation of his false Florimel, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures. This formation is described with the utmost luxuriancy of fancy :

St. 6.

The substance whereof * she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd,
 Which she had gather'd in a shady glade
 Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveal'd
 By errant sprites, but from all men conceal'd ;
 The same she temper'd with fine mercury,
 And virgin-wax, that never yet was seal'd ;

The Witch.

And

A Trojan spear the spectre seem'd to wield,
Wore a proud crest and imitated shield ;
And spoke with empty words, in vaunting strain, 915
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.

(Such are the fleeting forms in visions bred,
And such the gliding spectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and shook his airy lance. 920

The Daunian prince his sounding jav'lin threw ;
While with dissembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, said :
Flies then Æneas, to his fears resign'd, 925
And leaves a princess' royal bed behind ?—

The land, for which he cross'd the stormy wave,
This arm shall give—and here he finds a grave !
Then shook his sword, and chas'd him thro' the war ;
But his short triumph soon was lost in air ! 930

By chance a ship stood anchor'd by the shore,
(Which late, from Clusium, king Osinus bore)
Close shelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides ;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty sides.

And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7.

Instead of eyes two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies ;
And a quick-moving spirit did arret
To stir and roll them like a woman's eyes :
Instead of yellow locks she did devise
With golden wire to weave her curled head ;
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As Florimel's fair hair ; and in the stead
Of life, she put a sprite to rule the carcase dead,

Swift to her darksome hold the shade withdrew ; 935
As swift glad Turnus to the vessel flew.

That instant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the sea.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends whole squadrons to the ghosts below. 940

No more for shelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the skies.
While Turnus far in open ocean sails,
(The vessel wafted by the rising gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends, 945
And hears the cries of his forsaken friends ;
On such hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguish, to the stars :

What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endless infamy to blast my name ? 950
This dreadful doom is too severe by far ;
This load of life is more than I can bear !
Whence came I here ? and whither am I borne ?
How could I fly ?—ah ! how shall I return ?
Oh ! with what eyes can I behold again 955
Yon regal walls, or yon deserted train ?
How will my friends pursue my name with hate ?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate !
Those friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cause and quarrel, to be slain ! 960
Ha !—now I see 'em fly, or bite the ground !—
I hear, I start at ev'ry dying sound.

What, what can now be done ?—on land or sea
What gulph will open for a wretch like me ?

964. *What gulf will open.*] It may perhaps seem inconsistent, that Turnus, who is here on the water in a vessel, should

Ye winds, ye storms, your pity I implore, 965
 Drive, drive my bark on some rough rocky shore,
 Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me
 more !

This said ; the prince debates, by shame oppress'd,
 Whether to plunge the falchion in his breast ;
 Or from the vessel leap amid the main, 970
 Swim back and mingle in the fight again.

Thrice on each bold resolve his soul was bent ;
 And thrice great Juno check'd the rash intent.
 The goddess wafts him down, secure from harms,
 Lands, and restores him to his father's arms. 975

Mezentius now, inspir'd by Jove's commands,
 Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
 On him, and him alone the Tuscans ran,
 With all their darts ; an army on a man.
 But, like a rock, the dire alarms he stood ; 980
 A rock, whose sides project into the flood ;

should wish the earth would open and swallow him. Turnus is worked up into a very high fit of phrensy, so that he has not leisure to consider his situation, and thus hastily utters an exclamation common to persons in distress. Servius understands the passage, that "even the wishes of the wretched are taken from me, and I can here find no earth that will open and swallow me." *Quæ jam satis ima debiscat terra mihi ?* But this seems to be a far-fetch'd interpretation. Turnus, after having made this inconsistent wish, immediately corrects himself, and, sensible of his real circumstances, invokes the winds to drive his vessel on rocks, and quicksands. Servius seems to contradict his first exposition of the passage, by observing, that the *ima terra*, the bottom or centre of the earth, contains and sustains the sea. Our translator by using the word gulf, which may be applied either to land or sea, in some measure softens the inconsistency of the wish,

That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
 And sees the frothy billows break below;
 But stands unmov'd, majestically high,
 And braves the idle rage of ocean and the sky. 985

First * Dolicaon's son the monarch slew;
 Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
 Fierce in his hand a pond'rous stone he took,
 And on his visage dash'd the broken rock;
 Then drove thro' Palmus' knee the pointed steel; 990
 And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
 His glit'ring arms young Lausus' shoulders spread,
 And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
 Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful spear,
 With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer; 995
 Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
 Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;

996. *Theano bore him.*] Homer in Il. 6. ver. 299. calls Theano, *Cisseis*, from her father Cisseus king of Thrace; and there she is mentioned as the wife of Antenor. And in Il. 16. 718. Hecuba is called the daughter of Dymas a Phrygian. Thus Homer and Virgil do not agree in this genealogy. From hence Ruæus concludes, that Theano was not the sister of Hecuba, and that the Theano here mentioned is a name feigned by the poet. This passage, from ver. 702. to ver. 706. is very confused according to the present reading. I shall here give Dr. Bentley's emendation of it, as quoted by Dr. Clarke in his remark on ver. 299. Il. 6.

Quorum quidem versuum quum sententia plane nulla sit, neque enim omnino quicquam est, quo ex linguæ Romanæ consuetudine istud occubat referri possit, conjecturâ pulcherrimâ & certissimâ ita emendavit Bentleius:

Ad Horatii epod. 5. 28.

————— *una quem nocte Theano*

In lucem, genitore Amyco, dedit; et face prægnans

Cisseis regina Parin. Paris urbe paterna

Occubat: ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

* *Hebrus.*

I think

Yet in his native land was Paris slain !

But hapless Mimas on a foreign plain !

And as some mighty boar, who long has fed 1000

High on the rough ærial mountain's head,

Chas'd by the hounds, shoots down the hanging brow

With speed impetuous to the vale below ;

When on the toils the furious monster flies,

O'er his bent back the starting bristles rise ; 1005

Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire ;

Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.

The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,

With shouts and darts a distant combat wage ;

He turns, he grinds his teeth ; and, void of fear, 1010

Shakes his huge sides, and sheds the scatter'd war.

Thus (tho' inflam'd with just revenge they stand)

None dare engage the monarch hand to hand ;

But from afar their missile darts they fling,

And with loud shouts provoke the raging king. 1015

Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled

The joys of love, and left the spousal bed.

I think, *In lucem dedit* is more elegant without a dative case, and *genitore Amyco* has still the same effect. The *occubat*, according to the common reading, is inelegantly, and almost improperly applied to Paris. The word *ignarus* has here the same import as *ignotus*, and so it is frequently used (says A. Gellius) by many authors. Thus Ovid,

Jamque aderat Theseus proles ignara parenti.

Pierius reads,

Occubat hic ; carum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

By *hic* we are to understand Paris, and by *carum* the friendship between Paris and Mimas. Catrou thinks the reading of Pierius ought not to be rejected ; but I believe the learned reader will prefer Dr. Bentley's to all others.

In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
 Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.

The Tuscan king beheld him from afar, 1020
 Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war.

As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
 Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
 Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
 Or beamy stag, high-stalking o'er the plain; 1025
 His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
 Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
 The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
 And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
 Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew, 1030
 And Acron in the pride of beauty flew.
 His gushing blood the broken dart distains,
 And, as he falls, he spurns the hostile plains.

Now round the king the growing slaughter spread,
 Who scorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled; 1035
 But, with preventive speed, Mezentius ran,
 Turn'd short, and bravely fought him, man to man;
 Then press'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
 Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
 Lo! vanquish'd by your king, the great Orodes dies. }
 A sudden transport fires the martial train, 1041
 And shouts of triumph echo round the plain.
 When thus the dying chief: insulting foe!
 Soon, like my own, shall thy proud head lie low.

1044. *Soon, like my own.*] Virgil, more than once, makes his dying warriors prophesy. In this he follows Homer, who makes the expiring Hector foretel the death of Achilles his conqueror.

Vengeance is on the wing ; black fate is nigh ; 1045

And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—

However, die thou first ! the king reply'd

(All-grimly smiling with disdainful pride) ;

And let your boasted Jove for me provide.

Then from the corse the bloody dart he drew ; 1050

The shades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.

Slow, in dim mists, the heavy vapours rise,

And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell ;

Hydaspes sunk beneath Sacrator's steel ; 1055

His weighty spear the valiant Rapo threw,

And mighty Orfes and Parthenius slew.

Clonius the next by Neptune's son was slain,

And Ericetes press'd the bloody plain :

This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd ; 1060

That, his mad courser cast upon the field.

Next, Tuscan Valerus, as Agis strode

Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.

1049. *And let your boasted.]*

*Nunc morere. est de me divum pater atque hominum rex
Viderit.——*

Trapp would read *tu* for *nunc* which introduces a very striking antithesis ; this piece of atheistical irony (as he terms it) is highly beautiful. *Res suas Jovi ironice commendat*, says De La Cerda.

1054. *Now by brave Cædicus.]* Virgil (says Catrou) has been censured for not every-where distinguishing who were of the Trojan, and who of the Latin party. It is only observing what names are properly Latin,—such as Cædicus, Sacrator, Rapo, &c. and what are drawn from the Greek, as Alcathous, Hydaspes, Parthenius, &c. and the confusion is easily removed. This is a new proof that the Trojan tongue was derived from the Grecian.

1062. *Next, Tuscan Valerus.]* By mentioning Valerus, the poet

Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronus' fide;
 The hapless victor by Nealcès dy'd, 1065
 Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
 And reach from far the unsuspecting foe.

The god of war, in equal balance, held
 The rage, the woes, and slaughters of the field.
 Fix'd on the spot, the troops disdain to fly; 1070
 By turns, the vanquish'd and the victors die.
 From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
 Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!
 Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
 Lean forward from the sky to view the war; 1075
 While pale Tisiphone, with dire alarms,
 Inflames the rising rage, and calls the hosts to arms.

Now his vast spear aloft Mezentius held;
 Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
 So thro' mid ocean when Orion strides, 1080
 His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
 So, when he grasps in his tremendous hand
 Some mountain oak, and stalks along the land,
 Above the clouds his ample shoulders rise,
 And his huge stature heaves into the skies! 1085

Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
 And thro' the ranks rush'd furious to the war.

poet pays a compliment to the noble Valerian family. The famous Poplicola was of this house. CATROU.

1080. —*When Orion strides.*] There is great majesty and sublimity in this figure of Orion, stalking thro' the waves; and it is not borrowed from Homer.

The hero stands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the mighty chief advance 1090
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my spear, and conqu'ring hand, he cry'd,
(Mezentius owns no deity beside !)
Assist my vows; succeed my martial toils,
To strip yon pirate of his bloody spoils. 1095
Thou, Lausus! thou, Æneas' arms shalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He said, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
That sung, and glanc'd obliquely from the shield;
But held its furious course, and, turning wide, 1100
Drove deep the point in great Antores' side:
The great Antores (an illustrious name),
Evander's guest, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god: 1105
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he cast to heav'n his swimming eyes,
Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!

Next, his strong lance the pious Trojan cast; 1110
Swift thro' the shining orb the jav'lin past,
Thro' linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd; 1115
Then from the sheath the shining falchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.

This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;

And, while grief, rage, and love, his bosom fire, 1120
 Sighs, weeps, and runs, to disengage his fire.
 Here then, if future times will credit give,
 Thy praise, heroic youth ! shall ever live ;
 Poor, pity'd youth !—in life's first early bloom,
 Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb ! 1125
 Incumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
 With tir'd, flow steps, the monarch quits the field :
 Forth springs the son against the Trojan lord,
 And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword ;
 Flies to prevent the meditated blow, 1130
 And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
 His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
 And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
 The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
 And lies collected in the buckler's shade. 1135
 As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
 And the wide field smokes with the rushing show'rs,
 To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
 Or to some cavern'd rock ; and, shelter'd there,
 Wait till the furious tempest break away ; 1140
 And then renew the labours of the day.
 So, ply'd by show'rs of jav'lins from afar,
 The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
 On his broad shield ; and thus the godlike man
 Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain : 1145

1121. *To disengage his fire.*] This alludes to a circumstance in the Roman history. Scipio Africanus, when he was but seventeen years old, protected his father in this manner ; nor did he retreat till he had received twenty-and-seven wounds. SERVILIUS. Thus Virgil, in Lausus, artfully gives us an adumbration of a great achievement of one of his countrymen.

Whither, to death, ah ! whither wouldst thou run,
 And tempt an hand far mightier than thy own ?
 Ah ! yet, poor Lausus ! from the field remove ;
 You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain ; the youth the prince defies ; 1150
 Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise ;
 The fates prepare their sheers ; the Dardan lord
 Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword :
 The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
 Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side. 1155
 The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
 Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
 Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er ;
 And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson gore :

1146. *Whither, to death.*] Pallas is overcome and slain by Turnus, and Lausus by Æneas. These young princes were equal in valour ; but there is a wide difference betwixt the bravery of their conquerors. Turnus eagerly seeks the combat, boastfully challenges and insults his youthful enemy, who appeared in the field of battle for the first time. He wishes Evander himself was present, that he might murder the son before the father's eyes. This is the courage and behaviour of an Achilles. Æneas is very far from attacking Lausus in this manner, when he exposes himself for the sake of his father. On the contrary, he would fain save his life ; he begs him to retire from the combat ; tells him his tenderness for his father Mezentius, will bring on his destruction ; and does not attack him with eagerness and fury, till he finds himself obliged to kill him in his own defence. This anger is worthy of Æneas, and is the proper character and behaviour of an hero more valiant than Turnus, but more pious than valiant. The extreme danger with which he sees himself surrounded, does not hinder him from admiring the filial affection of an enemy, who would willingly destroy him.

BOSSU, 397.

See on this passage, Catrou's note *infra*, ver. 1177.

1158. *Fond mother.*] The introducing his mother in this artful manner, produces a very affecting pathos.

The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind, 1160
Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious god-like prince of Troy
Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
In death's last agonies ; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view. 1165
His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched fire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said ;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid ?
Lamented youth, too early lost ! receive 1170
The sole reward a gen'rous foe can give :
Lo ! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy !
Thy sword and buckler, late thy only joy :
Yet, Lausus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd. 1175

1162. *But, when.*] The contrast of character between Lausus and his father, is very striking. We are sorry so good a youth should have so impious a father. How heroic are the sentiments of Æneas on the death of this young prince ! The *patriæ pietatis imago*, may mean, that he is moved by considering how he himself should be affected, if the same thing should happen to Ascanius. Trapp understands it of the piety of the son to the parent : And then, Æneas is moved with the dutiful behaviour of Lausus to Mezentius, resembling his own to Anchises. *Patriæ pietatis*, says he, can admit of no other signification in B. 11. and it is probable, that the poet in both places meant the same thing by the same words.

1175. *That by the great Æneas' hand.*] The text is,
— *Æneæ magni dextra cadis.*

It has been a question, whether or no it is consistent with decorum, for the hero to give testimony of himself, and boast, as he does likewise in the first book, where the poet makes him say,

Sum pius Æneas.—

And

Then round the corse he calls his social train,
And rears himself the warrior from the plain.

And there may be found perhaps some other passages like this, to all which I think it necessary to answer once for all, as it is but one question. I say then, that these forms of speaking are not contrary to *decorum*, as some imagine; and that there are some circumstances, where, without boasting, a man of honour may give that testimony of himself, which is due to him. This advantage is particular to heroes, who, being elevated above the common rank of men, ought to retain sentiments agreeable to that elevation. What is necessary, is, that they should speak the truth, and that time and place should require them to do so. For there is no doubt, but that in the first book, where Æneas is represented overwhelmed with misfortune, bewildered in a desert, and wandering in an unknown country, there is no doubt, I say, that the poet makes use of it with dignity, to shew by the discourse which he puts into his hero's mouth, that misfortune cannot debase his sentiments. There is a certain greatness in using it thus; and in this last example, we may answer besides, that the hero who has just performed such brave exploits, and in the whole course of the poem is sensible that he is so highly elevated above other men, should from thence conceive great ideas of himself. Camilla, in B. 11. having killed Orinthus, a famous hunter, insults his death, and comforts him nevertheless with the honour of dying from her hand, as Æneas does the son of Mezentius:

Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camilla.

These sentiments have something of a poetical enthusiasm in them; and if poets are allowed to boast of themselves, this liberty may well be allowed their heroes. Quintilian allows poets this privilege, *Oportet poetam bene de se semper sentire*: and indeed, provided the manner in which the poet expresses himself be elegant and noble, a critic will never find fault with him. Montagne says, upon the same principle, a great man may speak what is true of himself, when there is no reason to suspect him of affectation; and blames Tacitus for having said of himself, "*It was at a time when I was prætor*, which I say without vanity." Montagne perhaps, as being a Gascon, thinks that a man ought not to make any scruple of speaking of his good fortunes: he says, that so great a man as Tacitus ought not to have made use of this corrective; nor to have
imagined

But ah ! how chang'd !—with blood disfigur'd o'er ;
And his fair tresses all-deform'd with gore !

imagined there could be any vanity in saying what was true, tho' to his own advantage ; since it was necessary to bring it as an instance by the circumstances of his discourse. It is only affectation therefore which makes boasting improper in persons of lower conditions.

On the contrary, there is sometimes a magnanimity in publishing what a man has most meritorious, either belonging to himself, or his ancestors ; that is to say, when our enemies, or adverse fortune, have lowered us ; and above all, when a man says nothing that is not true : such are the charms of truth, that she even gives a value to words which might be suspected of ostentation ! So much liberty does superior courage assume, when it takes her for a guide in all its actions.

SEGRAIS.

1177. *And rears himself the warrior from the plain.*] Catrou observes, that Virgil's conduct is admirable, with regard to the difference of character discovered by Turnus and Æneas in killing Pallas and Lausus. The bravery which Turnus exerts in fighting with Pallas, is equal to that of Æneas in conquering Lausus. But the valour of the Trojan is accompanied with good-nature and gentleness ; that of the Rutulian with hard-heartedness and cruelty. Turnus seeks out Pallas, while Lausus falls into the hands of Æneas. Turnus exclaims, that the destinies had reserved Pallas for himself, *soli mihi Pallas debetur* ; but Æneas, conscious of the inequality of the combat, cries out, *quo, moriture, ruis ?* to the young Lausus. Pallas is afraid of Turnus, which is one reason why he should have spared him ; whereas, in the presence of Æneas, Lausus behaves with so forward and menacing a spirit, that Æneas is obliged to fight him against his own will. Turnus insults his wounded antagonist : I will give an account to your father, says he, of your behaviour and abilities. Æneas compassionates Lausus for the misfortune which he had drawn on himself by his own obstinacy. The Rutulian returns the body of Pallas to his father, on no other account than to distress the good old king, *Haud ille stabunt Æneia parvo hospitia* : but the Trojan returns the body of Lausus to be buried among his ancestors, *Teque parentum manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto*. Turnus takes away Pallas's belt ; but Æneas suffers all Lausus's arms to remain with

Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds, 1180
 In the cool stream to bath his glowing wounds,
 The wretched father (father now no more !)
 In fullen sorrow rested on the shore ;
 Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
 And from a bough his brazen helmet hung. 1185
 His heavier arms lie scatter'd o'er the plain ;
 Round the sad monarch wait the duteous train :
 As (o'er his breast his hoary beard declin'd)
 The chief enjoy'd the freshness of the wind ;
 Much of his Lausus, asks the pensive fire ; 1190
 Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.

with him. This is an atchievement of the same nature : the polite courage of Æneas is opposed to the cruel behaviour of Turnus. See Bosu's criticism on this subject, note on ver. 1146. *supra*.

1180. *Meantime.*] This is a fine subject for a picture. The mixture of martial and pastoral circumstances is highly beautiful. What a noble principal figure would this old tyrant exhibit, reclined, among his attendants, at the trunk of a large oak on the banks of a river, with the utmost anguish and despair in his countenance ; and yet, at the same time, seeming to receive some refreshment from the coolness of the shore ; his helmet hung on the boughs, and the rest of his armour scattered, confusedly, around him ! We are pleased to find some parental tenderness in Mezentius, whom we have hitherto looked upon as a most unnatural monster,

Multa super Lauso rogitat — is artfully thrown in. See Hector wounded, Iliad 22.

1190. *Much of his Lausus asks the pensive fire.*] The strong paternal love of Mezentius finely softens his savage character. There is no person, probably, however vicious and depraved, but who hath some spark of virtue, and some good qualities in his heart. The furious and inexorable Achilles is endued with generosity, the warmest friendship, and a noble contempt of death. And it has been observed, that Milton would not paint the devil without some moral

When lo ! his soldiers bear him on a shield,
 Pale, stretch'd in death, and breathless, from the field.
 Deep in his side appear'd the grizly wound ;
 His groaning friends attend, and mourn around. 1195
 Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
 And dust o'er all his hoary locks he threw ;
 'To heav'n, in agonies of anguish, spread
 His hands ; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead :
 And oh ! can life (he cry'd) such pleasure give ? 1200
 And bleeds my Lausus, that his fire may live ?
 Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own ?
 Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son !

virtues ; he has not only valour and conduct, but even compassionate concern :

Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, in grief, burst forth.

Par. L. B. 1. 610.

Upon these principles (says Mr. Upton) I cannot defend such a character as Shakespear's Richard III. as proper for the stage : but much more faulty is the Jew's character in the Merchant of Venice ; who is cruel without necessity. There are not pictures of human creatures, and are beheld with horror and detestation.

Man is of a mixed nature ; virtue and vice alternately prevailing ; it being as difficult to find a person thoroughly vicious, as thoroughly virtuous. See this reasoning confirmed in Upton's Observations on Shakespear, pag. 81.

1200. *And oh ! can life.*] This speech of Mezentius, over his son's dead body, is perhaps as fine a piece of pathos as any in our poet. It is highly aggravated by the confession of his guilt. The pangs of the exile, and of the childless father, at once rush upon him. The one is awakened and augmented by the other. However, revenge soon re-assumes its place in this violent temper ; and, notwithstanding his wound, he resolutely marches to meet Æneas.

In my defence could such a son expire ?
 A son like him, for such a guilty fire ! 1205
 Now, now, I feel an exile's woe ; the smart
 Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
 'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last !
 Nor half the bitterness of life is past !
 On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain, 1210
 Driv'n by my people from my native reign ;
 To them, to thee, my murder'd child ! I owe
 All, all the deaths such guilt shou'd undergo.
 And yet I live, and see the golden light !
 But soon will leave it, for I loath the sight ! 1215
 This said ; with rage and valour boiling high,
 The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh ;
 And tho' his wound retards him in his speed,
 He calls impatient for the warrior steed ;
 The steed, his pride, his solace and delight, 1220
 That bore him still victorious from the fight.
 Then, as he droop'd, and hung his pensive head,
 He clapp'd the gen'rous horse, and thus he said :
 Rhæbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
 In mortal life) —'tis now too long for me ! 1225
 Soon shalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
 And bring Æneas' head and spoils away ;

1224. *Rhæbus, we long [have liv'd.]* An hero of a different character would have invoked the assistance of the gods, in this adventure ; but Mezentius, as an atheist, addresses, and puts all his confidence in, his horse.

I have always thought there is a natural ferocity, and something of a striking character in Mezentius's address to his horse.

With thy lov'd lord on yon detested plain,
 Avenge my son, my darling Lausus slain,
 And share together in the dire debate, 1230
 One common conquest, or one common fate.
 For thou wilt scorn, I trust, the rule abhorr'd,
 And the base burden, of a Phrygian lord.
 'This said; the hero mounts the gen'rous horse,
 And to the foe directs his furious course. 1235
 High on his head the crested helm he wore,
 And in his hands the steely jav'lines bore.
 His conscious valour, his recoiling shame,
 Grief, wrath, and fury, set his soul on flame.
 'Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far, 1240
 Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
 So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
 Inspire thy soul, to stand the proffer'd fight!
 The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
 Fierce o'er the field, and shook the flaming lance. 1245
 And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting strain?
 The father perish'd, when the son was slain!
 Strike then, and use thy present fortune:—strike—
 Death, and the fabled gods, I scorn alike.

1238. *His conscious valour.*] This cruel king is not without his virtues; we are here almost apt to pity him. No character should be painted uniformly vile: perhaps there is no such thing in nature, as *monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*.

As the most virtuous man has his vices, so the most vicious man has his virtues.

1242. *So may great Jove.*] This address of Æneas to the gods is a fine contrast to the impiety of Mezentius, who acknowledges no other divinity than his own arm; *Dextra militi deus*. It is to be observed, that this prayer is very short: the presence of a furious enemy would not permit him to say more. Homer has not always this reservedness. CATROU.

No more—I came to die ; but first bestow 1250

This parting present on the murd'rous foe.

Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he sped ;

Lance after lance, in swift succession, fled ;

Then, in a spacious ring, he rode the field,

And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable shield ; 1255

Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,

And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.

Collected in himself, the hero bears,

On the broad shield, a rising grove of spears.

But now the prince, impatient of delay, 1260

So long to tug dart after dart away,

Press'd and fatigu'd with such unequal fight,

(At length determin'd to display his might)

Springs forth ; and aims his jav'lin's furious course

Betwixt the temples of the fiery horse. 1265

Stung to the brain the horse begins to rear,

Paw with his plunging feet, and lash the air.

Headlong at last, and madding with the steel,

Full on the shoulder of his lord he fell.

The hosts with clamours tempest all the skies. 1270

With his drawn sword the fierce Æneas flies :

And where is now the lofty strain (he cry'd)

Of stern Mezentius, and the scornful pride ?

With half-recover'd life, the king replies

(And, as he speaks, stares wildly at the skies ;) 1275

1271. *With his drawn sword.*] The poet has not observed historical truth in making Æneas kill Mezentius. Livy informs us that Mezentius was living after the death of Æneas, and after Ascanius had built Alba Longa.—*Maxime fufis Etrufcis, ut ne morte quidem Æneæ, nec deinde inter muliebrem tutelam, rudimentumque primum puerilis regni, movere arma, aut MEZENTIUS, Etrufcique aut ulli alii accolæ aufi fnt.* B. 1.

Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath
 To souls determin'd, and resolv'd on death ?
 In that fond hope to battle did I fly ;
 And fought far less to conquer than to die.
 My son when slaughter'd in the martial strife, 1280
 Made no such contract for his father's life ;
 A worthless gift to live at thy command !
 Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand !
 But, if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
 Oh ! let me find the refuge of a grave ! 1285

1285. *Oh ! let me find the refuge of a grave !*] Notwithstanding Mezentius's former contempt of all religious rites, his praying to Æneas for sepulture is highly natural. We see every day, says Segrais, the most resolute and hardened change their opinions and language at the hour of death ; so natural is it for man to acknowledge the power of a deity in spite of himself : and so difficult is it entirely to efface the first impressions of religion. We should likewise remember, that the ancients thought it was the most severe misfortune to be deprived of the rites of burial : as we have seen in the instance of Palinurus, and which might be proved from a thousand passages among the ancients. To this observation of Segrais I must add a most judicious remark of F. Brumoy : *Theatre des Grecs*, Tom. 4. pag. 201. *Les Phœniciennes*.

The last act of this tragedy of Euripides may, at first sight, appear to be, in some measure, ascititious, as well as the last of the Ajax of Sophocles, if the reader does not frequently reflect on what I have so often insinuated, that not to be buried was by the ancients esteemed a more dreadful punishment than death itself. Hence it came to pass, that the deaths of the heroes of the theatre were, by no means, a sufficient unravelling of the plot. It was necessary to add the honours or want of sepulture to render the action complete. And this, without doubt, gives us a key to all the ancient *dénouemens* both of epic poetry, as in Homer's description of the funeral rites for Hector and Patroclus ; and of tragedy likewise, as in the Ajax, the Phœnicians, and many others ; the unravellings of whose plots will always displease, if we forget the principles and notions received by antiquity.

Too well my subjects vengeance have I known ;
Then guard my corse ; and lay me by my son.
Grant, grant that pleasure, e'er I yield my breath,
To share his dear society in death !

This said ; the willing warrior to the foe 1290
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The sanguine stream his radiant armour dy'd ;
The soul came rushing in the purple tide.



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.
ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head :
 The chief (tho' eager to inter the dead,
 And to the wretched father's arms to send
 The relics of his dear departed friend)

1. *Now, o'er the waves.*] This book, says Segrais, is adorned with the episode of Camilla, as the ninth is with that of Nisus and Euryalus. There are but few books, which are intirely taken up in relating the affairs belonging to the main subject ; but we may observe how these ornaments differ the one from the other. Indeed, all the books have, for the most part, one circumstance common to all ; the first, sixth, seventh, and eighth, excepted ; that is, says Scaliger, they conclude with a death. Some suppose that this was done designedly by the poet ; and others, that such a distribution came by chance, and that Virgil died without determining how to begin his books.

However, one may well judge, for example, that he intended to begin his second book, with the recital of taking Troy ; but it is, by no means, certain, that he had determined to begin all the other books with those very verses which we now read at their several beginnings : insomuch that it is still a dispute among the critics, whether it would not be better to begin the sixth book with this line,

Obvertunt pelago proras, tum dente tenaci,
 than with the following,

Sic fatur lacrymans, &c.

And indeed it seems, that the second line,

Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur oris,
 would have been a good conclusion, and would have been
 G 5 well

First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.

5

well placed at the end of the fifth book. And as to each book's ending with a remarkable death, I content myself with observing, that they have no resemblance the one with the other. For if the second book ends with the death of Creusa, it is easy to see that the death of Anchises, which ends the third, has no relation either to her death, or to that of Dido at the end of the fourth, and still less to Palinurus's death, with which the fifth is ended. Besides one may observe, that these four deaths, described in the first part of the poem, have no resemblance with those which happen in the second; namely that of Mezentius, Camilla, and Turnus. And these latter, tho' very near each other both in time and place, and by the subject which renders them alike, are still so diversified by the manner in which they are described, that one cannot sufficiently admire the poet's art. The three last books, which are entirely of war and combats, prove what I advance: and 'tis very difficult not to fall into the contrary fault, from the resemblance of warlike actions which must necessarily be described. The harangues of Turnus and Drances, the lamentations of Evander and Æneas on the death of Pallas, the little history of Camilla, the attack of her cavalry compared so happily to the flux and reflux of the sea, and lastly, the general defeat of the Latins after the death of Camilla; all these, I say, are inimitable pictures. And when I consider how many excellent passages are to be found in these last three books, I cannot possibly imagine how the learned M. Guyet could think they were not written by Virgil. I find few of the learned are of his opinion. It may be granted, that the versification of these last books is not so close and prest, as that of the former.—But I don't know whether one might not affirm, that the subject-matters which they contain, are not more diverting, and at least more accommodated to our present manners. Actions of valour, and wonders of the sword, and different incidents, extremely delight the reader, who loves to see continual changes of fortune: and 'tis this which the better authors of romances of chivalry perpetually aim at.

2. *The chief, tho' eager.*] It was a custom of the Romans, never to sacrifice when they were polluted with the rites of burial: but if it so happened that any one died, and there

was

High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
 Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
 The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
 The plummy crest that dropp'd with recent gore; 10
 The cuirass next; transfixt in ev'ry part
 By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
 Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd;
 And the dread sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
 Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air, 15
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.
 Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
 Assembled round their chief, the prince began:
 Dismiss your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
 The great, the stern Mezentius is no more! 20
 Lo! where an omen of success he stands!
 The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
 When heav'n permits, our standard to display,
 To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
 And let your eager hopes, devoid of care, 25
 Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
 Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
 The last, last honours we can pay the dead!
 On these brave souls be fun'ral rites bestow'd,
 Who bought this country with their dearest blood: 30

was at the same time a necessity of performing a sacrifice, the friends of the deceased always strove to go thro' with the sacrifice, before they buried him. Thus when it was told to Horatius Pulvillus, while he was consecrating the Capitol, that his son was dead, he cried out, *Cadaver sit*: nor would he engage in his funeral, till he had finished the consecration. According to this custom, Æneas is here introduced paying his vows to heaven, before he celebrates the sepulture of Pallas, and his companions. See note, ver. 227. B. 7. And Macrob. Sat. B. 3. c. 1. on the accuracy with which Virgil has expressed the rites and terms of sacrificing.

But first the cold remains of Pallas send
To his sad father, our unhappy friend ;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb !

Then to the tent his hasty course he sped,
Where old Acœtes sits, and guards the dead.
Evander's squire of old, in fields he stane :
A far less prosp'rous comrade to the son !
His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero slain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order stand around.

35

40

35. *To the tent.*]

Recipitque ad limina gressum,

Corpus ubi——&c.

The Greeks, as well as the Italians, placed their dead in the porches of their houses. Thus Achilles, speaking of Patroclus, *Iliad. B. 19.*

ὅς μοι ἐνὶ κλισίῃ ——

Κεῖται ἀνα πρὸ θυρον τέτραμμενος.

"Who lies in my tent with his face turned towards the door."

Thus Persius, *in portam rigidos calces extendit* ; *Sat. 3. 105.* and Suetonius, of the body of Augustus,—*Equester ordo suscepit, urbique intulit, atque in vestibulo domus collocavit.* *Oâ. August. C. 100.*

42. *The Trojan dames.*] Why does the poet represent Trojan dames surrounding the body of Pallas, since he gave us to understand before, that they all remained behind in Sicily, and that the mother of Euryalus alone had courage enough to follow her son into Italy ? *Solis e matribus ausa.* Servius understands female slaves in this place, *has Æneæ ancillulas* ; but why are they termed Iliades ? This is certainly a little oversight in the poet, which would have been corrected, if he had lived to put the last hand to his poem.

43. *Soon as Æneas.*] At the appearance of Æneas their grief and lamentations are renewed ; a circumstance imitated by Statius, *Theb. B. 6. ver. 42.*

Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
 With louder groans the warrior they deplore :
 They beat their breasts ; tears gush from ev'ry eye ; 45
 The rich pavilions to their shrieks reply.
 His head now rais'd ; the pious prince of Troy
 Saw the pale features of the hapless boy ;
 Saw the wide wound amidst his ivory breast ;
 And, with a flood of tears, the dead address'd. 50

Lamented youth ! could fortune then intend
 To bless my arms, but rob me of my friend ?
 My friend, I hop'd, (but ah ! that hope was vain !)
 Wou'd share the glories of my op'ning reign,
 And, gay with conquest, glad his fire again. 55
 Far other promise to that fire I past !
 Nor thought thy first, first warfare was thy last :
 Then, when he sent me to my high command,
 The good old king, at parting, grasp'd my hand,
 And told, with all a friend's and father's care, 60
 With what fierce nations we must wage the war.
 Now for his son, perhaps, he loads the shrine,
 And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine ;
 While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
 We bring him back his Pallas from the fight, 65
 Pale, stretch'd in death ; and, in his latest hour,
 Disclaim'd by ev'ry ruthless heav'nly pow'r !

— *Mox ut mærentia dignis
 Vultibus Inachii penetrarunt limina reges,
 Ceu nova tunc clades, & primo saucius infans
 Vulnere, lethalisve irrumperet atria serpens ;
 Sic alium ex alio quanquam lassata fragorem
 Pectora congeminant, integratoque resulant
 Accensæ clamore fores.*

Catrou remarks, that it was a ceremony among the ancients, for the mourners to renew their lamentation at the approach of a king, or person of distinction.

Now, for these triumphs, must thy mournful eye
 See the sad fun'ral of thy son go by !
 Such, hapless monarch, are the spoils we send ! 70
 Such, the vain boast and promise of thy friend !
 And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppress'd,
 His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast !
 Better, than to prolong by shame his breath !—
 Then hadst thou curs'd thy age, and wish'd for death ! 75
 Ah ! what a chief have our confed'rate host,
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost !

Thus, while a stream of tears he shed in vain,
 He bids them raise the body of the slain.
 A thousand warriors from the host he chose, 80
 To wait the pomp, and share the father's woes,
 The due funereal honours to complete ;
 A slender solace for a loss so great !
 Soft bending twigs they weave ; with care they spread
 The swelling foliage o'er the verdant bed, 85
 And decent on the bier dispose the dead.

73. *His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast.]*

—Non, Evandre, pudendis

Vulneribus pulsum aspicias—

That is, when Evander your father comes forth to meet your dead body, he shall find your wounds honourable : of which Ælian Πολικλ. Ισορ. L. 12. c. 21. “ The matron, of Lacædemon, when they received the news that their sons were slain in battle, were wont to come forth, and inspect their wounds, both before and behind ; and when they found the greater number was before, they conducted the bodies of their children to the monuments of their ancestors, with great solemnity, and a kind of stern pride in their countenances : but if they perceived any wounds behind, weeping and blushing for shame, they departed with the utmost secrecy, leaving the dead bodies to be interred in the common sepulchre ; or carried them away by stealth, to be privately buried at home.”

There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
 Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground :
 The root no more the mother earth supplies ;
 Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes. 90
 Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
 Robes, which of old the Tyrian princess wrought.
 One, round the body of the youth he spread,
 His last, last gift ! and one adorn'd his head,
 Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aspire, 95
 With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
 Next, in a line, darts, helms, and steeds, appear,
 Won by himself ; the prizes of the war,
 Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
 Unhappy youths !—devoted to the flame ! 100
 With fair inscriptions of the foes he slew,
 The noblest chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
 Supported by his friends, with woes oppress'd,
 Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breast ;
 This moment, pauses ; then, in sorrow drown'd, 105
 Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
 All cover'd o'er with blood, succeeds a train
 Of hostile cars, in honour of the slain.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
 Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horse, behind, 110

100. *Youths.*] Human sacrifices were common on these occasions among the ancients.

109. *Stripp'd of his trappings.*] This is a most affecting image. It is drawn from Iliad 17. where Achilles's horses weep for their master. Aristotle and Pliny inform us, that these animals often lament their masters when killed in battle, and even shed tears for them. Ælian reports the same of elephants, when they are carried from their native country. Suetonius,

Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace;
 And the big tears run rolling down his face.
 These, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
 The rest, the victor seiz'd, the spoils of war.
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian train 115
 Trail their inverted jav'lines on the plain.
 The pomp all past; thus good Æneas said,
 With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
 Hail, mighty spirit, hail!—with dire alarms,
 The fates recal us to the rage of arms, 120
 And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel:—
 Farewel, brave prince, a long and last farewell.
 This said; the mournful chief, without delay,
 Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Suetonius, in *Vit. Cæs.* tells us, *Proximus diebus, equestrum greges, quos in trajiciendo flumine Marti consecrârat, ac sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissime abstinere, ubertimque flere*, Cap. 18. “The next day the horses, whom
 “in passing the Rubicon he had consecrated to Mars, and
 “turned loose on the banks, were observed to abstain obti-
 “nately from food, and to weep abundantly.”

114. *The rest, the victor.*] This is artfully introduced:

—*Nam cætera Turnus*
Victor habet——

The poet takes care to remind us, that some of Pallas's insignia remained with Turnus, which afterwards prove so fatal to that hero.

119. *Hail, mighty spirit, hail!*] The sentiments of this valedictory speech have a noble simplicity; the conciseness of it is admirable, and highly proper to the occasion. With what detestation does this pious prince speak of war in those humane lines!

Hinc ad lacrymas eadem horrida belli
Fata vocant.

Salve æternum mihi, &c. is plainly the *χαίρει μοι, ὦ Πατρόκλε*, of Homer, *Iliad* B. †.

Now from the Latian court a train were sped, 125
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head ;
Who ask a truce, to search th' ensanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves dispose the slain :
Beg, that his wrath in conquest may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentless, with the dead ; 130
But spare their nation, late by social ties,
By plighted love, and friendship, his allies.

The godlike hero grants their just request ;
And in these words his gen'rous soul express'd :
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds so far, 135
To shun our friendship, for this wasteful war ?
Glad would I grant the truce, you ask for those
Who dy'd in fight, to my surviving foes.—
Had not the fates assign'd these realms before,
I had not sail'd to your Hesperian shore ; 140
I wage the war but in my own defence ;
Not with your people, but your perjurd prince.
First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew ;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus stand ('tis just and right) 145
The terrors of this arm in single fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land ?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand !
Soon would be known, in combat when we strive,
Which heav'n ordains to perish, or survive. 150
Go then, and burn your slaughter'd friends, that spread
The purple fields ; I war not with the dead.

146. — *In single fight.*] It ought to be observed, that Aeneas, in this passage, makes the first proposal of deciding the war by a single combat.

Struck with the gen'rous speech, they stood amaz'd,
 And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
 When Drances, senior of the rev'rend train, 155
 Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began:
 How shall my tongue so great a prince proclaim,
 Whom fame renowns; whose deeds transcend his fame!
 Whose force and wisdom, or in war or peace,
 Thought scarce can equal; and no words express! 160
 Thy answer will we soon report, and bring
 To thy alliance our deluded king.
 And let rash Turnus other courts implore
 His sinking cause and int'rests to restore;
 While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy, 165
 To raise this fated town, this second Troy.

He said; the rest assent with equal praise,
 And fix the truce for twelve succeeding days.
 Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
 Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove. 170
 Now the tough ash the sounding axes ply;
 Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the sky:
 The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous stroke,
 The scented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
 And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!) 175
 The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.

153. *Struck.*] It is very judicious to represent the Latins, as deeply affected with the great humanity of Æneas's speech, and, in consequence of it, highly prejudiced in his favour. And equally artful is the compliment, that Drances pays the hero, in the following lines, proceeding more from his implacable hatred to Turnus, than from his love to Æneas. This short speech prepares us for the striking part he is about to act in this book.

Now fame, the messenger of sorrow, bears
 The death of Pallas to the father's ears ;
 That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
 The glorious tidings of his conquests bore. 180
 Strait rushing thro' the gates, the people stand
 In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand.
 The mingling blaze a dreadful splendor yields,
 Flames to the skies, and lightens all the fields.
 The Phrygian train approach, a solemn show ! 185
 And join the mourners in the public woe.
 Loud shriek the matrons, as the corse appears,
 And the whole city seems one scene of tears.
 But nought the wretched father can restrain :
 He breaks, all-frantic, thro' the parting train ; 190
 Then on the bier his aged body threw,
 And kiss'd his son, as to the corse he grew :
 While from his eyes the gushing sorrows flow,
 Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
 A thousand things in vain he strove to say, 195
 But scarce could these for anguish find their way :
 Is this thy promise then, my child, with care
 And cool reserve, to mingle in the war ?

195. *He strove to say.*] This grief for a considerable time, implied in the words *vix* and *tandem*, stopt the passage of his voice, and at length opened it ; both these are true as to different parts of time : excess of sorrow first makes us dumb, and then makes us speak.

TRAPP.

197. *Is this thy promise then.*] Ariadne breaks out into an apostrophe of this sort, in that pathetic poem of Catullus, intituled *Argonautica* :

*At non hæc quondam blanda promissa dedisti
 Voce mihi ; non hoc miserum sperare jubebas :
 Sed connubia læta, sed optatos Hymenæos,
 Quæ cuncta aerii discerpunt irrita venti.*

Ver. 123, &c.

Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
 Wou'd fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms, 200
 In these thy first essays, and rudiments of arms!
 Oh! dire essays!—too fond was thy delight
 To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight!
 Where now are all my vows (my Pallas), where?
 Ah! the stern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r! 205
 How blest art thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Free from this stroke, among the happier dead!
 Thee, heav'n in mercy snatch'd to shades below;
 Thee, death deliver'd from this scene of woe!
 I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom! 210
 Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
 Still live, and drag a load of sorrows on!
 Live—and (more terrible!) survive my son!
 Me, in the battle, if the foes had slain,
 When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train, 215

210. *I, in the dregs.*] A true pathos reigns throughout this whole speech of Evander. The various turns of passion, and the alternate addresses to the living and the dead, are the very language of sorrow. The circumstances of tenderly reproaching him for being too forward and eager in the battle; the envying his wife for dying before she could be witness to so great a calamity; the image of this misfortune's happening to him in extreme old age, when he is by nature incapacitated to struggle with it; the wishing he had died in his son's stead; need not, I hope, be pointed out to any reader of sensibility, and a feeling heart. There is something very noble and heroical in his saying, that he will not accuse the Trojans of being the occasion of his son's death, and that he will never reproach himself for entering into a league with them. The only circumstance that can possibly administer any consolation, is, that he died like a true hero; "his wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast." He concludes by saying, that he is ashamed to have so long detained, by his sorrow, the soldiers from the fight; and hopes only to live long enough to see his enemy Turnus punished for his cruelty.

I (as I should) had perish'd ; and this state
On the dead father, not the son, shou'd wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell so young ; 220
No !—'tis the father's, who has liv'd so long,
With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
And wish, in bitterness of soul, to die.
Yet, tho' before his time the fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy ; he gloriously expir'd ! 225
Yet to the destin'd shore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods ! I'm satisfy'd—he perish'd well !
His father thanks you ; for in fight he fell !
Nor will I add more honours to the boy, 230
Than those design'd him by the prince of Troy,
Those, the bold Tuscan hosts and heroes gave,
To wait the corse triumphant to the grave:
With those, his own bright trophies be his share,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquish'd in the war. 235
Ah ! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadst stood conspicuous to the fight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears so long have I with-held 240
(Wretch that I am !) the soldiers from the field ?
Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a spectacle of woe !
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy !)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy, 245
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the sad survivor and the dead.

'Tis all, himself, or fortune, now can give;

'Tis for that only, I endure to live.

Life has no joys for me; but I should go

250

Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below!

And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Restor'd their round of labours, and the day.

The Tuscan chief and Trojan prince command,

To raise the fun'ral structures on the strand.

255

Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,

Their friends convey the relics of the slain.

From the black flames the fullen vapours rise,

And smoke in curling volumes to the skies.

The foot thrice compass the high-blazing pyres; 260

Thrice move the horse, in circles, round the fires.

Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,

Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.

A peal of groans succeeds; and heav'n rebounds

To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial sounds. 265

Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,

The swords and helmets of the vanquish'd foe.

Some, the known shields their brethren bore in vain,

And unsuccessful jav'lines of the slain.

Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,

270

And bristly swine; in honour of the dead,

The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,

And on the greedy flames the victims threw.

Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,

And watch the dying fires along the strand;

275

Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,

And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the skies.

Nor with less toil the busy Latian train

Erect unnumber'd structures for the slain;

Some, to their graves, with pious care commend ; 280

Some to their native coasts and cities, send.

Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,

Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town ;

The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield ;

The huge promiscuous carnage of the field ! 285

From the thick piles, the streaming flames arise,

Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.

When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,

They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones away :

In the warm ashes their remains they found, 290

Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground ;

Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound.

But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring

Thro' the wide town, and palace of the king :

Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters, there complain 295

For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, slain.

All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,

And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.

Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride

Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride, 300

Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,

And with his single sword decide the war.

This, Drances still inflames ; and adds, with spite ;

His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.

But Turnus to his side a number draws, 305

Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cause :

He stands supported by his former fame ;

And the queen's favour shades his injur'd name.

'Midst these debates the pensive envoys bring

The final answer of th' Ætolian king— 310

Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail ; but all the cost,
With all the fruitless embassy, was lost.

New succours must be fought ; or peace implor'd,
In terms submissive, of the Trojan lord.

The Latian king, surrounded by his foes, 315
Sinks in despair, and bends beneath his woes.

The wrath of heav'n, the recent toms, that spread
The fields o'er-charged and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To sway the sceptre of the Latian state. 320

He calls a council ; at the sov'reign's call
The peers, assembled, croud the regal hall :
There, 'midst the rev'rend fathers of the state,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch fate ;
The monarch bids th' ambassadors report, 325
Distinct, their answer from th' Ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the solemn train,
With rev'rence due, sage Venulus began :

Ye peers, a length of lands and perils past,
We saw the royal Diomedes at last ; 330
And touch'd, with wonder and respectful joy,
The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
There, blest with ease, the happy victor builds
A second Argos in the Gargan fields.
Strait to the court admitted, we begun, 335
And in submissive terms address'd the throne ;

319. *The Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate.*] By the words *fatalem Æneam*, the commentators in general understand, that Æneas would prove fatal or destructive to the Trojans. Our translator, with great justice, follows the interpretation of Catrou : *Fatalem Æneam*, that Æneas *destined* or *called* by the *fates* to marry Lavinia, &c.

Present our gifts, our names and land disclose ;
 What war required his aid ; and who his foes.
 When, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
 Thus, in return, the gracious monarch spoke : 340

Ye blest Ausonians ! blest, from times of old,
 By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold !
 What madness rous'd you now with vain alarms,
 From long hereditary peace, to arms ?
 All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ 345
 Their swords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
 (Those chiefs I pass that under Ilion dy'd,
 Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide),
 Toss'd round the world, in ev'ry distant clime,
 Atone the guilt of that presumptuous crime. 350
 From that dire war our desp'rate course we bore,
 Each driv'n by tempests on a diff'rent shore.
 Such scenes of sorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
 Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.
 This truth Minerva's vengeful storm can tell, 355
 When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.

345. *All, all.*] There is something vastly pleasing to the mind in seeing this old hero, whom we remember to have beheld so *active and fierce* in the Iliad, retiring from war in his old age, and exhorting the ambassadors to peace.

354. *Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.*] This sentiment seems to be drawn from a verse of Pacuvius, preserved by Servius:

Si Priamus adesset, & ipse ejus commiseresceret.

355. *This truth.*] The following lines contain an epitome of the sufferings and adventures of all the Grecian chiefs, that assisted at the siege of Troy. It is very natural to make this old hero dwell at large on the misfortunes which had happened to his companions in the war.

'The * Spartan lord, a banish'd wretch, was hurl'd
 To † Proteus' pillars, in a distant world.
 Ulysses, on the dread Sicilian coast,
 Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades lost. 360
 From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
 In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
 To Libyan shores, the Locrian squadrons fly;
 To flaming suns, that scorch the mid-day sky.
 The ‡ king of kings, ill-fated! lost his life, 365
 Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitress wife.
 There the great victor of all Asia bled;
 The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
 Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n deny'd
 To see my native realm, and beauteous bride? 370
 For that blest sight, sad omens shock my eye;
 Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the sky.
 Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
 The fishy floods, or scream along the shore.
 From that curs'd moment all these woes were due, 375
 When, fir'd with rage, against the gods I flew;
 And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
 (Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand.
 When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
 And with her ruins will I war no more. 380

368. *Adult'rer.*] Ægythus. See the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Agamemnons* of Æschylus, and Thomson; and *Odyssey*, B. 11. 423. for a most noble and pathetic description of this event.

378. *Mad as I was.*] Diomedes imputes his misfortunes to his rashness in having wounded Venus: which circumstance gives a weight and importance to this goddess, the mother and protectress of Æneas. 'Tis observable he does not mention his having wounded Mars.

* *Menelaus.* † *Egypt.* ‡ *Agamemnon.*

My soul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
 On those misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
 Bear back the presents, and the gifts you bring,
 ('Tis far, far safer) to the Trojan king.
 For well, too well, the mighty chief I know, 385
 And met in rigid fight the god-like foe;
 Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the host;
 Heav'ns! with how fierce a spring the lance he tost!
 How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field! [shield!
 How high he shook the sword, and rais'd the pond'rous
 Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame, 391
 Their conduct, courage, strength, and worth, the same;
 All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred states;
 Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates;
 Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates. 395 }
 His conqu'ring sword, and Hector's valiant hand,
 So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
 Their single valour sav'd their native wall,
 And ten whole years suspended Ilion's fall.
 Æneas shone his equal in the field; 400
 But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.

388. *Heav'ns! with how.]* The testimony of such an enemy as Diomedes, concerning the prodigious strength and courage of Æneas, greatly exalts our hero's character; and is a fine stroke of art in the poet. The compliment is much heightened by comparing him afterwards with Hector.

391. *Had Troy.]* The panegyric on Æneas rises here still higher; especially at ver. 403. where he advises them to make peace with such a formidable enemy.

401. *But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.]* This comparison of Æneas with Hector is no exaggeration of Virgil, in favour of his own hero. This Homer had done before him. The goodness and clemency of Æneas, which followed from his piety, are a reason why the Latins should hope for peace.

CATROU.

Make peace, my Latian friends ; but oh ! forbear
To tempt so terrible a foe to war.—

This is the sum, great king, of what he said,
And this th' advice of royal Diomede.

405

Thus, of their charge, the legates made report ;
Strait ran a mingled murmur thro' the court.

So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood ;
Beats on the banks ; and, with a fullen sound, 410
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.

Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
(Heav'n first invok'd) the hoary prince begun ;

I wish, O rev'rend fathers, we had fate,

Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state :

415

Far better than a council now to call,

When Troy's embody'd pow'rs surround our wall !

An host of heroes to the fight we dare,

And wage with demigods a fatal war.

No toils their fiery ardor can restrain ;

420

Tho' vanquish'd, strait they fly to arms again.

Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown ;

And now must centre in ourselves alone :

Nor these how slender, need I here relate,

Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous state.

425

413. *Heav'n first invok'd.*] It was a custom of the ancient orators to usher in their harangues, with an address to the gods ; at least when the subject had any concern with the state. Thus Demosthenes, in the beginning of his Oration *De Corona*: Πρωτον μιν, ω Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, τοις θεοις ευχομαι πασι και πασαις. *In the first place, O Athenians, I pray to all the gods and goddesses.* All the speeches of Cato and Gracchus, says Servius, have this solemn introduction.

Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r;
 Arms, strength, and courage, could perform no more.
 In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
 With the whole force and numbers of the land.
 But still in vain our efforts have we try'd; 430
 Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her side.
 Then hear attentive what my thoughts suggest—
 A length of lands, far-stretching to the west,
 Against Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
 Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills arise. 435
 These tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plow,
 And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
 These, with their woods, the Trojans shall possess,
 And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
 Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band 440
 Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
 But wou'd they leave our Latian shores again,
 And for some other region cross the main,
 Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
 (For thick the forests grow along the shore): 445

433. *A length of lands.*] This proposal of Latinus, concerning the cession of lands to Æneas, is founded on history. Cato mentions it, and gives us the length and situation of the ground. It consisted of seven hundred acres [jugera], and extended from the Trojan camp to the city Laurentum. This piece of ground was called *antiquus*, because it was the ancient domain of the Latin kings. Cato reports that Æneas accepted of these proposals. CATROU.

439 *And both the nations join*] Latinus does not propose to admit the Trojans as tributaries or vassals, but to establish them in a complete equality with the other kings of the country. This is the force of those words:

— *Fœderis æquas*
Dicemus leges.—

CATROU.

The form and number let themselves assign ;
 The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
 Yet more ;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
 An hundred peers and princes of the land,
 To firm the sacred league, in solemn state, 450
 With ample presents on their prince shall wait ;
 Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
 The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
 Ye peers ! with freedom these high points debate ;
 Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking state. 455
 Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
 With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.
 His mother's blood illustrious splendors grace,
 By birth as gen'rous, as his fire was base.

456. *Then Drances rose.*] It has been imagined by some critics, that, under the character of Turnus, M. Antony is represented, and that Cicero is shadowed by Drances. The circumstances *quo pulchrior alter non fuit* ; of *avis atavisque potens* ; of a sarcastical vein, and ironical turn ; of an heat and impetuosity of temper, painted by the epithets *turbidus*, *amens*, *furens* ; have been all alleged, by a late writer, as strong characteristics of Antony : as the four following lines seem to exhibit the unfavourable idea which the courtiers of Augustus entertained of Tully :

Largus opum, &c. down to ferebat.

See Catrou, and an anonymous pamphlet intituled, TURNUS and DRANCES. The reader is left to judge of this conjecture. Such kind of interpretations are sometimes ingenious, but ought to be advanced with caution. A refined critic might discover in the Æneid parallels for all Augustus's courtiers.

Virgil certainly seems to be no friend of Cicero. He does not mention a word of him in his view of the most considerable Romans, in B. VI. nor in the VIII. though he speaks there of Catiline, ver. 668.

SPENCE.

One may add, that there are not to be found, even in Tully himself, higher strokes of oratory than in these speeches of Drances and Turnus. They have the most dramatic air of any part of Virgil.

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 151

Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd ; 460
 Bold at the board ; a coward in the field ;
 Loud he harangu'd the court ; and, as he rose,
 These vile reproaches on the warrior throws :

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
 To all the synod, that replies are vain. 465

But none dares speak ; tho' all can understand
 The sole expedient our affairs demand.

Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
 For whose curs'd cause, so many chiefs have bled,
 So many princes of our land lie low, 470

Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
 Him, who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
 While the proud boastful coward braves the skies ;

Let Turnus (for I must, I will, pursue
 The public good, tho' death is in my view) 475

Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
 At least, of these our suff'rings to complain !

O king ! to those rich gifts design'd before
 For the great Trojan, add one present more :

One that your duteous senate must request, 480
 And one he values more than all the rest.

By fear or violence no longer sway'd,
 Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid ;
 By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain ;
 Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain. 485

But should our king so bold a step disclaim,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name ;

To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
 For his permission, to bestow the fair,

And to our prince and country to restore 490
 Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.
 Why, for thy pride, our lives should we expose,
 O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?
 'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free
 From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee; 495
 To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
 And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
 And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe (a name
 I scorn alike to own, or to disclaim),
 Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy grace, to spare 500
 Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.
 In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
 'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
 'Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
 Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts. 505
 If love of glory has thy soul possess'd,
 If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
 If none can please thee, but a prince's—go—
 Meet in the list'd field thy gen'rous foe.
 Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain, 510
 For us—no matter—we may well be slain!

508. *If none can please thee.*] Dryden, in the dedication before his *Juvenal*, might have cited many instances of Virgil's satirical turn, by far more severe than that of the *Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas stridenti miserum stipula dispergere carmen*? Some of Turnus's exclamations are bitter to the highest degree. In this dispute between Turnus and Drances, our poet shews himself a great master of artful and elegant abuse. I have often thought, that K. Henry V. as drawn by Shakespeare, greatly resembles Turnus, in a kind of majestic scornfulness, a sort of heroic ill-nature. For a proof of this, I refer the reader to some of his speeches, *Life of Henry V.* Act 4. S. 8. S. 13. &c. &c.

Unwept, unbury'd ; to the fowls resign'd ;
 The world's last dregs ; the refuse of mankind !
 We, worthless souls ! were born for him alone,
 And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne ! 515
 But go, proud warrior, if one spark remains
 Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins ;
 Go—meet thy rival—answer his demand—
 Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
 Yet the vain boaster soon, I trust, will fly, 520
 Nor stand the terrors of that deathful eye !

These scornful words the haughty youth engage
 In all the fiery violence of rage ;
 Then, while a groan of indignation broke
 Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero spoke : 525

Drances, that tongue a stream of words can yield ;
 Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
 First in debate ! but sure 'tis safer far
 With words to flourish, than to wage the war ;
 To deal in long harangues, while walls inclose 530
 Thee and thy fears ; and guard thee from the foes.
 Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
 And mouth and bellow to the list'ning croud.

526. *Drances, that tongue.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally set speeches, those of the Greek more in the way of conversation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a speech ; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies but rejoinders in Homer ; a thing scarce ever to be found in Virgil : the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the Iliad many continued conversations, a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic.

Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain;
 Throw forth a storm of eloquence again: 535
 With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
 And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
 Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
 And thy own trophies stand as high as mine!
 Try, try, this hour, thy courage; see! the foes 540
 Advance, approach us, and our walls inclose:
 Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
 Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
 Shall all thy valour, wretch! consist so long
 In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue? 545
 I routed, monster! and compell'd to fly?—
 Who but thyself could forge that shameless lye?
 Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
 When Tyber's streams ran purple to the main?
 Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy fear, 550
 When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful spear?
 When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
 Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
 Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
 When thousands more my faulchion plung'd to hell 555
 In one victorious day, tho' compass'd round
 With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound?
 All, all, but thou, stood witness to the fight!
 Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight!
 'Tis a destructive war—Go, dastard, go, 560
 And preach that rule you practice, to the foe;
 At once avow that int'rest you embrace:
 Go, and alarm our friends, our arms disgrace;
 But praise and honour a twice-vanquish'd race.

Tell, tell the croud, how ev'ry Argive lord
 And monarch trembled at the Phrygian sword;
 That Tydeus' son, that Peleus' baffled heir,
 Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd stand his war;
 That Ausidus himself, with sudden dread,
 When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
 Ran back, astonish'd, to his native bed.
 Such are his base suggestions, which appear
 False as himself; or his dissembled fear

565

570

573. — Or his dissembled fear.]

Vel cum se pavidum contra mea jurgia fingit. in the original: Quintilian, B. 9. c. 3. produces this verse as containing an ἀρχαϊσμος, which at present we have no marks of. Heinlius is inclined to read *mis* according to the emendation of J. Marius Matius in his forty-ninth chapter of annot. various authors:

— *Contra mis jurgia fingit.*

Mis is the old genitive case of *tu ego*, according to Festus; and is a word used more than once by Ennius. Quintilian informs us, that *mis* is used by Virgil; but it is not at present to be found in any part of his works. *Cum sint autem verba propria, ficta, tralata, propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Nam & sanctiorem & magis admirabilem efficiunt orationem, quibus non quilibet usus: eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii poeta Virgilius unice est usus. Olli enim & quianam & mis & pone pellucet, & aspergunt illam, quæ etiam picturis est gratissima, vetustatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem.* B. 8. c. 3. See Vossius concerning Virgil's obsolete terms; Inst. Orat. 4. p. 15.

Some think that *vel* is the obsolete term hinted at by Quintilian in this passage. I shall beg leave to close this dry remark with Pope's admirable sentiments on the use of old words: "A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey-stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought

Of my revenge : that vanity resign ;
 Such blood shall never stain a sword like mine ! 575
 Still may thy soul dismiss that idle care,
 Lurk in that abject breast, and tremble there !—
 But to resume, O king ! our great debate
 (Your dread commands), the solemn cares of state :
 Since on our arms no farther stress you lay, 580
 But lose at once all courage, with the day ;
 If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er ;
 If all our future prospects are no more ;
 Gods ! let us raise these coward hands, to gain
 Peace, pardon, life ; and court the victor's chain ! 585

ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a stile judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way : but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient ; the stile must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops, by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions : no man delights in furrows and stumbling blocks : and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and an heap of rubbish another." Postscript to the *Odyssey*.

Milton and Philips, and perhaps some other writers of blank verse, have used too many obsolete and antiquated words ; and, as B. Jonson says of Spenser, for that reason, *Write no language* ; I mean in such parts of their poems as are stuffed with such expressions. Pope has well observed, that the imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricatures* of their original ; they are an hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places : whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every-where alike ; but employs them much more, where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, and chaos, than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like.

Yet, O ye princes ! did the least remains
 Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins ;
 Those I shou'd ever deem the truly great,
 Those, who in fields of battle brave their fate ;
 Those, who, to 'scape that shame, with glory fir'd, 590
 Bled ; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd !
 But since a yet-unbroken force we find,
 Confed'rate towns, and nations still behind ;
 Since Troy, so nobly by our troops withstood,
 Has bought her glory with her dearest blood ; 595
 Since, in their turn, the tempest threatens all ;
 Since, with the vanquish'd, the proud victors fall ;
 Why, on our first attempt, this low despair ?
 This flight, before the trumpet calls to war ?
 Time oft has succour'd an endanger'd state 600
 By some new change, and snatch'd her from her fate !

600. *Time oft has succour'd, &c.*] What the critics call *sentences* or moral reflections, should be rarely introduced in an epic poem. The poet should instruct by the circumstances of his narration, and the noble behaviour of his hero, and not by direct and downright precepts. The *sentences* of Virgil seldom exceed one verse : Most of them, says Segrais, are still shorter, and thrown into the form of a transition ; but are most frequently put into the mouth of some hero. Young readers, who are charmed with this figure of speaking, accuse Virgil for what is a great instance of his judgment. This is what Petronius observes in the beginning of his satire ; he attributes the decay of eloquence to the declaimers ; and says, that they infected the youth of Rome with a false taste ; *nunc rerum & sententiarum vanissimo strepitu hoc tantum perficiunt*. If they read an author, they retain only such passages ; and the taste which they have for this sort of beauty, makes them not reflect on the propriety of the time and place in which it is introduced : whereas all that constitutes ornament may become deformity. If the most beautiful nose in the world, or the finest eye imaginable, was out of its proper

Some kingdoms strange vicissitudes sustain ;
Now crush'd by fortune, and now rais'd again !

proper place, what would it become ? One should understand then, what a *sentence* is. F. Mambrun has largely treated on it in his dissertation on the *epopœia*. He defines it according to Aristotle, *Enuntiatio non de singularibus, sed universalibus*. He tells us it ought to consist principally of three qualities : the first is, that it should be delivered in plain and general terms ; the second, that it be short ; the third, that it regard the manners. The reason of the first quality, that it should be general and evident, is, because it doth not instruct otherwise, and would be without any weight ; of the second, because it would be tedious, and inspid. And, lastly, it should treat of the manners, in order to exclude all precepts and maxims relating to arts more foreign and abstruse, which conduce nothing to the instruction of a hero, which is the end of the epic poem.

I must add to this remark of Segrais, that the affectation of moralizing, and stuffing in sentences and reflections on human life, has greatly disfigured our English modern tragedy.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread ;
Philosophy remain'd, tho' nature fled. JOHNSON.

It will not be improper to conclude this note with some excellent observations of N. Heinsius, in his preface before Val. Flaccus : *Perpetuus [Lucanus] declamator, & sine ullo judicio, inanes quasdam sententias, ut scholasticus, insarciens, tumore & fastu solo conspicuus est.—Nam non moramur perversum illorum hominum judicium, qui omnis disciplinæ poeticæ ignarissimi, statim scriptorem venerantur, & laudibus in cælum vehunt, ubi graves quasdam de moribus sententias, & longas de vitiis et virtutibus disputationes, versibus comprehensas offendunt.—And afterwards ; speaking of the action of a poem : Omne autem poetæ munus sola heroicæ istius actionis narratione absolvitur, quæ per omnes epici carminis leges & partis producta, vicem inanium disputationum implet ; & non tam ex sententiarum pondere, & dictorum gravitate, quam ex ipsa actione lector ea addiscere debet, quæ poeta docere animo suo proposuit. Ipsa illustria veterum heroum gesta, sive quæ gessisse finguntur, animos legentium afficere & attrahere oportet.—Inspice omnium consensu habitum poetarum principem Virgilium, &c.*

What tho' th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our side, 605
Yet, with Messapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, still successful in the wars ;
And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from distant lands.
Besides our Latian youth, of matchless might, 610
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volscian princess leads her valiant train,
All sheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But since my foes and friends the fight demand ;
The public peace no longer I withstand : 615
Full well the way to victory I know ;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles to the list'd field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian shield !
Nor shall my deeds my ancestry disgrace, 620
Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
For you, O king ! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your self-devoted Turnus fall !
Me does my rival to the fight demand ?
Grant, O ye gods ! the challenge still may stand ; 625
Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
Meantime Æneas, midst the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to seize the gate.
The Trojan squadrons, and the Tuscan train, 630
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.

526. *Nor let.*] Though Turnus had recovered his temper a little, during the time of his addressing part of his speech to the king, yet he cannot conclude without falling once more into a passion, and giving a severe stroke to Drances.

Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew swift, and scar'd the city and the court ;
The crouds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms. 635
The youth rush forth to war ; the fires complain,
And strive to stop the growing rage in vain.
From either side the diff'rent murmurs rise,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the skies,
So ring the forests with the feather'd brood, 640
A thousand notes re-echoing thro' the wood :
So scream the swans on fair Padusa's bounds ;
And down the waters float the mingling sounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to devise,
And talk of peace ? the fiery Turnus cries ; 645
Declaim, ye dastards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and storms the town !
He said ; and rush'd impetuous to the plain ;
Lead, lead, brave Volusus, our Ardean train,
And summon to the fight the Volscian force ; 650
Thou, thou, Messapus, range th' embattled horse,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to spread the op'ning war.
All, all, be ready ; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the passes ; you defend the tow'rs. 655
Bend you to battle ; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.
The troops obey ; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultous heaps to guard the wall.

651. *Thou, thou.*] This fierce and spirited speech of Turnus judiciously begins at once, without any introductory *inquit*, or *ait*.

The pensive father of the Latian state 660
 (Confus'd, amaz'd) suspended the debate ;
 And his own conduct blames, that he resign'd
 To the queen's counsel his compliant mind ;
 On such wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
 And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair. 665

To sink a trench before the gates, they run,
 Fix the strong pile, and roll the pond'rous stone.
 Alarm'd, and summon'd by the trumpet's sound,
 Boys, maids, and matrons, croud the ramparts round.
 All aids these dire extremities demand, 670
 Fire ev'ry heart, and strengthen ev'ry hand.

Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
 Ride with large presents to Minerva's fane :
 Lavinia grac'd her side ; the royal fair ;
 The guiltless cause of this destructive war. 675
 To earth her streaming eyes the maid inclin'd ;
 In sad procession move the croud behind.

660. *The pensive father.*] The king's accusing himself too late, for having listened to the council of Amata, is a true stroke of nature.

673. — *To Minerva's fane.*] It was a privilege of the Roman ladies (says Catrou) to be carried in a chariot to the gates of the temples. Virgil alludes to this custom in representing Amata and Lavinia carried to the temple of Pallas. But the worship of this goddess was introduced into Italy by Æneas; and the poet speaks of a temple dedicated to her, already existing at Laurentum. However, these anachronisms are allowable in poetry. The prayer to the goddess is translated from Homer :

O awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid!
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thon Tydides' spear, and let him fall,
 Prone on the dust, before the Trojan wall.

POPE, Iliad 6. ver. 380.

They burn rich odours at the sacred shrine,
 And seek, with suppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine :
 Against the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid, 886
 O queen of battles ! great Tritonian maid !
 Break, break his jav'lin ; let him meet his fate,
 And grind the dust beneath our lofty gate !

Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus shone :
 First, the brave hero drew the corslet on ; 685
 Thick scales of brass the costly work infold :
 His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
 Bare was his face ; and, with a martial pride,
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
 Bold and exulting, with a dauntless air, 690
 The mighty chief anticipates the war ;
 In his fond hopes already has he won
 The field, before the battle is begun.
 The golden splendors, dazling to the view,
 Flash'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew. 695

So the gay pamper'd steed, with loosen'd reins,
 Breaks from the stall, and pours along the plains ;

685. —*Drew the corslet on.*] Macrobius, B. 5. c. 20. and 6. 7. and A. Gellius, Noc. Att. c. 6. read *rutilum thoraca*. Thus V. Flaccus, B. 7. 620.

—*Prior ense sequaci*

*Æquat humo truncos, rutilum thoraca secanti,
 Aut primas a matre manus—*

But we have *Argivum ense*, Æneid. 2. and, in another part of Virgil, *Cuspide Ausoniam* ; *Cyteam cassidem* in V. Flaccus, B. 5. and *Cassidem Auruncam* in Silius Italicus.

HEINSIUS.

696. *So the gay.*] Pope justly observes, that this simile is better apply'd by Homer to Paris, than by Virgil to Turnus. Yet, take the simile as a description abstractedly, Virgil's is by far the most noble :

Εἰωθὼς λυεῖσθαι εὐρρεῖος ποταμοῖο

is

With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
 Bathes his bright sides, and cools his fiery blood ;

is a most harmonious echo to the sense : but, as Trapp observes,

*Emicat, arreclisque fremit cervicibus alte
 Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos,*

will perhaps equal it. Ennius has imitated this simile from Homer, Lib. 2. *Annal.*

*Et tum sicut equus qui de præsepibus altis
 Vincla suis magnis animis abruptit ; & deinde
 Fert sese campi per cæcula, latoque prata,
 Celfo pectore, sæpe jubam quatit simul altam :
 Spiritus ex anima calida spumas agit albas.*

It is to be regretted, that so much of Ennius is lost : Virgil, we find, has closely imitated him in many passages which are preserved ; and we may with reason suppose, that he has improved upon numberless passages in Ennius's poems, which are now perished. Where Ennius imitated a fine passage from Homer, it was customary with Virgil to refine (as I have before hinted) upon Ennius's imitation.

Tasso, (says Pope) has improved the justness of this simile in his 16th book, Stan. 28. where Rinaldo, returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares, to the service of the war : the reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion. I shall transcribe the passage in Fairfax's translation.

As a fierce steed, for age withdrawn from war,
 Wherein the glorious beast had always won,
 That in vile rest, from sight sequester'd far,
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,
 And wishes on his back the armed knight,
 Longing for jousts, for tournament, and fight.

There is a very elegant simile in Spenser, F. Q. B. 2. c. 3. Stanza 36. which, tho' the subject of it be different from this, yet as its circumstances bear some relation to it, I hope the reader will excuse my transcribing :

As fearfull fowle that long in secret cave,
 For dread of soaring hawke herself has hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,

Seeing

Neighs as he flies ; and, tossing high his head, 700
Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead ;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd.
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.

Him, at the gate, thus issuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train ; 705
Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous steed ;
The beauteous band alight with equal speed :
Prince, if the bold and brave (she cries) may dare
Trust their own valour for success in war ;
Myself, with these, will stand the Trojan force ; 710
Myself will vanquish all the Tuscan horse.
Guard thou the city ; be that province thine ;
But let the dangers of the field be mine.

O queen ! thy country's pride, the chief replies
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes) ; 715
To such uncommon worth, heroic maid !
What thanks are due ? what honours can be paid ?
Since those, and death, you scorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day divide.
The Trojan bent his fraudulent scheme to frame 720
(In this my spies confirm the voice of fame),
Has sent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to scour along the open field.
Meantime himself, along the lofty crown
Of yon steep mountain, hastens to the town. 725

Seeing at last herself from danger rid,
Peeps forth, and soon renews her native pride ;
She gins her feathers foule-disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how she herself did hide.

But, in the wood, an ambush I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies imprison'd in that narrow streight ;
And, if he moves, he rushes on his fate.
Go thou, supported by our Latian force, 730
Go—with spread ensigns meet the Tuscan horse,
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Messapus, wait thee to the fight.
Beneath thy care, shall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command. 735
This said ; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager speed to circumvent the foes.

A winding vale there lay, within the shade
Of woods, by nature for an ambush made.
To this, a rough and slender passage led ; 740
Above, a smooth and level plain was spread,
Unknown, and stretching o'er the mountain's head. }
There safe, the soldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' ascending war, and urge the fight ;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow, 745
And dash the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, seiz'd the post, and close in ambush lay.

But now Latonia, in th' ethereal sphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear, 750
Bespoke swift Opis, in a mournful strain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train :
Alas ! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To seek the fatal war, and brave the foes ;
See ! where she rushes to the deathful plain, 755
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain !

Still from my soul the darling maid I lov'd ;
 And time the growing fondness has improv'd ;
 E'er since stern Metabus, her hapless fire,
 Forc'd by his rebel subjects to retire, 760
 Fled from Pivernum, his imperial town,
 And lost his old hereditary crown.
 Safe he convey'd, thro' crouds of raging foes,
 His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
 And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name ; 765
 And in his flight thro' wilds and deserts came ;
 The savage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
 And in his arms the lovely burthen bore ;
 While with their jav'lins, in an endless tide,
 The Volscians press'd their prince on ev'ry side : 770
 When lo ! old Amasenus' streams delay
 His course, and foam across the warrior's way :
 For late, the flood, increas'd with sudden rains,
 Had burst the banks, and floated half the plains:
 First he resolves to swim, and gain the shore ; 775
 But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
 Thus, while a thousand schemes divide his breast,
 Sudden, on this, he fixes as the best :
 His mighty pond'rous spear, of knotted oak,
 Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took ; 780

759. *E'er since stern Metabus.*] Tasso has applied this story of Camilla to Clorinda, as it is related by her eunuch Arictes: he has introduced many additional and romantic circumstances. See B. 12. Stanza 20, &c. The general story of Clorinda in Tasso is beautifully told, and her death is related with more pathetic circumstances than this of Camilla.

It may also be observed that Tasso did not introduce the story of Clorinda, as an imitation of this episode of Camilla, as many have thought ; but it is a real historical fact, that there were female warriors among the Crusaders. Anna Comena gives a particular account of one of them.

To this strong lance the tender babe he bound,
 With cork and pliant osiers wrapt around.
 Then pois'd the loaded spear, in act to throw;
 But for my favour first address'd his vow:
 To thee, chaste goddess of the forest wild, 785
 Behold! a father dedicates his child;
 She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
 And the first weapons that she knows are thine.
 Thus then I send, to thy protecting care,
 Thy little suppliant thro' the fields of air. 790
 This said; with all his force the lance he threw;
 High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
 Then the bold warrior, press'd on ev'ry side
 By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
 The flood surmounted, and the jav'lin tore, 795
 Charg'd with the sacred infant, from the shore.
 Each town with stern unhospitable hate,
 Against the wand'ring monarch shut her gate:
 Nor could he bear (his scorn was grown so high)
 To stand distinguish'd by the public eye. 800
 From all society of men he fled;
 A shepherd's life among the mountains led;
 There with his daughter past the hours away,
 In dens of beasts and savages of prey;
 Sought ev'ry foster-mother of the wood, 805
 And in her lips distill'd the milky food.

782. *With cork.*] There is a large wood of cork-trees just on the other side of Piperno (see ver. 540. in the original); and the tree is common about all those parts. SPENCE.

805.—*Sought ev'ry foster-mother.*] The poet seems to have had an eye to the education of Cyrene in Pindar.

— ο δὲ τὰν εὐωλενον
 ὄρεψατο παιδα κυραναν·

Ἀ μὲν οὐθ' ἴσων παλμιβη-

-μεν

Soon as the little Amazon could go ;
 He on her shoulders hung a slender bow :
 A small light quiver at her side she wore,
 And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore : 810
 No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
 Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
 The spoils of some fierce tyger wrapt her round,
 That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground :
 Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling, 815
 Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling,
 Strike the long crane, or snowy swan, on high,
 And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the sky.
 Her charms surpris'd the Tuscan matron train,
 Who court the huntress for their sons in vain. 820
 Not all their courtship, nor their pray'rs, could move
 The maid, from sworn virginity, to love.
 With Dian's love content, she keeps her vow ;
 She shoots my arrows, and she bends my bow.

-μυς ἐφιλασεν οὐδ' ἔς,
 Οὐτ' εἰπνῶν οἰκορίαν
 Μεθ' ἑτάραν τετραταῖς·
 Ἀλλ' ἀκοντεσσι τε χαλκεοῖς,
 Φασγανῶ τε μαρναμένα
 Κεραῖζεν ἀγρίῃς

Θηρας. — Pyth. 8. ver. 31.

*Ille vero lacertis decoram
 Educauit filiam Cyrenen,
 Quæ quidem neque telarum retrogra-
 das amavit vias,
 Neque conviviorum domesticas
 Inter socias delectationes ;
 Sed jaculisque æneis,
 Gladioque pugnans
 Conficiebat feras
 Bestias. —*

Ah! from my soul I wish, the hapless fair 825
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then still my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But, since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky. 830
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, see! in arms she rushes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful sheath,
Draw forth the winged messenger of death.
And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy, 835
Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
Her spoils and body in a cloud convey, 840
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And safe dispose 'em in her native plains.
The goddess said; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.
Now to the walls (a close-embod'd force) 845
March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming courfers prance and bound,
Press on the rein, and proudly paw the ground. 850

845. *Now to the walls.*] The infantry conducted by Æneas advanced towards the city by narrow passes; and the Etruscan cavalry, under the command of Tarchon, marches to Laurentum over the plains.

CATROU.

Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms ;
 The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
 Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled rays,
 Flame round, and set the region in a blaze.

Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care, 855
 The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
 Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
 With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
 O'er all distinguish'd in the martial scene,
 Rode with her female train the Volscian queen. 860
 Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
 Protend, and poise, and shake the flaming lance.
 Thick clouds of dust their trampling feet excite ;
 Th' impatient coursers neigh, and snuff the distant fight.

At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear 865
 Both hosts ; and, shouting, join the horrid war ;
 Rouse to the fight their gen'rous steeds, and pour
 Their darts incessant, in a rattling show'r.
 In one dark storm the sounding lances fly,
 Shade the bright sun, and intercept the sky. 870

852. *The fields gleam.*]

—*Ferreus hastis*

Horret ager.

This strong metonymy is plainly copied by Milton,
 The field *all iron* cast a gleaming brown.

Par. Reg. B. 3. 326.

856. *The Latian troops.*]

—*Celeresque Latini.*

He alludes to the Roman soldiery : Romulus had three hundred horsemen, which were called *celeres*, either from their swiftness [*celeritate*] ; or from their leader Celer, who is said to have slain Remus : for which action Romulus made him a *tribunus equitum*, and he was called *tribunus celerum*.

SERVIVS.

First horse to horse, and man to man, oppos'd
 The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
 Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed spear,
 And urg'd his courser in a full career;
 The steeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring sound, 875
 Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
 Swift, as discharg'd from the loud engine flies
 The glowing stone, or lightning from the skies;
 So swift the warrior, from his courser far,
 Shoots with a spring, and breathes his fiery soul in air. 880

Now all the Latian horse disorder'd run,
 (Their shields slung back) tumultuous, to the town,
 The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
 With great Asylas thund'ring at their head.
 Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train 885
 Rein round their steeds, and face the foes again.
 Then, in their turn, the vanquish'd Trojans wheel'd,
 And, pale with terror, measur'd back the field.

Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the strand
 Swells the vast ocean, and invades the land. 890
 Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
 Till o'er the rocks the foamy furies fly.
 Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
 Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
 Rolls back, as rapid as she came before, 895
 With all the floating trophies of the shore.

889. *Thus, in alternate.*] These are some of the most laboured and spirited lines in this book.

The simile is not borrowed from Homer; yet is notwithstanding, great and sublime: as is likewise the description, that immediately follows, of the hurry and tumult of the battle; particularly,

Tum vero et gemitus, &c.

Twice the Rutulians to the city flew ;
 And twice they rally, and the foes pursue.
 Till in the third assault the hosts engage ;
 Then burns the fight with unextinguish'd rage. 900
 All, man to man, and breast to breast, oppos'd,
 In one dire shock the charging squadrons clos'd.
 Then bled the battle ; and a load of slain,
 Shields, helms, and jav'lines, cover'd wide the plain.
 In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd ; 905
 And cries and agonizing groans resound
 Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
 And courfers plunging in the pangs of death.

With cautious eyes, Orsilochns from far
 Observ'd strong Remulus, and mark'd for war ; 910
 Nor durst approach the chief ; but hurl'd the spear,
 With all his strength, beneath his courser's ear.
 Stung with the stroke, and madding with the wound, }
 He rears and paws in air, with many a bound, }
 And casts his hapless master on the ground. 915 }
 Next bled Iolas by Catillus' steel ;
 By the same hand the huge Herminius fell :
 All pale in death the mighty hero lies ;
 Vain were his giant arms, and giant size :
 Th' intrepid chief (his head and shoulders bare, 920 }
 Tall, and distinguish'd by his golden hair) }
 Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war ! }
 Thro' his broad shoulders past, the deadly wound
 Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.

917. *Herminius lies.*] The name Herminius is taken from the Roman history : Herminius and Lartius opposed the Tusci, when the *Pons Sublicius* was broken down.

SERVIVS.

Now all the fields with crimson streams are dy'd ; 925
And the vast carnage smokes on ev'ry side.

The charms of honour ev'ry bosom fire,
To win the day ; or gloriously expire.

Her breast half-naked, thro' the direful scene
Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen. 930

The shafts and quiver at her side appear,
The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.

Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast ;

Now with her ax she laid the battle waste :

Ev'n when she flies, she bends the backward bow, 935

And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.

Around, in pomp, her sister warriors ride,

All-bright in arms, and combat side by side.

Her brazen pole-ax, there, Tarpeia wields ;

And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields ; 940

Italian virgins ; her supreme delight ;

In peace her friends ; her comrades in the fight.

So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Penthesile's refulgent car,

939. *There, Tarpeia wields, &c.*] Servius, and after him, Catrou, tells us, that the names of Camilla's companions are all drawn from the Roman history, and are here introduced as a compliment to some illustrious families in Rome.

943. *So round their queen.*] In this simile (says Trapp) the ideas seem too near a-kin ; it is almost comparing a thing to itself.

The poet, it must be owned, compares Amazons to Amazons ; yet at the same time, an image entirely new is represented. Virgil, that he may give us the most exalted image of this female hero, attended by her retinue of heroines, tells us that she resembled Hippolyte or Penthesilea, the most renowned of Amazons, marching over the banks of Thermodoon : the *pietis armis*, the *Martia curru se Penthesilea refert*,

Move the triumphant Amazonian train, 945
 In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
 Proudly they march, and clasp their painted arms,
 And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms ;
 With female shouts they shake the sounding field ;
 And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony
 shield, 950

Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
 Heroic maid ! sunk breathless on the sand ?
 First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies ;
 Thro' his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies :

refert, the magno ululante tumultu, the flumina Thermodoontis, and the pelvis lunatis, are circumstances which sufficiently clear the simile from Trapp's imputation. Besides (as Catrou remarks) Camilla is not really an Amazon, in the true sense of the word ; that is, her left breast was not seared off for the convenience of drawing a bow : she is indeed a female warrior, as were the Amazons ; and, like them too, has the left side uncovered in fight. The true Amazons were those of Thrace only, and spoken of in this comparison. Ruæus tells us, that the Amazons inhabited not the European, but the Asiatic Thrace. But, after all, I much doubt the story of the Amazons being so called from having one breast cut off ; because, in all the numerous antique figures of Amazons now remaining, there is not one instance of any such thing.

951. *Who first, who last.*] Thus Homer, II. B. 16. turns his discourse to Patroclus :

Who first, brave hero, by thy arm was slain ?
 Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ?

POPE, 847.

He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do ; but inquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who was the last who fell by his hand. This address, says Pope, distinguishes and signalizes Patroclus (to whom Homer uses it more frequently than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius, or divine being ; and at the same time it is very pathetic, and apt to move our compassion.

Book II. OF VIRGIL. 175

Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood, 955
And rolls and welters in the crimson flood.
Liris and Pagasus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field ;
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein ;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend, in vain ! 960
Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell ;
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong ;
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear ; 965
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.
Thus thro' the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courser fought the war : 970
A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread ;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head :
A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.
With ease, as all the troops confus'dly fled, 975
She slew the foe, and thus insults the dead :
Me, Tuscan, didst thou deem thy destin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day ?
Lo ! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boast is answer'd, and thy vaunts no more ! 980
Go !—let thy fire the glorious tidings know ;
Camilla sent thee to the shades below !
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant size,
Butes, and tall Orsilochns, she flies.

But Butes, face to face, she brav'd in war; 985
Swift thro' the neck she drove the pointed spear,
Where the bright helm and corset left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orsilochns the virgin wheel'd
At first, in flight dissembled, round the field: 990
ut, in a ring still lessening, to delude
The furious chief, she fled, till she pursu'd:
'Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-rising to the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound; 995
The blood and brains rush smoking on the ground.

The son of Aunus cross'd her in her way,
And for a while stood trembling in dismay;
A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design. 1000
Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
Thus to the queen the low dissembler said:
Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force, 1005
And trust the swiftness, of your rapid horse?
Dismiss your steed, vain maid! and let us stand
Engag'd in single combat, hand to hand.
Soon shall be known, proud princess, what you can,
When, on these terms, a woman fights a man. 1010
Thus he:—the queen springs furious on the plain
From her fleet steed, and gives him to the train.

On foot she dares the dastard to the field,
 Draws her bright sword, and grasps her maiden shield.
 Flush'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud succeed, 1015 }
 He turns, he flies, and, to his utmost speed, }
 With goring spurs provokes his smoking steed.— }
 Deluded fool ! (she cries, in lofty strain)
 On me thy little arts are try'd in vain ;
 Nor hence, ev'n yet, in safety shalt thou run, 1020
 To please thy fire with falsehoods like his own.
 She said ; and, springing with a fiery course,
 The raging maid out-stripp'd the flying horse ;
 Turn'd, seiz'd the reins ; oppos'd in battle stood ;
 Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood. 1025
 Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
 Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove ;

1014.————*And grasps her maiden shield.*] By the *pura parma* Catrou understands, that Camilla had never made a campaign, and had as yet atchieved no action, to be painted or engraved on her shield.

1022.*And, springing with a fiery course.*] This action of Camilla, in which she is represented on foot, outrunning an horse at full speed, and seizing his bridle, would have appeared too incredible to the reader, had not the poet judiciously prepared him for it in those celebrated verses at the close of the seventh book, where the surprising swiftness of our heroine is described.

CATROU and SEGRAIS.

1026.*Not with more ease.*] Spenser has, I think, improved this image, F. Q. B. 2. Cant. II. St. 42.

———adown he kest

This lumpish corse unto the senseless ground,
 Adown he kest it with so puissant wrett,
 That back again it did aloft rebound,
 And gave against his mother earth a groneful sound.
 As when Jove's harnesse-bearing bird from hie
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proude distain,
 The stone dead quarry falls so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plain.

All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.

Meantime th' almighty fire of men and gods, 1030
Inthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuscan chief inspires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.

Thro' all the cleaving ranks, with eager speed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed; 1035
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.

Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controuls, 1040
Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls?
Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! cast away the sword, the shield and spear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!— 1045
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the softer battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,
How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly!
In the full bowls you centre all your love; 1050
Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repast;
The first in banquets, but in fights the last!

He said; and, bent on death, in deep despair,
Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war: 1055

The disuse of falconry among us renders this simile not so striking, as it must have been in the age of the poet.

Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course,
 Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his horse,
 Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore,
 Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.
 His troops behold the scene with strange surprize, 1060
 And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies;
 While with his captive, all in open view,
 O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.
 The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
 The chief explores a penetrable part, 1065
 And meditates the wound; the struggling foe
 Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.
 As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,
 And bears some speckled serpent thro' the sky:

1058. *Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore.* This action seems to be impossible: but Servius gives us an example of its possibility, drawn from the ephemerides of C. Cæsar. Julius Cæsar himself used to relate, that he was lifted up [after this manner] by a Gaul; who as he was carrying him along, met in his way with another Gaul who knew Cæsar, and cried out *lecos Cæsar*. These words by good luck meant, in their language [says Catron], *laisse le aller*, let him go. The Gaul instantly dropped his prey out of favour to his brother soldier. Plutarch reports the same thing of a Roman.

1068. *As when th' imperial.*] Macrobius prefers to this simile that in Homer, Il. B. 12. for a reason which proves he misunderstood the aim and application of it. Virgil simply compares two warriors struggling with each other to an eagle, &c. But Macrobius observes, *Virgilius solam aquile prædam refert, neque Homerice aquile onem advertit; quæ & sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto a captivo serpente morsu, prædam dolore dejecit; factoque tripudio solistimo cum clamore dolorem testante prætervolat: quibus ominibus victoriæ prævaricatio significabatur. His præmissis, quæ animam parabole dabant, velut exanimum in Latinis versibus corpus remansit.* This simile is certainly drawn from

While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey, 1070
 In many a fold her curling volumes play ;
 Her starting brazen scales with horror rise ;
 The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes :
 She writhes, and hisses at her foe, in vain,
 Who wings at ease the wide æreal plain ; 1075
 With her strong hooky beak the captive plies, [skies.
 And bears the struggling prey, triumphant, thro' the
 So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew ;
 And, kindling at the sight, the troops their prince pursue,
 Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits 1080
 (Aruns the destin'd victim of the fates) ;
 Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art
 The favouring moment to discharge the dart.
 Where-e'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,
 The wretch in silence follows close behind : 1085
 When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,
 Thither th' insidious warrior turns his horse ;
 Oft shifts his place ; runs anxious to and fro ;
 Flies round the circuit ; and, in act to throw,
 Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe. 1090 }

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far
 Shone in bright arms amid the crouded war.
 Magnificently gay, he proudly press'd
 A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd ;

from Homer ; but what is here a simile, is a narrative in the Greek poet ; the want of considering which misled the judge of Macrobius.

1091. *Chloreus, the priest.*] It is to be observed (says Cation), that those priests of the gods, who are introduced as warriors in the Æneid, are distinguished by dresses, &c. of uncommon magnificence.

Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art, 1095
 Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
 Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe
 Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.
 Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,
 And gold the helmet, that his head surrounds. 1100
 His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,
 With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold :
 His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er ;
 And purple buskins on his legs he wore.
 This chief she singles from the warring crew, 1105
 And, blind to danger, thro' the squadrons flew ;
 With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine ;
 Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.
 All, all the woman in her bosom rose !
 For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes ! 1110
 When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear ;
 But first to heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r :

1110. *For this bright prize.*] Addison observes, that Virgil has very finely touch'd upon the female passion for dress and shew, in the character of Camilla ; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. The Amazon immediately singled out this well dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings, that he was adorned with:

—*Totumque incauta per agmen*

Fœmineo prædæ & spoliis ardebat amore.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero. SPECTATOR, No. 15.

This remark of Addison seems to be taken from Bosſu 4.

O Phœbus ! guardian of Soraacte's woods,
 And shady hills ; a god above the gods !
 To whom our natives pay the rites divine, 1115
 And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine ;
 Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
 Unhurt, unfindg'd, and sacred from the flame ;
 Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
 The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day. 1120
 Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim ;
 No—to my future life I trust for fame.
 If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
 I ask no honour ; but retire again,
 Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain. 1125

The god consents to half his warm request,
 But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
 Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r ;
 His safe return was lost in empty air.

Now as the jav'lin sings along the skies, 1130
 All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes.
 The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
 Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.

1118. *Unhurt, unfindg'd.*] Pliny, B. 7. tells us, *Haud procul urbe Roma familie sunt paucæ, quæ vocantur Hyrpia, quæ sacrificio annuo, quod fit ad montem Soraactem Apollinis, super combustam ligni struem ambulantes, non comburuntur.* Varro, who is ever inveighing against religious rites (says Servius), mentions a kind of medicinal preparation, which these people made use of, in passing through the fire, *Eo, uti solent Hirpini ambulaturi per ignem, medicamento plantas ungunt.* Aruns belonged to this people or sect.

1132. *The fair rush'd on.*] Our heroine, eagerly engaged in the pursuit of Chloëus, that she may adorn herself with his fine armour, and rich trappings, is intirely regardless of all

Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
 Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood. 1135
 Swift to her succour fly her female train,
 And in their arms the sinking queen sustain ;
 But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled,
 With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head :
 Back he retires, all-trembling and dismay'd ; 1140
 Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.

As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
 Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
 Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
 Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed, 1145
 Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
 Ere yet the peopled country round him rise :
 Nor less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight ;
 Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.

The dying queen, in agonizing pain, 1150
 Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.
 Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
 Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.

all danger, and so hurried away by the transports of female vanity, that she does not hear the fatal dart of Aruns hiss along the air.

CATROU.

— *Nihil ipsa neque auræ,
 Nec sonitus, memor.*

Catrou prefers *illa* to *ipsa*, as more harmonious; not without the authority of some MSS.

1138. *But far more swift.*] Virgil draws the character of Aruns with great propriety; he attacks Camilla not openly, like an hero of true bravery; but secretly and by stratagem, *insidiis*, & *tempore capto*: and after having killed her, he does not await the event of his victory, but skulks away like a guilty person.

She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,
 And, all-around her, swim the shades of death. 1155
 The starry splendors languish in her eyes,
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
 A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
 Her friend in peace ; her sister in the wars.
 Acca ; no more :—for mortal is my wound ; 1160
 A dizzy mist of darkness swims around :
 The victory was mine ; but ah ! 'tis past !
 This hour, this fatal moment, is my last !
 Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear ;
 Bid him, this instant to the field repair ; 1165
 This instant, from the town the foe repel :—
 And now, dear friend, a long and last farewell !
 With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
 And from her courser sunk upon the plain.
 In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies, 1170
 Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies !

1154. *She sinks, she swoons.*] Catrou, from the authority of Donatus, has here altered the text, from *Labitur exanguis*, to *Labitur et sanguis*. Camilla does not fall from her horse till some time afterwards :

—*Simul his dictis linguebat habenas,*
Ad terram non sponte fluens. — Ver. 827. infra.

However, this remark may be too refined. *Labitur exanguis*, may very probably mean, she drooped her head, she swooned away at the deadly stroke, though she did not then fall from her horse. Our translator seems to have thus understood the passage.

1164. *Go, and my dying words.*] Wonderful (says Trapp) is the magnanimity of this short speech. She makes no womanish complaints ; but employs her last breath in giving orders for the battle :

Effuge, & hæc Turno mandata novissima præfer :
Succedat pugna, &c.

Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight :

Her soul, indignant, fought the realms of night.

Then, from the hosts the doubling clamours rise,

And shouts tumultuous echo to the skies. 1175

The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,

The Tuscan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horse,

Rush furious to the field ; the slaughter spread ;

The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.

Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow, 1180

A while unmov'd survey'd the fight below.

But when from far she saw Camilla slain,

And, round the corse, the shouting hostile train,

Deep from her heaving ivory bosom broke

A mournful groan, and thus the goddess spoke : 1185

Too, too severely, much lamented maid,

For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid !

In vain made sacred by thy virgin vow

To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow !

Nor yet in death thy goddess will disclaim 1190

Her favour'd maid, but crown with endless fame !

Thy praise shall round the nations be display'd,

And to thy fate due vengeance shall be paid.

This moment will I make that vengeance good ;

The guilty wretch shall render blood for blood. 1195

Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,

A potent Latian lord in former years ;

1188. *In vain made.*] This sentiment of Opis is by no means injurious to the character of Diana, as if she had not sufficiently protected her votarefs : it was Camilla's own fault, that she forsook the harmless pleasures of the chase, to engage in martial pursuits.

A grove of venerable oaks display'd,
 Wide round the monument, a gloomy shade.
 Hither the goddess took her rapid flight, 1200
 And spy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
 There as the youth exults, and swells with pride,
 Whither, poor dastard, wouldst thou fly? (she cry'd)
 Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
 And for Camilla's death receive thy own. 1205
 Go—to the shades of hell, her victim, go—
 A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!

She said; and instant from the golden sheath
 Drew forth the feather'd messenger of death.
 Fierce in her rage, the circling horns she bends 1210
 To the full stretch, and joins the doubling ends.
 One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
 And to her breast strain'd the tough nerve below.
 At once the murd'rer heard the sounding dart,
 And felt the steely vengeance in his heart. 1215

1210. *Fierce in her rage.*] Homer, Il. B. VI. gives us a very minute and circumstantial description of Pandarus drawing his bow against Menelaus; which passage the Roman poet here imitates. But as the shot of Pandarus was of so much importance, as it was the *επὶ δόλῳ*, the foundation of future woes, Homer thought fit, says Pope [note on ver. 144.] not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow; but to give a description somewhat correspondent to its importance; and afterwards observes, that Virgil has not failed to copy it with the greatest happiness imaginable.—But why should the drawing a bow to kill Aruns, an incident of little consequence, be described with so much circumstantial exactness? All that can be answered is, that though the death of Aruns be of little consequence, yet in itself it is a grand incident, as it is a revenge for the death of an heroine who has performed so many remarkable exploits. In short, this minute description renders the death of Camilla more significant.

He lies deserted by his social train,
 Pale and expiring on a foreign plain !
 While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
 And on spread pinions mounts the golden skies.

First fled Camilla's band (their princess kill'd) ; 1220
 Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.

Atinas' self, the chiefs, and armies, run,
 And spur their smoking coursers to the town.
 Nor can the troops sustain, nor dare oppose
 The slaught'ring swords of their victorious foes ; 1225
 Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they slung ;
 And with their trampling steeds the sounding champain

The city now th' advancing host appalls : [rungs.
 A cloud of dust, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
 From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons spy ; 1230
 And female shrieks, tumultuous, rend the sky.
 Mixt with their foes, rush headlong thro' the gate
 The Latian squadron, nor can shun their fate ;
 In vain for shelter to their houses fly ;
 Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die. 1235
 Some close the gates, exclude their social train,
 Who beg admission to the town in vain.

1222. *The chiefs, and armies, run.*]

—*Desolatique manipuli.*

That is, says Servius, the standard-bearers were deserted. The Roman generals were particularly careful, that the standard-bearer should be well attended with soldiers ; as we read in Sallust.

1227. *And with.*] This line, in the original, is usually quoted as an instance of Virgil's adapting the sound to the sense. The translator has done it justice.

1230. *From the tall tow'rs.*] Tumult, confusion, and distress, are painted with great force and spirit, and many pathetic strokes, from hence to verse 1252. of this translation. The circumstance of the women renewing their rage at the sight of Camilla's dead body is well imagined.

While these defend th' endanger'd posts, and those
Rush on their swords, a dreadful slaughter rose.
With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries, 1240
The children bleed before their parents eyes.
While close behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe ;
Some leap down headlong to the trench below ;
Some with loose reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous steeds against the gate. 1245
But, when Camilla's corse appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a storm of jav'lines threw. }
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough staves repel the rising war. 1250
Fierce they rush on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Meanwh le to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
The careful nymph the dismal news convey'd ;
That in the fight the Volscian queen was slain ; 1255
That the proud foe pursu'd the vanquish'd train,
Who, flush'd with full success, rush'd furious on,
And spread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for so his adverse fates requir'd !)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd, 1260
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again ;
But scarce descended to the subject plain,
Ere the great Trojan seiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and issu'd from the wood.

By the black clouds of dust, Æneas found 1265
The Latian host embattled wide around :
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud shouts, that thicken'd on his ear ;

Perceiv'd the footsteps of the trampling foe,
And heard distinct the fiery courfers blow. 1270

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the sun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs; 1275
These to defend; and those to storm the tow'rs.

1269. *Perceiv'd the footsteps.*] The throwing in such lively and minute circumstances is what chiefly distinguishes poetry from history, and renders the former a more close and just representation of life than the latter.



REFLECTIONS
On the CHARACTER of
IAPIS in VIRGIL:

O R,

The CHARACTER of

Antonius Musa, Physician to *Augustus*.

By FRANCIS ATTERBURY, late Bishop of
Rocheſter.

IN history-painting, the particular figures, we know, are often taken from the life; and the case, I doubt not, is the same with respect to many characters in the *Æneid*, which were not drawn by the poet at random. The manner in which Virgil represents those feigned persons, has something in it, that shews them to have been copied from living originals; and therefore, beautiful as those images are, we lose half their beauty, by not knowing who sat for them.

Virgil seems particularly touch'd with the charms of friendship; and has therefore employ'd all his art to illustrate it in the persons of Euryalus and Nisus; whom he introduces for the purpose, into two of his best episodes, and dwells largely, in both, on the little circumstances of their story.
This

This he has not done with regard to any other of the subaltern characters in the *Æneid*, and we must suppose him therefore very fond of the subject; especially, if considered as the most exact, reserved, and judicious of writers. Is it not natural to think, that in this, and many other cases, he has scattered thro' his works, under feigned names, the true resemblances of some of his most intimate friends; endeavouring by that means, to give them a share of the immortality, which his poem was to enjoy? Though by the negligence and stupidity of those who made comments upon him, and said nothing of these secret views, his design has in great measure miscarried.

For instance: can any one read those admirable lines at the end of the second episode, relating to those two friends,

*Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo,
Dum domus Æneæ capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.*

I say, can any one read these lines, without judging immediately, that Virgil must have had two Romans in his eye when he wrote them, whose character, friendship, and fate, are described under that of Euryalus and Nisus? What else can justify so pathetic an excursion of the poet in his own name?

——*Si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.*

A liberty not allowed to epic writers, and scarce taken by him in any other part of his work; except where he invokes the muse to assist him on some extraordinary occasion. Nor would it perhaps have been altogether excusable here, had not known persons,

persons, and a real event, been shadowed under this poetical fiction. That Augustus sat for the character of Æneas, is agreed by the commentators, even by those of them that are least attentive to such observations. And indeed, what Horace, and Virgil himself, say on this head, puts it out of doubt. Virgil, in the introduction to his third Georgic, added probably after he had formed the plan of the Æneid, intimates his design in these verses :

*Mox tamen ardentem accingar dicere pugnas
Cæsaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Titheni prima quot abest ab origine Cæsar :*

Which implies, that the battles and other famous exploits of Augustus should be delivered down to posterity, in the resembling circumstances of those of Æneas. Horace speaks yet more plainly to the point, where he writes to Augustus himself, and gives him an advantage over the Macedonian hero in this respect, that Alexander's lineaments only had been taken by the exquisite artists of his time; whereas the very mind and manners of Augustus had been described by Virgil and Varius. He mentions their names; and then adds :

*Nec magis expressi vultus per æenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Magno um apparent.*

Varius had done in his panegyric on Augustus, now lost; and Virgil can only be supposed to have done it in the character and actions of Æneas.

As the hero of Virgil was certainly intended to express Augustus (of which many proofs, if necessary, might be given), so divers characters in

his poem were doubtless designed, as I have said, for particular persons, well known at the time when Virgil wrote. Such I suppose the character of Iapis in the twelfth *Æneid* to have been, and Antonius Musa the physician of Augustus to be represented by it. He was of the court and retinue of that prince, and attended his person, as Iapis attends *Æneas*, in his campaigns and voyages. He was very intimate with Virgil and Horace, as appears from an epigram addressed to him by the former, still remaining among the *Catalecta*, and by what the latter says of him in one of his epistles. Both of them had infirm constitutions: one, we know, was under Musa's care on that account; and so, we may justly believe, was the other. It was no wonder therefore, if Virgil, the most grateful of men to his friends and benefactors, should have been willing to do honour to his memory by finding a place for him in his poem. He seems to have wounded *Æneas* on purpose to introduce Iapis for the cure: which, after some thoughts spent on the reasonableness of this incident, as he has placed it, is the best account I can give of it. For it is certainly employed, when one would least have expected it, when the *Æneid* hastens towards a close, when the two armies are engaged for the last time, and with the greatest fury, and when the single fight between *Æneas* and Turnus is just coming on, by which the whole is to be determined; the action, then grown hot, and at its height, cools and stands perfectly still, while Iapis is performing the cure on *Æneas*. At such a time, and in such an exigence, the friendly design of the poet to immortalize the physician, is perhaps the best account we can give of his conduct.

Indeed

Indeed Musa deserved to be thus honoured by the pen of Virgil; for he was eminent in his faculty beyond all his contemporaries, as Iapis is said to have been, *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*. He had recovered Augustus from a dangerous illness, and was so dear to the people of Rome on that account, that a public statue was erected to his honour. Iapis in like manner heals Æneas; and it may be observed (if that remark be not too minute), that both the cures were performed by bathing. The statue for Iapis was wanting to complete the parallel. Virgil has added it, by giving us such a noble likeness of him, as will outlast brass and marble.

For certainly the character of Iapis, here displayed, is one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect in its kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole Æneid. It is painted according to the distinction made by the Italians, as to the works of their great masters; not only *con diligenza*, or *con studio*, but *con amore*. There is a fondness of expression (if I may be allowed that phrase) used by Virgil in tracing and heightening the several parts of it; so that it must have been a favourite piece: and, upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking, that he had some friend of the faculty present to his mind, while he was drawing it.

'Tis for the sake of such another, that I shall enlarge my reflections on this head; and in the course of them shall have him often in my view, as Virgil had Musa, without naming him.

Æneas, just ready to engage Turnus, is wounded by an arrow from an unknown hand, and obliged to retire from the field of battle to his tent, supported by Mnestheus and Achates.

The words of Virgil, on the occasion of this wound received, are very remarkable :

“ *Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,*
 “ *Incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adaeta,*
 “ *Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne Deusne*
 “ *Attulerit, pressa est insignis gloria facti ;*
 “ *Nec sese Æneæ jactavit vulnere quisquam.*”

Why all this variety of expression, to tell us that it was not known from what hand the wound came? Nothing is more common than such a circumstance in a battle. He lays, one would think, more weight on this particular than it deserves ; but he intends it by way of contrast to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that healed the wound, but give us also a particular account of his talents and character : and it will heighten the praises he gives to the one, that he passes over the other altogether in silence.

I shall recite the whole passage relating to Iapis as it lies in the poem, and then suggest some reflections upon it. Some of these may perhaps be new, even to those who are well acquainted with Virgil ; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his ancient or modern commentators :

Jamque aderat Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iasides : acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipse suas artes, sua munera, lætus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.
Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis,
Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.
Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hastam,
Æneas, magno juvenum & mœrentis Iuli
Concursu, lacrymis immobilis. Ille retorta

Pæonium

*Pæonium in morem senior succinctus amictu,
 Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
 Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam spicula dextra
 Sollicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
 Nulla viam fortuna regit : nihil auctor Apollo
 Subvenit : & sævus campis magis ac magis horror
 Crebrescit, propiusque malum est. Jam pulvere cælum
 Stare vident : subeunt equites, & spicula castris
 Densa cadunt mediis. It tristis ad æthera clamor
 Bellantum juvenum, & duro sub Marte cadentum.
 Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
 Dictamnnum genetrice Græta carpit ab Ida,
 Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
 Purpureo : non illa feris incognita capris
 Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæserè sagittæ.
 Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
 Detulit : hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem
 Inficit, occulte medicans : spargitque salubres
 Ambrosiæ succos, & odoriferam panaceam
 Fovit ea vulnus lymphæ longævus Iapis
 Ignorans ; subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
 Quippe dolor : omnis stetit imo in vulnere sanguis.
 Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta
 Excidit, atque novæ rediere in pristina vires.
 Arma citi properate viro. Quid statis ? Iapis
 Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostes.
 Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
 Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat :
 Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
 Ille avidus pugnae, &c. ———*

How recommendable and beautiful an idea has Virgil here given us of this physician ? He reckons up the four arts*, in which Apollo was supposed to excel,

* Horace traced the steps of Virgil in his *Carmen Seculare*, where he enumerates in one stanza these four attributes of Apollo :

excel, which were under his peculiar patronage, and which he distributed, as he pleased, to his votaries and favourites. In three of these, he tells us, Iapis, when young, had made great advances; but neglected the study of them, and pursued only the fourth, the skill of medicine, that by the means of it, he might protract the life of an aged father, then labouring under some great infirmity; whose name therefore Virgil records, together with that of the son, Iapis Iasides.

Of all the motives that could determine a man to the study of physic preferably to other arts and sciences, sure the worthiest and best is that of filial piety. It is what distinguishes the character even of

*Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis,
Quid salutare levat arte fessos
Corporis artus.*

The words are good, but do not, I think, rise up to the force and beauty of Virgil's expression. There is a second instance in the same ode, wherein Horace imitates another celebrated passage of Virgil, and falls equally short of it:

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos;*

Says the one.

*Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem;*

Says the other.

It cannot be doubted, upon the comparison, whether the first of these be not said with more dignity and grace than the latter. And so it must happen to any man, even to Horace himself, that ventures to say the same thing Virgil did, after a different manner. Let me add, that the design of Horace to imitate Virgil decides the dispute, that has been raised about a various reading of *impetret* for *imperet*, which plainly refers to the *imperio* of Virgil.

of the hero of the Æneid, and was a remarkable part of Virgil's own, as appears from some verses he composed at the time of his flight from Mantua, wherein his father accompanied him, and of whose danger he there speaks with all imaginable concern and tenderness. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his friend with a quality, which he himself prized and possessed; and, perhaps, if we knew Musa's story, we should find that there was something in it parallel, even in this respect, to what is here said of Iapis.

His determining himself to be a physician, upon the laudable motive before-mentioned, is still farther recommended to us by this heightening circumstance, that he possessed the other arts in perfection, and exercised them with skill and success. Thus much, I think, is strongly implied in these emphatical words:

“ — *Acri quondam cui captus amore*

“ *Ipse suas artes, sua munera, lætus Apollo,*

“ *Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.*”

The gifts of the gods to those they favour and love, are always to be supposed perfect, and not made by halves: Iapis therefore must have excelled in those arts, which he renounced for the study of physic; and these arts were all such as the Romans held in high esteem. The college of augurs, and the library of Apollo in the Vatican, sufficiently prove the regard that was paid to the two first; and as to the third, expressed by *sagittæ*, it means the *peritia jaculandi* in general; includes the art of managing the javelin or dart, as well as the bow; and was one of those military exercises, in which the Romans, whose empire was owing to their arms, excelled.

Divination, poetry, and soldiery, were all honourable and advantageous to those that professed them; and yet Iapis, intent upon recovering his father, quits them all for a profession, which was not then in high repute, and made no great figure and noise in the world, except what is borrowed sometimes from the character and perfections of some excellent person, who happened to practise it.

—*Usumque medendi*
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder, that Virgil rewards this pious concern of Iapis for the life of his father by lengthening his own: he styles him *senior* in one place, and *longævus* in another. He makes him on this account dearer to the god of medicine than the rest of the tribe, and advances him to be prime physician to the founder of the Roman empire, and author of the race of Iulus. The good qualities and great talents of Iapis have, by Virgil's means, a recompence which is proportioned to his merit, and the just consequence of it. Were the prime physicians of princes always preferred with as much justice, perhaps many of those princes would sit longer on their thrones than they do, and reach the years of Æneas or Augustus.

It may be observed, how short, and yet just and full, an account Virgil here gives us of the extent of physic and surgery, as then jointly exercised. He makes them to consist in the knowledge of the power of simples, and in great use and experience:

Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi.

The one relates to the theory of that art, the other to

to the practice : without the latter of these, he insinuates the former can be of no service; and for this reason also he may be supposed to have ascribed *longevity* to his Iapis. The *materia medica*, then consisting chiefly in botany, might be acquired in early years ; but age, and long use, were requisite to mellow and ripen the physician in the art of healing. There are no useless words, we see, in Virgil ; all he says is full of good sense, and will afford us wise reflections, if we have but the skill and the patience sufficient to unfold them.

It will not be thought refining, I hope, if I suppose also Virgil's meaning, in this passage, to have been, to intimate to us, that art and industry, however necessary in physic, are not sufficient without an happy genius or disposition of nature, which peculiarly fits men for that profession, and which seems born with them, and derived immediately from the Deity. It was by the particular favour of Apollo that Iapis excelled : if he had not been *Phæbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never arrived to the height of his faculty. The son of Sirach has said the same thing with greater authority. " Honour a physician," says he, " with the honour due unto him ; for the Lord hath created him. Of the Most High cometh healing. And he hath given men skill, that he might be honoured in his marvellous works." It may be thought indecent thus to mix what is sacred with what is profane : but I cite the author of Ecclesiasticus on this occasion, merely as a wise observer of men and things, without regard to his character on other accounts. And as such perhaps I shall take leave to cite him again ere I end these papers.

When Iapis goes to work, we find the methods employed by him to have been, a bath of herbs and the use of the forceps. In one of these, Virgil includes the remedies, in the other the instruments, of surgery. And he particularly, more than once, takes notice of the *manus medica*,

———*Multa manu medica—trepidat*———

———*Spicula dextra*

Solicitat———

Famque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta.

———*Neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat.*

Or that dexterity in handling the part affected, which is looked upon, as one of the best and happiest qualifications of those that are employed on such occasions. He seems also to imply, that the practitioners of that time had a peculiar and becoming dress, by which they were distinguished; and which was tucked up, or thrown back, but not laid aside, at the time when they performed such operations. At least, such an habit is by Virgil provided for Iapis; and, by that means, some addition, as it were, is made to the gravity of his character.

—————*Ille retorto*

Pæonium in morem senior succinctus amictu.

Unless we will say, that this circumstance was intended to express the extraordinary diligence of Iapis in dressing his master, without losing any time, even by laying aside his habit. I should have thought so indeed, if the words *Pæonium in morem* did not seem to refer to somewhat customary.

Virgil has otherwise taken care to express the diligence of Iapis in attending Æneas, and his solicitude in performing the cure. The first words, by which he introduces him, are, *Jamque aderat*, &c. He is at the tent, we see, almost as soon as Æneas himself; nor does it appear, that he was so much as sent for on this occasion. The rumour of the master's wound soon reached the faithful and vigilant servant; and immediately we find him on the spot: *Jamque aderat*. This is not always the case of those who excel in the faculty; but where-ever it is, it gives a particular lustre to their character.

The care and anxiety of Iapis in the operation, and his turning himself every way to give Æneas relief, are thus in the most lively and emphatical manner set out:

————— *Ille retorto*
Pæonium in morem senior succinctus amictu
Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam spicula dextra
Solicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit. —————

Several methods of his art, which he employed, are particularly expressed; and it is intimated to us, that he employed all, though none succeeded. Nevertheless he desists not, nor is discouraged; but continues his applications, till a divine power comes to his assistance, and blesses his honest and skilful, though hitherto fruitless, endeavours:

Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
Diſſamnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, et flore comantera
Purpureo:

*Purpureo : non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæfere sagittæ.*

The moral I would suppose couched under this part of the relation is, that where human art fails, divine aid begins, whenever the cause and the person justify such an interposition. And it is intimated also to us, that the gods sometimes give extraordinary success to the prescriptions of a good physician, who is at the same time a good man: so that it is wise in us, when we want the assistance of the faculty, to make use of those in it, who are of this character. It is plain, that Iapis relied not wholly on his own skill, but had secretly invoked the god of medicine, while he was busied in the cure. The words,

——— *Nil auctor Apollo*
Subvenit———

sufficiently imply it.

This method of practice would now perhaps be thought a little singular; nor was it then, I suppose, very common; since the eldest and most famous professor of the art, Hippocrates, is observed, through all his works to have mentioned *το θεον* but once; and even then it is disputed by his commentators, whether that phrase had any relation to the Deity. However, Virgil, we see, was not ashamed to join these two qualifications together, the use of remedies, and a dependence on the gods for the success; and he has done it not here only, but in other places of his poem; particularly, where he mentions Hippolytus, as brought to life by the favour of Diana, and the skill of *Æsculapius* :

Pæoniis revocatum herbis, et amore Dianæ.

Will it be indecent after this, if I once more cite the son of Sirach's authority to the same purpose? "There is," says he, "a time, when in the hand of the physician there is good success: for he shall (not only prescribe, but) pray unto the Lord, that he would prosper what he gives for ease and remedy to prolong life." This, it seems, was a notion that prevailed among the Jews and heathens, as to the practice of physic: would it be any disgrace to us, if it were countenanced a little among Christian? But these reflections are perhaps too serious. I proceed to those that may be thought less exceptionable.

After Venus had secretly made the infusion,

Fovit ea vulnus lymphæ longævus Iapis
Ignorans.——

Though Virgil represents Iapis as knowing and experienced in his art, he thinks not, that he lessens his character by imputing ignorance in the present case to him. Divine assistances are unseen and unfelt at the time they are communicated: they appear only by the effect; which when it happened, we shall find Iapis to be the first who perceived and owned it. It is no reproach to his skill, that he did not himself light on this remedy, and apply it. How should he? when two of the ingredients were such as a god only, at that instant, could furnish, the juice of ambrosia, and the dictamnium or dittany, that grew on mount Ida, and on that mountain only? It seems the virtue of that herb consisted in applying it green, and in the flower:

——Puberibus foliis, et flore comantem
Purpureo——

In like manner, as the wild goats of Crete made use

use of it †. Iapis therefore could not possibly be master of it without the help of some divinity. Each way Virgil takes care, that the confessed ignorance of Iapis should be no blemish to him here; as we shall find, that his own ready acknowledgement of it afterwards does him great honour.

Upon Iapis's continuing to bathe the part, after this infusion, the cure is performed in an instant:

—*Subitoque omnis de corpore fugit*
Quippe dolor: omnis stetit imo in vulnere sanguis.
Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta
Excidit———

Three different symptoms of this cure are in these verses distinctly expressed. The pain Æneas felt vanished at once, the blood ceased to gush from his wound, and the arrow itself dropped easily out of it. It is observable how these several effects are adapted to the several ingredients, that were thrown into the bath by Venus. The dittany loosens the arrow: the plant he calls panacea removed the pain (for so the very derivation of the word implies); and the *succus salubris ambrosiæ*, whatever that juice was, helped to stanch the blood, and close the wound by its healing quality. So

† *Auditum est—capras in Creta feras, cum essent confixa venenatis sagittis, herbam querere, quæ dictæ amnus vocatur: quam cum gustavissent, sagittas excedere dicunt è corpore.* Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 2. I suppose Virgil to have had this passage of Cicero in his eye, because I find, that both he and Horace were very well versed in Cicero's writings, and made use sometimes of his very words; though they were too good courtiers to venture the displeasure of Augustus, by mentioning him with respect (as they must have done, if they had mentioned him at all) in their poems. And yet both had proper occasions of doing honour to his memory (as I could shew); but avoided them.

exactly

exactly has Virgil made the cause and the effect, the remedy and the cure, to correspond with each other. The issue of all is, after the enumeration of these symptoms, that Æneas's strength was immediately and entirely restored :

— *Atque novæ rediere in pristina vires.*

This effect was too unusual and sudden to flow merely from a natural cause : and therefore is added to shew, that the cure was miraculous ; and so we shall see Iapis understands and declares it to be, without the least hesitation.

He had been hitherto silent while the operation was going forward : nor could he indeed then have said any thing but what was discouraging. Now in a rapture he cries out :

Arma citi properate viro —

Arms, and the man who had now recovered his strength to wield them, are terms suited to each other : they are those, by which Virgil opens his Æneid, and includes in them the whole subject of it. He there uses them in his own person, and now, when the action draws to a close, he puts them again into the mouth of his favourite physician, who thus proceeds :

——— *Quid statis ? Iapis*

Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostes.

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,

Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat :

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

From these few words, and this short account of his behaviour, many things may be observed to his
advantage,

advantage, which Virgil with a masterly hand has either expressed or insinuated, in order to raise the character of Iapis, and render it every way amiable and venerable.

His public spirit, his zeal for Æneas's safety, and affection for his cause, are here apparent. What can declare them more, than the abrupt manner of his entering on this honest and beautiful expostulation ?

He stays not to congratulate his great patient upon the cure, or to receive the congratulations of others : his concern is only lest any moment should be lost ; and, therefore, he addresses himself immediately to the croud, and reproaches the delay of those, who stupidly looked on, and forbore to bring the hero his armour. Intent upon the common good, and pushed by a strong impulse, he neglects little decencies ; and, forgetting his profession, is the first to encourage the drooping soldiers, and to warm them into a desire of renewing the combat :

—*Primusque animos accendit in hostes.*

Virgil plainly intended by this account to tell us, that he was no less a good patriot, than an excellent physician.

His modesty, probity, and piety, appear at the same time to us. He disclaims all pretences to merit in this cure : he denies that art in general, or that his art in particular, did or could perform it :

*Nec hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat.*

He acknowledges the interposition of a divine power, without which all his own industry and

skill had been fruitless ; and having, by this means, shewn his master to be the immediate care of Providence, he fears not to promise him and his army success in the approaching engagement. The divinity that supplied the means, he was sure, would accomplish the work ; and therefore is so far from being alarmed at the new dangers which Æneas might run, that he pushes him anew into the midst of them :

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

This is painting to the life, tho' in miniature ; every stroke of the pencil discovers some new feature, something particularly beautiful, in the person intended to be drawn. Apollo, Virgil had told us, bestowed, originally, on Iapis three arts, in which he excelled :

Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.

Tho' Iapis had intermitted the study of those arts to pursue that of medicine ; yet still we find him possessed of the two first at least, and exerting them here in a very remarkable manner. His skill in divination (*augurium*) manifests itself by his first lighting on the cause of Æneas's cure, and then foretelling the event of it. His talent for poetry and music, which the word *cithara* implies, Virgil has taken care to secure to him, by those fine lines he makes him utter on this occasion, which are as just and numerous as any in the Æneid. And as to his knowledge of the *celeres sagittæ*, there is, methinks, some little reference, some allusion, to that gift, in the very nature of the operation, about which he is employed. So that the poet forgets

gets not in the conclusion of this little episode (if I may so call it) what he had said at the entrance of it. His account of Iapis is throughout consistent, and of a piece. And I may, after this particular examination of it, now safely appeal to men of judgment and taste, whether what I laid down concerning the character of Iapis be not true; that it is certainly one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect, that occurs throughout the poem; and consequently must have been designed to represent some physician of note, with whom Virgil was particularly acquainted; and who could that be but Antonius Musa? Happy he was to be acquainted with such a poet, and such a friend, who knew his worth, and did such justice to it, that I persuade myself, if Musa outlived Virgil, and the edition of his poem (as I think he did), he valued himself more upon these verses of his, than upon all the liberalities of Augustus.

An endeavour to set this point in a true light, was the real occasion of what I have written; wherein I have also intermixed reflections of a different kind as they occurred, and as I judged them useful to illustrate the art and conduct of Virgil in managing this incident. Some of these reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refined, and rather fanciful than just. I am apt to think them so myself, and that I have here and there indulged my passion for Virgil, and ascribed to him more than he expressly intended. A very pardonable fault in his commentators and admirers! who are sure to omit ten observations, that might be made to his advantage, for any one which they start, that does not strictly belong to him. However, most of the thoughts I advance, have, if I mistake not, a real and solid foundation. Such as they are, they have
offered

offered themselves to me without the help of books, of which I am not now master; and if I were, should, perhaps, have chosen not to consult them; being persuaded, that the text of great authors, well considered, is always the best comment on itself, and affords the truest light towards entering into the sense and spirit of them.

The contemners of the ancients take more pains to censure than understand them. Such reflections as these, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juster notions than they have, of the exactness and propriety of Virgil's thoughts and expressions, and lead them to peruse his works with more attention and reverence than they usually bestow upon them. For certainly he was a man, who with a noble ambition aimed at immortality, and took the truest ways to compass it. He had always in his eye that important advice of Longinus, given to those writers who desire to excel: That they should frequently ask themselves the question, *πως μετ' ἐμὲ ἀλλοτρίῳ ὁ αἰὼν*, How will ages to come think and speak of me? In this spirit, and with this view, he writ his *Æneid*. Had he given it his last hand, it would, I am persuaded, have been the noblest work, that the mind of man by its natural powers (not only did ever produce, for such it now is, but) is capable of producing. That is not the case; for he died before he could finish it, and laid that disappointment so much to heart, as to endeavour to destroy what did not answer the idea of perfection he had conceived. There is no room to dispute this fact; the authorities for it are beyond exception; and it gives us an higher notion of Virgil, than even his poem can furnish us with; since it was, doubtless, a greater proof of his superior judgment and genius

to resolve to burn what he had written, because he held it imperfect, than to have been able to compose it. We are beholden to Varius and Tucca, that this resolution was not executed; and posterity ought ever to be grateful to their memory on that account. What they writ themselves is lost, and lost, perhaps, by the surpassing excellence of the poem which they preserved, and by the extraordinary praises, which they themselves (whose judgment was then held in high repute) without envy bestowed upon it.

How different has the fate of Virgil been in our days! When men have tried their reputation on the ruin of his; and by finding faults with his matchless work, to make way for the reception of their own insipid performances. The ill success of the attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. These, I hope, may be the last efforts, that ignorance, and want of taste, will make on the characters of men, whom the universal applauses of so many succeeding ages has put beyond the reach of our censure, and whom it will ever be our happiness to admire, and our glory to imitate.

Hæc ego lusi

*Ad Sequanæ ripas, Tamesino a flumine longe,
Jam senior, languensque, sed ipsa in morte meorum
Quos colui, patriæque memor, nec degener usquam.*

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whose death the poem concludes.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latians, in despair,
Sink with the weight of unsuccessful war,
Himself the object of the public spite
Mark'd out, and summon'd to the promis'd fight;

I have forborn hitherto (says Segrais) to speak of one of principal beauties of this poem; which is, the unity and simplicity of its action, and to shew, that an epopee ought to terminate happily. This rule, that the action should be *one* and *simple*, is founded on the authority of Aristotle, and the opinion of all his commentators. But the reasons of this practice are clear of themselves: for if, in general, poetry be an imitative art, there is no doubt, but that the imitation of an object is much more perfect when it is simple, than when not. In the second place, if the poet write to divert, it is as evident, that he will divert and amuse the reader so much the less in bewildering him in a variety of things which he proposes for his subject, than if he had kept only one point in view.

The great beauty which springs from this truth, is visibly manifested by the faultiness of its contrary; so that one need only survey the absurdities which arise from a confusion of the subject, to have a just idea of the excellencies of those maxims, which Virgil and Homer have laid down for their patterns. But let us now particularly examine this beauty in the poem before us. Virgil has chosen for the action of the Æneid, the arrival of the hero Æneas in Italy: there is nothing more simple, and at the same time (so great the art of this poet) there

The furious prince the single combat claims,
And conscious courage sets his soul in flames.

5

there is nothing but what is contained in this action, whether past, present, or to come.

For though Æneas is tost by a tempest; though he arrives at Carthage, and relates the history of Troy, and his different adventures; though he is beloved by Dido, so that she kills herself for grief at his departure; though he afterwards celebrates games at the tomb of his father, descends into hell, and, in fine, comes to make war against the most brave people of Italy; all this doth not fall into the action which is declared in the poet's proposition; and yet, at the same time, what can be more simple, what more truly one, than this action? If you consider the consequence of this action, simple as it appears, it is the foundation of the most illustrious nation, and the most famous empire, that ever existed: and by the incredible address, and wonderful genius, of Virgil, what is there in this divine work derogatory from that grandeur? Or what is there more absurd, than to imagine, that this poem is not complete, because the nuptials of Lavinia are not consummated? There is no need to observe, that the nuptials are not mentioned in the proposition of the poem. Indeed there is much reason to find fault with Ascanius's not founding the kingdom of Alba; for it must be owned, that the poet says, that the arrival of Æneas in Italy gave rise to the kings of Alba:

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.

But we may plainly perceive, that these kings of Alba are not in the action, but a consequence of it; and the poet speaks of them, only to shew the importance of that action. And yet, the same art which Virgil has made use of, in bringing in so *apropos* every circumstance preceding the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and all that could add to the beauty of his fable, or his subject, has so conducted the matter, that there is nothing omitted, which was subsequent to the action of Æneas, whether it regarded himself, or had any reference to the grandeur of the Cæsars, or the glory of Rome. It is impossible to attempt any supplement to this work, without being obliged to repeat what Virgil has already said; for whether we bring the *apotheosis* of Æneas, or his unhappy death, and his reigning but three years after having conquered Turnus, as a proof or what I have advanced; all this is mentioned in the poem, and
each

As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart ;

each circumstance has its proper place allotted it. In the imprecations which Dido utters against Æneas, it is plain that she hints at the misfortune which will befall him, where she says ;

—*Nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regni aut optata pace fruatur :
Sed cadat ante diem, mediæque inhumatus arena.*

And what befall Lavinia, when she was delivered of Sylvius, surnamed Posthumus, after the death of Æneas, is plainly expressed in the prediction of Anchises, B. VI.

*Sylvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
Quem tibi longævo serum Lavinia conjux
Educat sylvis regem, regumque parentem :
Unde genus longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.*

And, by the way, I must observe, that the word *longævo* does not signify, that Æneas was then very old (as all the commentators have it) ; but that he was immortal, as the gods, who are so called, because their life is without end. And this very *apotheosis* is promised by Jupiter in the prediction which he makes B. I. by way of consolation to Venus for the troubles which Æneas was to suffer. And this is again confirmed by what he says to Juno herself, B. XII.

*Indigitem Æneam scis ipsa, & scire fateris,
Deberi cælo, fatisque ad sidera tolli.*

In a word, every thing subsequent to the fight between Turnus and Æneas ; for instance, the peace made with the Latins by the means of the nuptials of Lavinia : the union of the two nations ; and the extinction of the Trojan name ; all this, I say, is plainly expressed, in the treaty which Jupiter and Juno make, B. XII. So that, on the whole, we must necessarily conclude, that the action is not only simple, and one, but that it is likewise intirely perfect. All the commentators on Virgil have made the truth of this evidently appear, by giving such strong reasons for it, that it is needless to add any thing farther on this head : and, indeed, the reasons are so self-evident, that the foregoing plain remark will be sufficient to give the reader a clear insight into the whole.

The reason why the action should end happily, may be accounted for in the same manner : Since the design in proposing

And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
 Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane; 10
 Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies;
 And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies.
 So storm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful strain,
 Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
 Where is this Trojan foe, so bold and brave? 15
 Would he retract the challenge that he gave?

posing every epic action is to excite brave men to great and glorious enterprizes, should it be previously known, that it would necessarily end unhappily, it would be rather a means of deterring from, than exciting them to the execution of any grand exploit.

I will only add, that, among all the books of the *Æneid*, there is not one, where the poet has conducted that part which concerns the marvellous, with greater art and address. Surprise and admiration are so frequently raised in this book, that one must quote every passage, if one would remark all that is calculated to raise our wonder and astonishment. Among numberless instances, let us just examine the turns and changes of fortune: A peace is concluded upon; an augury breaks it: A battle ensues: The Trojans are victorious: *Æneas* is wounded: The Latins repulse the Trojans to their camp; Venus heals *Æneas* in a miraculous manner: The hero relieves his own party: He cannot oblige Turnus to renew the engagement: He prepares to attack the town of the Latins: At last Turnus is compelled to fight him in single combat: All the events which happen during this combat, taken together, compose the different peripeties of this book; and detain the reader in such a manner, that it is impossible to desist till he has gone through the whole.

15. *Where is this Trojan foe.*] No contrast can be more finely managed, than the fierceness, the fire, and hastiness, of Turnus's speech (consisting of short, broken sentences, unconnected with particles), opposed to the cool reasoning, the sober sedateness, of the good old king Latinus's answer, which immediately follows. The poet himself, to mark this opposition more strongly, has artfully added the preparatory epithet *sedato*, and introduces Turnus's speech with

—*Ita turbidus infit.*

My soul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the sacred rite;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight. 20
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away
(Our hosts may sit spectators of the day!)
This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war, 25
And to his arms resign the royal fair.

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight, 30
The more it should concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardor to assuage
With the cool caution of confid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own, 35
Besides a fair hereditary throne!
Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey:—
Thus both may reign with independent sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race. 40
Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Tho' harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my comfort's tears and cries, 45
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.

From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know : 50
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath diviae ;
Where all the sad pre-eminence is thine.

In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our last hopes are shelter'd in the town :
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore, 55
And the full streams of Tyber smoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irresolute and blind ?

What changeful phrensy turns my wav'ring mind ?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the stern debate may end ! 60

How would all Italy my name disgrace !
How all my kindred of thy royal race !
Shouldst thou (which heav'n avert !) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed !
If I should hasten to so sad an end 65

My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend !
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars ;
Pity thy rev'rend father's silver hairs,
Who mourns thy absence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of so dear a son ! 70

But no success these warm intreaties found :
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he speak for rage, disdain, and pride
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd :
O best of fathers ! all this needless care
For Turnus' life, at his request, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with scorn disclaim,
For the bright purchase of immortal fame.

This hand, these weapons too, are fatal found ;
 And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound. 80
 Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
 The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud,
 Nor shield the coward with her aid divine :—
 This day, ye gods ! this glorious day, is mine.

But now the frantic queen, on these alarms, 85
 Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms :
 Oh ! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request ;
 If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast
 For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield !
 Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field. 90
 Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,
 Thou only prop of my declining years !
 Our sinking house relies on thee alone ;
 On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
 In thy misfortune must Amata join ; 95
 Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
 With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
 Nor live a captive to a Trojan son.

With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
 Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears. 100

98. *Nor live a captive.*] Virgil here prepares the first part of the unravelling of his poem. This consists in the death of Amata, who obstructs the execution of the marriage of her daughter with Æneas. This obstacle could not be removed, but by the death of this queen. CATROU.

99. *With pity touch'd.*] This picture shews how great a matter Virgil is of grace. Lavinia, strongly affected with the queen's pathetic address to Turnus, weeps for the danger to which he is going to expose himself ; and at the same time blushes, and looks downward, from a consciousness of his loving her.—Her tears and blushes inflame him afresh with love.

A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
 Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
 So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red;
 So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,
 Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair, 105
 The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
 And thus—O royal mother! cease your fears,
 Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.

love; he gazes on her with the utmost ardour, and is still more desirous of engaging with Æneas. It is to be observed, that Turnus speaks to the favourite object of his wishes with a look only: what eloquence is there implied in *figitque in virgine vultus*! He gazes only at Lavinia, but speaks his resolution to Amata in express terms. Spenser has borrowed his image of *Shamefacedness* from this appearance of Lavinia.

105. — *Then, gazing on the fair.*] What Trapp, in this place, calls a new nominative case, is, I think, extremely elegant:

Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus.

He had no occasion to say, *Turnum turbat amor*; every reader must see Turnus implied in the word *illum*, as it was for him Lavinia blushed and wept.

107. *And thus — O royal mother!*] Turnus does not stay for an answer from Amata, but instantly proceeds to arm himself for the fight. This is quite agreeable to his impetuous temper. His pride and pleasure at seeing his steeds approach instantly, after having called for them, is conceived in a most lively manner. As this is the last time of his going to battle, the last decisive day, the poet describes the armour he is putting on, more minutely and particularly. The image of his snatching, or, as it were, violently catching at, his vast spear, which always stood against a massy pillar in the old hall of Latinus, is nobly drawn. This is imitated (but highly improved in every circumstance) from Homer's *Odyss. B. I.* His address to the spear, while he is shaking it, is quite in character. See Hector arming himself, *Il. XIX.*

108. *Nor send me.*] Tears and apprehensions of danger were deemed, among the ancients, bad presages, when the

'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fix'd my date,
 To check th' unalterable course of fate.
 Go, faithful herald; go! and instant bear
 This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear:

110

Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
 He need not lead his forces to the field:
 Our single valour shall dispute the day
 (The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
 Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
 And the proud victor gain the royal bride.

115

He said; and furious to the palace speeds;
 There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
 Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
 White as the snow, and swifter than the wind,
 Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
 The fires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
 Before their lord the gen'rous coursers bound,
 Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
 The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
 And gently stroke their chests, and sooth their noble pride.

120

125

people were going out to war; as a false step, when one is setting out on a journey.

CATROU.

Jason speaks in the same manner to his mother. Apollon. B. I.

123. *Of old, to great Pilumnus.*] How could Orithyia (say the commentators), who was of Attica, and carried by Boreas into Thrace, give these horses to Pilumnus, who was an Italian? Catrou observes, that the fiction is a little forced; and urges, in defence of Virgil, that Pilumnus was a god, and Orithyia a goddess. They had opportunity of knowing each other in the assemblies of the gods; and Pilumnus might receive from her this breed of horses that came from Thrace, where Orithyia reigned.

Meantime the hero drew his armour on ;
With gold and burnish'd brags the cuirass shone. 130
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temples spread ;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head ;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper ; which the fiery god 135
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall ;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin ; and with fury spoke : 140
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand !
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command ;
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield !
And mine now throws ; the terror of the field !
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain, 145
But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain :
Oh ! give me, thro' his heart thy point to thrust,
And soil his scented tresses in the dust,
The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
And by one noble stroke to terminate the war ! 150
Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies ;
Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight ;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns, 155
And tries on every tree his angry horns ;
Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air ;
And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.

As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
 The Trojan blazes in celestial arms ; 160
 To meet his rival in the field prepares,
 Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
 He sets his sorrowing friends and son at ease ;
 Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees ;
 And instant bids the messengers report 165
 The terms of combat to the Latian court.

Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold !)
 Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold ;
 The sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
 From their wide nostrils snort the beams of day ; 170
 When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
 And in just limits close the lifted ground :
 Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
 Of earth or heav'n, whom either host adores.
 In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring 175
 The sacred fire, and water from the spring,

Here, with bright lances, all the Ausonian train
 Pour thro' the op'ning portals to th' plain :
 The Trojans there, and Tuscans in array,
 And ranks embattled bend their eager way. 180

164. *Expounds the fates.*] The destinies had determined, that Æneas should be established in Italy, and that he should lay the first foundations of the Roman empire. Turnus was fated to fall a victim to this establishment. CATROU.

167. *Scarce had the morn.*] With what magnificence does the poet represent the sun rising on this important decisive day! *Sciendum*, says Servius, *nunquam diem sic potenter descripsisse Virgilium*. One would think it surprising, that the spirit of alteration and correction, extravagant as it is, should so strangely infatuate some commentators, as to persuade them to read *elatis* for *elatis* ; to destroy a fine image, for the merit of a various reading, which, at the same time, diminishes the sentiment.

Amid the thousands with a grace divine,
 In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
 Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Asylas stood ;
 Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood ;
 There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain, 185
 Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
 The sign now giv'n thro' each impatient host,
 Each chief retires to his appointed post.
 At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
 And pitch their idle jav'lines in the fields. 190
 Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
 Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
 With longing eyes the great event they wait,
 And crouds on crouds press forward thro' the gate.
 But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows, 195
 (Tho' then without a name the mountain rose)
 The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
 The hosts embattled, and the crouded field.
 Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
 O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides, 200

187. *The sign.*] It was highly improper to introduce so solemn and important a thing as this league, on the keeping which strictly, the whole action was to turn, with all the pomp and solemnity described from hence to verse 250.

195. *Albano's shady brows.*] The particularizing this mountain must have been highly pleasing to the Roman readers of this poem.

199. *Then to brave Turnus' sister.*] The sister of Turnus was called Juturna. Virgil here relates the accident which was the occasion of her being ranked among the gods. What gave Virgil an opportunity of forming this fiction was, that near the river Numicus sprung up a fountain, which was called Juturna *a juvando*, because its waters were of a salutary nature. To this nymph a temple was dedicated, and a feast instituted in honour of her, called Juturnalia. CATROU.

(On the fair nymph, that province was bestow'd
 For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)
 Her fears the goddess of the skies express'd ;
 And thus the regent of the floods address'd :

Queen of the founts and streams, and far above 205
 The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
 Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
 Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed ;
 Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
 And share th' immortal honours of the skies. 210

See the story of this nymph in Ovid's *Fast.* 2. 585.

Aristotle observes in his *Poetics*, that there are fewer good than bad women, and that they do more mischief than service in the world : Virgil hath but too exactly followed this opinion. Venus indeed, the mother and protectress of Æneas, appears in an amiable light throughout the poem. The Sibyl assists our hero. Cybele and Andromache have no ill qualities ascribed to them ; but they appear but little. To outweigh this small number of good women, there are many others, represented as bad characters, and very unfavourable to the hero. Juno is his grand enemy ; she employs Iris, Juturna, and Ælecto, to oppose his design. Dido endeavoured to destroy him at Carthage ; and calls to her assistance, her sister, her nurse, and a magician. The harpyes drive him from their island. Helen is a pest, that has ruined both Trojans and Greeks ; the Trojan women, Æneas's own subjects, set fire to his fleet. Amata despises the commands of the gods, and the will of the king her husband ; and, with the Latin women, is the first who kindles the war. Hostilities are commenced at the instigation of Sylvia. Even the women, who were dearest to our hero, involved him in great difficulties and sorrows. At the end of the second book we see his affliction for the lost Creusa. And Lavinia is the cause of all the evils he suffers in the last six books. Bossu, p. 307.

The ladies, I hope, will despise these cruel and groundless reflections on their virtuous and amiable sex, since they were made only by a solitary priest, condemned to celibacy, and utterly unacquainted with their excellencies.

With deep concern sad tidings must I bear,
 What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.
 The Latian state and Turnus, in the war,
 While fortune favour'd, were my constant care.
 Now his inevitable hour draws nigh ; 215
 On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.

But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
 Lo! I retire ; nor can I bear the fight.

If thou can'st save him yet from death, descend :

Some better fate thy efforts may attend ; 220

Fly—and exert the sister and the friend.

She said ; Juturna wept, by grief oppress'd,

Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breast.

Fly, Juno cries, and stop the dire debate,

Fly, fly, and snatch him, if you can, from fate. 225

Nor waste the hours in tears, and vain despair ;

Break, break the truce, and wake the slumb'ring war.

On me discharge the crime.—The goddess said ;

And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.

Now came the kings : four stately courfers bear, 230

In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.

Twelve golden rays around his temple shone,

To mark his glorious lineage from the sun.

216. *Doom'd to die.*] It must be owned, that this line injudiciously anticipates the important event of Turnus's death, concerning which the reader should have been kept in suspense.

218. *Lo ! I retire.*] Juno was prohibited to concern herself in this war. All she does is done indirectly, and by the agency and ministry of Juturna. CATROU.

223. *Her iv'ry breast.*] *Honestum*, orig. is used for beautiful, Geo. II. 392.

232. *Twelve golden.*] The twelve spikes, in the *corona radiatis*, were supposed in general to allude either to the twelve

Young Turnus next appear'd ; two spears he held,
 And two white courfers drew him to the field. 235
 Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
 Th' illustrious father of the Roman line ;

twelve signs of the Zodiac, or the twelve labours of Hercules. Here they bear a particular allusion to the lineage of Latinus, who was descended from the sun.

237. *Th' illustrious father of the Roman line.*] Virgil is ever looking back on his principal action, that is, the foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy ; from whence the Romans were originally derived. This action, doubtless, is the end of the poem, and the object to which all is referred. Critics are divided concerning the main design which the poet ought to have in view, when he undertakes an epic poem.

Some pretend that it is the sole business of the poet to model an hero of his own, in whom every heroic virtue must be centered, for the instruction of those persons, who by their birth or rank are destined to heroic employments. If this was the case, Homer, the first inventor of the epic, might be esteemed the destroyer of it ; the examples of his heroes contribute much less to form the manners, than to corrupt them. This Horace was aware of, when, in his epistle to Lollius, he represents the vices of the chiefs who signalized themselves in the Iliad :

*Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, & ira,
 Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.*

Others imagine, that some particular moral truth is the object of an epic poem : as in the fables of Æsop, some one maxim and precept for the conduct of life is inculcated in each story.

But it appears from Aristotle, that the *action* is what constitutes the essence of the *epopœia*, and is the chief object of the poet's design. The re-establishment of the peace of a family and kingdom, which had been disturbed by the importunate suitors of Penelope, is one *action*. The foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy, and, by means of that, the foundation afterwards of Rome itself, is another *action*. This is therefore the principal design of the Greek and Latin poet. 'Tis true, each of these *actions* convey some particular moral ; and what *action* does not ? One may moralize on every subject in the world. In a word, what Aristotle says is expressly

High in his hand the starry buckler rais'd ;
And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
With him his son Ascanius took his place, 240
The second hope of Rome's majestic race.
Slow the procession moves : the sacred priest
Stood by his altar, in the linen vest ;
A tender lamb for sacrifice preferr'd,
And a young victim from the bristly herd. 245
They turn their faces to the dawning day ;
The salted cakes with solemn rev'rence pay ;
The victims sign'd ; the foremost hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the first libations threw.
Then the great Trojan prince unsheath'd his sword, 250
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

pressly this :—The poets do not feign an action for the sake of the manners ; but the instruction of the manners follows the action.

CATROU.

A sensible writer observes, that, although we cannot fix upon one single moral lesson, as the sole intention of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Æneid* ; it ought not from hence to be concluded, their authors had no design at all, farther than to compose an amusing story. If we consider the immense variety of useful observations, which may be drawn from a diligent examination of every part of the conduct of the several persons in the *Iliad* only, it is not to be conceived, how the writer by mere accident, and without any express design, could possibly lay together so copious a fund for the most instructive moral reflections. The distinction which ought here to be made, is between allowing, in these poems, no other intention than to exemplify some general maxim relating to mens conduct, and the more extensive design of exhibiting some finished picture of life, wherein may be exposed to view, not only the natural consequences of human actions, but the tempers and the passions of men, with the internal motives both to good actions, and to those deviations from the general principles of virtue, which we daily see and lament in the world.

PEMBERTON on epic poetry, p. 19.

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
 Great source of day, be witness to my vow!
 Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r); 255
 'Thou Mars, inthron'd on great Olympus' height,
 Lord of the field, and master of the fight;
 Ye springs, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
 Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden sky;
 Hear, and attest! if, victor in the fray, 260
 The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
 My son his claim of empire shall release;
 My Trojan subjects shall depart in peace.
 But should the conquest prove my happy lot,
 (For so I think, and heav'n confirm the thought!) 265
 The Latians never shall my rule obey;
 Already I disclaim th' imperial sway.
 From fight let each unconquer'd nation cease,
 And join in leagues of everlasting peace.
 To king Latinus I resign the care, 270
 The pomp of state, with all concerns of war,
 And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
 And the religious province, shall be mine.

252. *Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
 Great source of day, be witness to my vow!*

In this solemn manner the oath of Calypso is introduced
 Odyss. B. V.

*Ἰσθ' ὅτι τὸδε γαῖα, καὶ ἄπαντος οὐρανοῦ ὑπερθεῖν.
 But hear, O earth! and hear, ye sacred skies!*

POPE.

Rapin allows this to be an instance of true sublimity; and I must confess, that there is something more awful in it, than in Virgil's copy. The like expression is found in Deuteronomy, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." Chap. xxxii. ver. 1.

For me my Trojan friends a town shall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name. 275

Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the skies.
By the same oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode; 280
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!

Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whose bolts avenge the broken vow!
To sanctify my word, behold! I stand,
And on these hallow'd altars lay my hand: 285

Whate'er ensues, misfortune or success,
No time shall break this solemn league of peace,
Nor shake my purpose; but intire, and whole,
I'll keep the sacred tenor of my soul;

No art shall win me, and no pow'r compel; 290
Not, tho' the golden skies should plunge to hell;

Yon starry splendors from their spheres should fall,
And ocean spread his waters o'er the ball.

Firm is the sword, and sure the oath I swore;
Sure, as this sceptre ne'er shall flourish more; 295

295. *Sure, as this sceptre.*] I agree with Pope, that this passage does not come up to the spirit and propriety of that in Homer, from whence Virgil copied it. Scaliger, on a comparison of the diction only, gives the preference to Virgil, B. V. Poet. c. 4. But, says Pope, it fails in a greater point than any he has mentioned; which is, that being there used on occasion of a peace, it has no emblematical reference to division, and yet describes the cutting of the wood, and its incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as Homer. It is borrowed by Valerius Flaccus, in his third
book;

No more its verdant honours shall renew,
 Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew ;
 Now by the artist's hand adorn'd with brass,
 And worn successive by our regal race !

The princes thus the solemn compact bound 300
 By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.

book ; where he makes Jason swear, as a warrior, by his spear :

*Hanc ego magnanimi spoliū Didymænis hastam,
 Ut semel est avulsa jugis, a matre peremta,
 Quæ neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
 Fida ministeria, & duras obit horrida pugnas,
 Testor—*

And indeed, however he may here borrow some expressions from Virgil, or fall below him in others, he has nevertheless kept to Homer in the emblem, by introducing the oath upon Jason's grief for failing to Colchis with Hercules ; when he had separated him from the body of the Argonauts, to search after Hylas. Ruæus observes, that Virgil should have spared so minute and particular a description of the sceptre. What he means by this is, I suppose, the *Artificis manus ore decoro includit*. But that circumstance adds to the impossibility of its ever sprouting again, and should be looked upon as mentioned by Virgil on that account. Aristotle, Polit. 3. tells us, that it was customary for kings to swear by their sceptres. Hamlet, according to the ancient custom of his country, swears by his sword. See Upton upon Shakespeare.

299. *And sworn successive.*] “ In the simplicity of the earlier ages of the world, the sceptres of kings were really no other than long walking-staves ; and thence had the very name of sceptre, which now sounds so magnificently (*Σκηπτέρον απο τῆ σκηπτέου*). The old sceptres being as long as an hunting-pole, may serve to explain some expressions in Virgil, relating to king Latinus's sceptre ; which would not be so proper, if applied to a truncheon, or a modern sceptre :

Ut sceptrum hoc, &c.—

It was a whole young tree, cut from the root, and stript of its branches.”

POLYMETIS, Dial. 6. p. 51.

The priests before the fires the victims slay ;
Eager the smoking entrails rend away ;
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay. }

But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppress'd, 305
And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breast.

Long since they saw their prince o'er-match'd in might,
And curs'd the terms of such unequal fight.

Their dread increases, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear. 310

Trembling, aghast, he moves with silent pace :

A deadly paleness spreads o'er all his face.

Close by the altar's side, in care profound,

His pensive eyes he fixt upon the ground.

Soon as the sister saw the giddy croud 315
Had chang'd their minds, and spoke their fears aloud ;

In great Camertes' form, of high renown

For birth, his father's valour and his own,

Her flight amidst the murm'ring bands she took,

Inflam'd their rage, and thus the host bespoke : 320

What shame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,

On one to lay the whole success of war !

Behold the utmost force the foe can boast,

The few poor relics of their shatter'd host.

Heav'ns !—can we shrink from such a slender pow'r ! 325

Are not our men the same ? our numbers more ?

Should our whole army to the fight repair,

Scarce all their troops would half employ our war !

'Tis true, your hero to the gods shall rise,

A self-devoted victim to the skies. 330

Yet the brave chief eternal praise shall claim,

And live for ever in a length of fame :

While we, O shame ! a base degen'rate host
 Look tamely on, and see our country lost !
 Stretch our vile hands to servitude abhorr'd, 335
 And court the bondage of a foreign lord !

This fiery speech inflam'd the list'ning train ;
 Thro' all the host the gath'ring murmur ran.
 Now chang'd, the Latians wish for peace no more,
 But long to break the league they fought before. 340
 They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
 With eager ardor to renew the war.

His sister sent (the tumult to improve)
 A false delusive omen from above.
 In pomp a tow'ring eagle soars on high, 345
 And sudden, shooting from th' ethereal sky,
 Drives a vast flock of watry fowls before,
 On sounding wings, along the winding shore ;
 Then, where the floods in soft meanders ran,
 In his huge talons trufs'd a silver swan. 350
 Th' astonish'd Latian bands in courage rise,
 When lo ! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes) }
 Turn, and pursue the victor thro' the skies.
 Prest by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
 He drops the prize, and wings th' aëreal way ; 355
 With shouts the Latians hail th' auspicious sight,
 Range all their troops, and hasten to the fight.

345. *In pomp a tow'ring eagle.*] This augury was necessary, to make so sudden, and, at the same time, so irreligious a change, the more probable, and suitable to truth. Virgil never fails of a due decorum. The words *mentes Italas* should be particularly observed ; the Italians were more credulous with regard to auguries, than other nations. The manner of divining events by the flight of birds took its rise, it is said, from Etruria.

CATROU.

'Tis what I wish'd, the long-expected sign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine:
Rise, follow me, my friends, your aid supply, 360
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While thro' your wasted shores the victor sweeps;
Who now shall soon rush headlong to the deeps.

Haste; save your leader from the fatal fray;
Close, close your ranks; engage; and win the day. 365

He said; sprung forth; and 'midst the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whistled as it flew.

Tumultuous shouts pursue the parting spear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.

Nine brave Arcadians at their squadrons head, 370
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuscan bed,

Shone in the front; the spear impetuous flew
Amidst the brothers, and the youngest flew;

A lovely blooming youth; with fury cast,
Beneath the belt the steely jav'lin past, 375

Transfix'd the stripling with a deadly wound,
And stretch'd him pale and gasping on the ground.

All fir'd with vengeance for their brother slain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.

359. *Tolumnius cry'd.*] To shew the force of this omen, Virgil represents the augur himself deceived by it, and the first man who begins an act of hostility. The conduct of Virgil is admirable in feigning him to kill one out of the nine Arcadian brethren, who were ranged together; as they must consequently revenge his death, in doing which a commotion is naturally raised, sufficient to involve both armies in a general engagement. Thus eight men are instantly interested in the death of one. If any common man, one of no connexions, *vilis aliquis* (as Servius terms it), had been killed, his death might have been considered as a circumstance too trifling to be the occasion of breaking so solemn a league.

Some draw the glitt'ring sword, and some advance 380
With the broad spear, and shake the flaming lance.

With equal speed, their ardor to oppose,
Pour forth in endless tides the Latian foes.

As swift th' Arcadian troops, with sculptur'd shields,
Rush'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields. 385
Strait to their ensigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.

The madding croud the sacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; toss the fires around;
And seize the goblets; while the jav'ins fly 390
In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.

The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.

Some yoke the courfers to the car with speed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the snorting steed. 395
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright swords, and headlong rush to fight.

Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Messapus spurr'd his thund'ring horse
Full on Aulestes, with a furious spring, 400
Who wore the royal ensigns of a king:

O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in dust, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain! 405

391. *In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.*] Milton seems to have adopted the strong expressions of the original:

—————Shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r.—————

Par. Reg. B. III. 323.

Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid speed,
Shook his huge spear, and, bending from the steed,
Transfixt the monarch; then, insulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim sure must please the skies!
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey, 410
Strip the warm corse, and bear the spoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebusus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus shook the spear,
He rush'd against him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and dash'd it on his face. 415
Thro' ambient air a noisome scent expires,
As the long beard thrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he stood with sudden darkness round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then seiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd, 420
And plung'd the vengeful falchion in his side.
From Pedalirius, eager to pursue,
Thro' the first ranks, the shepherd Albus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his ax descending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful stroke his shatter'd skull. 425
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirsty sands are drench'd with streams of gore.

413. *And at bold Chorinæus.*] Mr. Pope, in his observations on Homer's catalogue of ships, justly censures Virgil for not having in some places sufficiently distinguished his heroes, who have the same name. Thus in B. IX. ver. 571. *orig.* a Chorinæus is killed by Asylas; and here a Chorinæus kills Ebusus: a Numa is found among the slain, after the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus; and another Numa is pursued by Æneas, B. X. ver. 562. Homer (says Pope) is constantly careful to distinguish two of a name, so that one shall not be mistaken for the other, as Ajax Oileus, and Alax Telamonius.

An iron sleep came swimming o'er his sight,
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.

But the just Trojan prince, amidst the band, 430
Without his helmet rush'd, and stretch'd his hand :
Whither, my friends, ah ! whither wou'd you run ?
The terms stand fixt ; the combat is my own.
Dismiss your fears ; nor my revenge pursue ;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due. 435
That victim, these religious rites demand,
Already sacred to this conqu'ring hand.

While yet he spoke ; loud-hissing thro' the skies,
With thirsty rage, a feather'd arrow flies ;
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim ; 440
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or assisting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe bestow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty host was found,
Who claim'd the merit of so base a wound. 445

The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field :
High hopes of conquest in his bosom rise ;
Strait for his courfers, and his arms, he cries ;

430. *But the just.*] The character of Æneas is well supported by this circumstance, of making him exclaim with grief, and eager concern, at the violation of the league.

446. *The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld.*] The absence of Æneas revives the courage of Turnus. He is once more a conqueror, as he was before when Æneas was in Etruria. This is what may be called an indirect praise of the hero, which Virgil learned from Homer. The absence of Achilles gives the victory to the Trojans in the Iliad ; as the Latins, in the Æneid, are always masters of the field, when Æneas is absent.

CATROU.

Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car, 450
 Shakes the loose reins, and rushes to the war.
 Raging he spreads the growing slaughter round :
 Some foes expire ; some welter on the ground :
 Some fly—in vain ! for, swifter than the wind,
 His winged lance arrests 'em from behind. 455
 Fierce o'er the prostrate foes the hero rolls
 His whirling wheels, and crushes out their souls.
 As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
 Flies to the combat on his rattling car ;

458. *As when on Hebrus' banks.]* I cannot help giving the reader an opportunity of comparing Dryden's translation of this sublime simile with that before us :

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
 The god of battles, in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field :
 Before the wind his fiery courfers fly ;
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky :
 Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
 Dire faces and deform'd, surround the car,
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war. }

These lines partake of the fire of the original : but the
 —*Gemit ultima pulsus Thraca pedum,*

is a circumstance unluckily omitted. And here it will not be improper to observe, that Dryden has given a much more laboured and correct translation of this book, than of any of the former. In his postscript to the reader he tells us, " If the last *Æneid* shine among its fellows, 'tis owing to the commands of Sir W. Trumbull, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it as his favourite to my care ; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine." And afterwards, " Being invited by that worthy gentleman Sir W. Bowyer, at Denham Court, I translated the first *Georgic* at his house, and the greatest part of the last *Æneid*. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found : no wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, &c. " From hence we may reasonably conclude, that want of leisure and the convenience

Frowns, shouts, and, clashing on his dreadful shield,⁴⁶⁰
Lashes his fiery courfers to the field ;

The steeds devour the ground, out-strip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the storm behind :

Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious course,
Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horse ; 465

Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghastly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.

So drove stern Turnus with resistless might,

His smoking courfers o'er the field of fight ;

Their rapid hoofs thro' heaps of carnage tore ; 470

Plung'd deep into the sands, distain'd with gore ;

of life occasioned many of the negligencies and inaccuracies so frequent in his translation : but at the same time, it must be owned, that an unwearied spirit, a fire truly poetical, pervades the whole. It will perhaps be superfluous to add, that Shakespear seems to have had this image of Mars in his eye, in the prologue to Henry V. ver. 5.

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leasht in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employments. —

The circumstance of Famine, Sword, and Fire, submissively waiting the orders of their master, when they should be at loose to action, is new and sublime.

On occasion of this fine simile, I would observe from Pope, that this is one of those comparisons that draw along with them some foreign circumstances. We must not often expect from Homer and Virgil, those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved ; they affect, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. They are sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts ; like those free painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece.

O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they dash the bloody dust around.

Now hapless Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he sent bold Sthenelus to hell. 475

These, hand to hand, he slew, approaching near;
The last, at distance, with his pointed spear:
At distance both th' Imbrasidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant fire:
In closer fight, the dauntless warriors join'd; 480
Or distanc'd with their steeds the winged wind.

There with high vaunts rush'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's son.

Base as his father, with his grandfire's name,
The recreant soldier fought the field of fame, 485

But with the luckless fortune of his fire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courfers for his hire,
When sent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, resign'd his breath, 490

And shar'd a juster recompence in death!

Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,

First a light dart he launch'd in open air, }

Stops the fleet steeds, and, furious, quits the car;

Stood o'er the Trojan, prostrate as he lay, 495

Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the sword away.

Then thro' his throat the deadly faulchion thrust,

And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust:

Lie there! possess the land thy valour gains!

And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains! 500

Such, such deserv'd rewards I still bestow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy!

Next, by his flying spear Asbutes bled: 505

A second lance laid mighty Chloerus dead.
In Dares' breast he plung'd the pointed steel,
And sent the bold Therfilochus to hell:

Then pierc'd Thymoetes with a fatal wound,
Whose flound'ring feed had cast him to the ground. 510

As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shores,

The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,

And break, and scatter, thro' the ruffled sky:

So where bold Turnus rush'd, inflam'd with ire, 515

Their orders scatter, and whole hosts retire.

Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains

New rage, new vigour, as he sweeps the plains.

High o'er his helm his crimson crest, inclin'd

By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind. 520

No more, in proud disdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To see the hero rule the tide of war;

But, rashly furious, to the car proceeds,

Seiz'd the loose reins, and turn'd the flying steeds.

Him, as suspended on the yoke he hung, 525

By the swift chariot dragg'd in dust along,

Thro' the bor'd corslet, the sharp jav'lin found,

And ras'd the warrior with a slender wound.

Yet with his shield oppos'd he dares the blow,

And with his brandish'd sword assaults the foe. 530

The whirling wheels, with fiery speed impell'd,
 Soon shoot him headlong on the sanguine field.
 Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
 Between the cuirass and the head it flew:
 The gushing blood distains the sands around, 535
 And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.

Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progress held,
 Rag'd, storm'd, and reign'd the master of the field;
 Achates, Mnestheus, and the royal heir,
 Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care, 540
 (As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went);
 And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
 The steel, deep-riveted, with eager hands
 He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
 More wide to lay the wound, a passage bare, 545
 Unroot the dart, and send him to the war.

Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
 Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.

540. *Attend the Trojan prince.*] The reader is alarmed at our hero's being wounded at so critical a time. His impatience to be healed, and to rush again to the battle, and the turn his presence gives to the army, deserve to be particularly admired.

541. *As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went.*] This is a true interpretation of *nitentem*. The epithet *longa* undoubtedly improves the image, which Trapp was not aware of, who translates *longa hasta*, ashen spear. This line seems to have been an hint to Milton, in his description of Satan walking over the burning soil of hell:

His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some proud ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle.—

Par. L. B. I. 292.

On whom the god had proffer'd to bestow
 His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow. 550
 But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
 The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
 And prescient skill ; but chose the healing part,
 A silent, useful, tho' inglorious art.

Unmov'd with all the sorrow and the care 555
 Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
 His mighty spear, th' impatient chief sustains, [pains.
 Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing
 The sage now hastens to the task assign'd,
 And first dispatchful tucks his robes behind ; 560
 Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
 To cool the smart, and mitigate the wound.
 His hands solicit now with tender art ;
 Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
 At length he pray'd ; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r ; 565
 And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
 Thick and more thick the growing horrors rise ;
 A cloud of dust involves the golden skies.
 The trampling steeds, the thund'ring foes, drew nigh,
 And 'midst the camp the show'ring jav'lines fly. 570

550. *His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow.]*

Augurium, citharamque, dabat, celeresque sagittas.

Mentioned by Callimachus, in Hymn. Apollin.

Φοιβῷ γὰρ καὶ πῆχον ἐπιρραπέλαι, καὶ ἀοιδῇ,
 Κεῖναι δὲ δεῖναι καὶ μαντικῇ. —

“ To Apollo belongs the bow, and the art of music ; and his are the stones made use of by soothsayers.”

569. *Foes drew nigh.]* This circumstance heightens our wounded hero's impatience ; as the uneasiness he expresses, shews his warmth and eagerness to return to battle.

The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound ;
Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the ground.

Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Descends the goddess mother on the plain.

A branch of sov'reign dittany she bore, 575
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.

Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array ;
The stalk in flow'rs ; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part. 580

This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuses in the golden vase ;

575. *A branch of sov'reign dittany.*] The text is here much controverted.

The common editions read *dictamnium genetrix*, &c. Catrou reads, for *dictamnium*, *Ipsa manu genetrix*, in which he follows Donatus. His reasons for such a reading are ; 1. Because the word *dictamnium* is useless here ; for why should the poet mention the proper name of a plant, which he makes a particular description of, sufficient to distinguish it from any other ? 2. We should read (if we would mention the proper name at all) *dictamni caulem*. 3. *Ipsa manu* gives us a stronger idea of maternal care ; she cropt this salutary plant with her own hand.—All these reasons (says Catrou), strengthened by the authority of Donatus, who affirms, that some manuscripts read so in his time, have induced me to choote this reading. It must be added, that there is an objection made to the word *dictamnium*, drawn from the description here given of it. Pliny reports, B. 25. c. 8. *Flos nullus [dictamni] est, aut semen, aut caulis*. Theophrastus gives it flowers ; Dioscorides, c. 32. l. 3. tells us, that it is a Cretan plant of an harsh taste : that it is soft, and like the *pulegium*, pennyroyal ; but with larger leaves, and those woolly or downy ; that it has neither flower nor seed ; that the juice of it heals wounds made with iron. But Catrou mentions some other botanical writers, who describe it according to our poet.

Tempers with scented panacæe the whole,
 And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.
 Nor knew the sage the succour that he found, 585
 But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
 At once the throbbing anguish past away ;
 Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
 The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
 Moves up, and answers the physician's hand. 590
 His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
 And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
 Japis first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
 That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
 Raptur'd he saw the cure ; and first impell'd 595
 The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
 Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms ;
 And instant send him to the dire alarms.
 This cure, great hero is no work of mine,
 Not mortal art, but done by hands divine. 600
 Thy life some guardian god has made his care,
 Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.
 The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
 His manly legs with golden greaves before.
 Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took, 605
 And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.
 High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd ;
 And, on his breast, the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
 Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son ;
 And kiss'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun. 610

603. *Had cover'd o'er.*] He had already done it, *incluserat* : he had not lost a moment's time.

From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my son, success in war.

I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day ;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name ; 615
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy soul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial fire ! 620

So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field ;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand ;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mnestheus led th' embattled train, 625
And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.

611. *From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others, learn, my son, success in war.*]

Virgil seems to have borrowed this sentiment from the Ajax
of Sophocles, ver. 553.

ὦ παῖ, γενοιο παλῶς εὐτυχέσσης,

τὰ δ' ἀλλ' ὁμοίως, καὶ γενοίαν ἔκακος.

There is something highly pleasing in this scene of Sophocles, to behold the stern and rugged Ajax melted into tenderness at the sight of his child, whom he begs to see when he is just recovered from his madness : the whole is extremely pathetic, and puts one in mind of that fine stroke of nature in Lucretius, B. V. 1016.

———*Puerique parentum*

Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere superbum.

Fulvius Ursinus observes, that Attius, in his *Judgment of the Armour* (a play copied from Ælchylus), makes use of the same sentiment :

Virtuti sis par, dispar fortunis patris.

Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the region round,

Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field. 630

Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.

Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.

Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train; 635
And the black squadrons darken all the plain.

As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores;

637. *As when some tempest.*] From Homer Iliad. B. iv. 275.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπο σκοπῆς εἶδεν νεφὸς ἀπὸ λῶος ἀνὴρ,
Ἐρχόμενον καὶ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰῶντος,
Τῷ δὲ τ' ἀνεύθεν ἐοῖσι μελαίνεσθον καὶ τε πῖσας
φαίνεται ἰὼν καὶ πόντον, ἀγχι δὲ τε λαίλαπα πολλήν,
Πύρην σεν τε ἰδὼν, ὑπὸ τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα.

Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shews,
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows.
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock
To the close covert of an arching rock.

POPE, v. 314.

The image of the shepherd on the mountain, seeing the storm rising from the sea, is beautiful, as is the close of this comparison. But in the Greek poet, the soldiers, thickening their files, are compared to a storm; in the Roman, the general Æneas is compared to a destructive tempest. There seems to be a kind of *protopopœia* in those words:

— *Dabit ille ruinas*

Arboribus, fragemque satis; ruet omnia late.

As if the husbandmen, on seeing the storm approach, cried out, "this will destroy our trees, our corn, &c."

Book 12. OF VIRGIL. 249

With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
 The full'n murmurs of the distant war ; 640
 Foresee the harvests levell'd with the ground,
 And all the forests spread in ruins round ;
 Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
 Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
 So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew, 645
 And led against the foes the martial crew.
 The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
 In one black body win their desp'rate way.
 By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archefius lies,
 And by Thymbræus' sword Osiris dies. 650
 Next Gyas' lance the mighty Ufens sped,
 And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
 Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whose fatal spear,
 Launch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
 A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky, 655
 And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
 But with disdain the Trojan hero glows ;
 Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.
 He scorns to fight the few who stand their ground,
 Or in their backs the flying crouds to wound : 660
 Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
 To fight, and hunts him thro' the dusty cloud.
 On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
 Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,

664. *Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer.*]

This fiction is imitated from Homer, where Minerva takes the place of Sthenelus in Diomedes's car:

She said, and, to the steed approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.

Metiscus the renown'd ; toft far away, 665
 The wond'ring chief beneath the harnefs lay,
 Herfelf affumes his armour, voice and air ;
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.

As the black fwallow, that, in queft of prey,
 Round the proud palace wings her wanton way, 670
 When for her children ſhe provides the feaft,
 To fill the clamours of the craving neft ;
 Now wild excursions round the cloyfter takes ;
 Now, sportive winds, or ſkims along the lakes :
 So flies the goddeſs on the rapid car, 675
 From ſide to ſide, and traverses the war :
 Now here, now there, ſhe brings the chief to fight ;
 But ſtill ſhe turns him from the fatal fight.

Nor leſs the prince unravels all her ways,
 And hunts his foes thro' ev'ry various maze ; 680
 Thrids all the ſhifting courſe, and breaks the croud
 With furious ſpeed, and calls the chief aloud.

The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car aſcends,
 Fierce for revenge ; and Diomed attends.
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load,
 So great an hero, and ſo great a † god.
 She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
 And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horſe.
 But firſt, to hide her heav'nly viſage, ſpread
 Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

POPE'S HOM. II. B. V. 1028.

This deſcription, it muſt be confeſſed, as much exceeds Virgil's, as Minerva is a more potent divinity than Juturna.

669. *As the black ſwallow.*] This rural ſimile has a good effect in relieving the mind of the reader from the bloody and buſy ſcenes he has juſt been engaged in. It is borrowed, as we have ſeen many of Virgil's are, from Apollonius ; Fulvius Urſinus takes no notice of this in his curious collection.

† *Minerva.*

Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
 As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
 Where-e'er the Trojan hero bends his course; 685
 Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
 What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
 His wav'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
 When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
 And in his hand two shining jav'lines held. 690
 One, at the prince, with levell'd aim, he threw:
 Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
 Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
 But the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.
 Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd, 695
 That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd;
 He first invok'd the thund'rer to redress
 The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
 Then rush'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
 His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round. 700
 The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
 And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.

699. — Nor check nor bound

His fury knew.] — —

— *Irarumque omnes effundit habenas.*

Ennius, from whom Virgil borrowed this metaphor, is still bolder:

Irarumque effunde quadrigas.

An expression quite in the Asiatic spirit, and so sublime, that it borders upon extravagance. Virgil has judiciously softened this metaphor, and by using the word *habeas*, has brought it nearer to common sense, and consequently rendered it more pleasing to the generality of readers, who are apt *verbum aliquod ardens notare*. Dryden called such, his prose critics.

What god will now inspire me, to display
The rage of death, and horrors of the day?
What crouds of heroes perish'd on the plain, 705
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain!
Was it thy will the nations should engage
(Great fire of heav'n) with such unbounded rage?
So soon from war and violence to cease,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace? 710
Æneas first slew Sucro in the fight,
Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his side.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd, 715
Cast from their steed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore: 720
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, flew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's son; and sunk to hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come; 725
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain;

703. *What god.*] This address of the poet begging some deity to assist him in describing the ensuing battle, adds great dignity and importance to the narration, and awakens the reader's curiosity and attention. The expostulation with Jupiter likewise, ver. 708. exceedingly heightens the subject.

A skilful angler; once he made abode,
 Bless'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood. 730
 There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
 A stranger field, and furrows not his own.

As the fierce flames thro' the tall forest fly,
 This way and that, and kindle all the sky;
 Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep, 735
 Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep;

729. *A skilful angler.*] The addition of this circumstance is quite in the spirit of Homer; who generally diversifies and softens the descriptions of his battles, by distinguishing (as Pope observes) the *profession, business, age, office, nation, family, &c.* of every warrior that is slain. One is a blooming youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a priest, whose piety could not save him; one is a sportsman, whom Diana taught in vain; one is a native of a far distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a noble line, which is to end in his death; one is made remarkable by his boasting, another by his beseeching; and another, who is distinguished by nothing else, is marked by his habit, and the singularity of his armour. One has left an aged father, another a palace unfinished, or a wife he was fond of, or children that will be made captives.

733. *As the fierce flames.*] The accumulation of comparisons carries in it a fine poetical enthusiasm. The principal image (says Pope, li. B. XIV.) is more strongly impressed on the mind, by a multiplication of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very vast; but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect. We have several instances of this sort even in so castigated and reserved a writer as Virgil. There is a noble chain of such similes in Tasso, Canto IX. Stanza 22.

*Rapido sì che torbida procella
 De cavernosi monti esce più tarda;
 Fiume, ch' alberi insieme e case snella;
 Folgore, che te torri abbatta, & arda:
 Terremoto, che'l mondo empia d'orrore,
 Son picciole sembianza al suo furore.*

With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
 O'er half a ruin'd country break their way :
 So thro' the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
 As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd. 740
 They burst with wrath ; they rise to ev'ry blow ;
 They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.

A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw :
 Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
 And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings 745
 His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
 Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
 Amidst the harness, and incumber'd lies :
 The coursers startle at the flaming sword ;
 Paw down, and trample on their dying lord. 750

On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
 As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
 Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
 The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain :
 Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band. 755
 Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand !
 Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
 Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life ;
 Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart,
 That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in his heart. 760

Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
 And sunk, a bulk enormous, on the field !
 Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
 Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,

756. *Thy valour, Creteus.*] A Creteus is likewise killed,
 B. IX. v. 1050. This seems to be a little oversight in the poet.

Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel,

765

Tho' by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.

Here ends his life ; his stately palace stood

Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood :

There liv'd the mighty man ; his cold remains

At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.

770

Now in all parts the martial squadrons wage

A gen'ral war, with undistinguish'd rage.

The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,

The Tuscan cohorts, and Arcadian horse,

Beneath their chiefs, embattled, spread the plain ; 775

Here Mnestheus, there Sereftus, fires the train ;

Here great Asylas swept the field ; and there

Storm'd brave Messapus, the renown'd in war.

Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,

With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay ;

780

No stop, no check the fiery warriors knew ;

With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,

And with fresh vigour to the combat flew.

}

But Venus now inspires her godlike son

To leave the field, and storm th' imperial town, 785

As following Turnus thro' the ranks he flies,

From side to side he darts his eager eyes ;

When, lo ! before him, in a full survey,

Exempt from war, the fenceless city lay.

He views the promis'd prize with stern delight ; 790

His soul takes fire, and kindles at the sight.

Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,

With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.

792. *Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.]*

Then, as they rais'd their ample shields, and shook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader spoke. 795

Attend, and instant these commands obey ;
Inspir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way :

All speed this noble enterprize demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.

This day, this hour, unless the Latians yield, 800

And own your chief the victor of the field,

Ev'n from the lowest stone my rage shall tear

Yon town, the source of this destructive war.

Yon perjur'd court my vengeance shall confound,

And those proud tow'rs lie smoking on the ground. 805

Twice have we vanquish'd the Rutulian train ;

Still must I wait till Turnus will be slain ?

No !—at yon walls the sure destruction aim ;

Revenge the broken league with sword and flame ;

Your arms against the guilty city bend : 810

There the dire war began, and there shall end.

Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,

Strait to the town the squadrons urge their way.

They tofs the brands, the scaling engines rear,

And round the ramparts rose the sudden war. 815

Some to the portals fly with speed, and slay

The guards or citizens, who cross their way.

It was a custom of leaders, to harangue their troops from some eminence. This appears from their figures on medals, where we find the inscription, *ADLOCVTIO* ; the soldiers being represented in arms.

812. *All wedg'd.*] One of the figures in which the Romans drew up their battle, was called *cuneus*, when an army was ranged in the form of a wedge ; the most proper to pierce and break the order of an enemy. This too was sometimes called, *caput porcinum*, which in some measure it resembled.

Some hurl the vengeful darts ; the jav'lines fly
In dusky clouds, and intercept the sky.

Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the croud, 820

Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obtesting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field ;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a second war began. 825

But mad confusions in the city rise :
'Tis tumult all ; for all at once advise.

These arm, and fly to guard the walls ; and those,
More loud, demand admission for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring 830
Ev'n to the gates the helpless hoary king.

So when the swain invades, with stifling smoke,
The bees close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,

822. *Compell'd.*] This circumstance artfully justifies the hero's undertaking.

832. *So when.*] This simile is taken from Apollonius Rhodius [Argonautic. L. I. ver. 130.] ; a poet, says Catrou, very rich in beautiful comparisons.

Ὡς δὲ μελισσῶν σμήνος μέγα μηλοβοτῆρες,

Ἡ μελισσοκομοὶ πέτρῃ ἐνὶ καπνείῳσιν,

Αἰ δὴ τοὶ τείως μὲν ἀλλεῖς ὦ ἐνὶ σιμβλῶ

Βομβηδὸν κλονεῶνται, ἐπὶ προ δὲ λιγνυοῦντι

Καπνῷ τυφομέναι πέτρης ἐκὼς αἰώεσσιν.

Which I have here attempted to translate :

As when the swains, of honey studious, strive
To chase the swarms from some deep cavern'd hive,
Sudden, impatient of the rising fumes,
Thick and more thick, they press within the waxen rooms ;
Then from their smoky cells tumultuous pour,
And to the skies, releas'd, in airy circles tow'r.

Virgil, according to custom, has heightened every circumstance. *Trepidæ rerum*, says Dr. Trapp, is a delicate poetical

They rise; and, trembling for th' endanger'd state,
 Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate, 835
 This way, and that, in loud tumultuous swarms,
 Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms.
 The steams offensive roll the cells around;
 Their fullen murmurs thro' the rock resound;
 While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the smokes arise, 840
 And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

But to complete and aggravate their fears,
 A new mischance involv'd the town in tears.
 For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
 O'er the proud domes the fiery tempest fly; 845
 The ramparts storm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
 Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
 Many a long look she cast, but cast in vain;
 And in her fears concludes the hero slain;
 She raves against the gods in wild despair; 850
 She calls herself the auth'ress of the war:
 A thousand complaints she vented o'er and o'er,
 And in her rage her purple garments tore.
 Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
 The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd. 855

poetical elegance, for *Sollicitæ de rebus suis*. Our poet never speaks of his favourite bees without a seeming pleasure, and in a laboured stile.

854. *Then, on a lofty beam.*] Some nicer critics are highly offended, that Virgil should send Amata out of the world in so vulgar a manner. But this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. In Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. I. Clyte, wife to Cyzicus king of the Dolonians, hangs herself, ver. 1063, &c. As does Jocasta in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. In the Oedipus

Soon thro' the court the dreadful rumour ran ;
 With frantic sorrow rave the female train.
 Struck with superior grief, Lavinia tears
 Her blooming rosy cheeks, and golden hairs.
 To their loud shrieks the palace-walls reply ; 860
 Thence thro' the town the fatal tidings fly.
 All feel the stroke ; and all, the loss lament ;
 His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
 In wild despair, with furious hands he spread
 A cloud of dust o'er all his hoary head ; 865
 And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving scene !)
 His ruin'd empire, and self-murder'd queen.
 Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himself alone,
 That rashly he refus'd the Trojan for his son.

But now more slow his progress Turnus held, 870
 And chas'd a few poor stragglers o'er the field.
 With heartless cheer, dejected, he proceeds ;
 And with their master flag the fiery steeds.
 He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
 Shrieks, cries, and shouts, that thicken in the wind. 875

Oedipus of Sophocles likewise Jocasta dies in the same manner :

Οὐ δὴ κρεμασὴν τὴν γυναῖκα' εἰσείσομεν

Πλεῖταις ἑώραϊς ἐμπεπλεγμένην. Ver. 1286.

856. *Soon thro'.*] The circumstances of the distress consequent upon Amata's death, are finely chosen, especially Lavinia's grief. The picture of the old pious monarch weeping, tearing his robes, and spreading dust over his hoary head, is very affecting ; and with how much consistency of character does he attribute this disaster, to his own neglect of the oracle, and refusing Æneas for his son !

871. *Chas'd.*] The languid flow of the lines in the original (says Trapp) expresses weariness and dejection.

874. *He hears the tumult.* From this confusion in the city, with what address does the poet return to the battle ! He makes
 Turnus,

Alas ! he cries, what clamours strike my ear !
What sounds distressful from the town I hear !
Then to the hero, as the steeds he stay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the sister said ;
'This way, my lord, your former course pursue, 880
And urge your conquest o'er the hostile crew.
Your friends defend the town ; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Against his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they. 885
Sister, the chief replies, whom well I knew
(Tho' in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
The single fight, and mingled in the field,
O say ! what pow'r dispatch'd thee from the skies, 890
With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes ?
To share the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witness of thy brother's fate ?
'That brother soon must perish on the plains !
For ah ! what chance, what beam of hope remains ? 895
I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death ;
Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
And the soul rushing thro' the mighty wound !
I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay, 900
Nor liv'd, this scene of ruin to survey,
But shut out bondage from his closing eyes ;
His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.

Turnus, who is in the field, hear the cries and confused noise of the distressed city at a distance ; by this means the poet gains an opportunity of bringing us back to the action.

And shall I see the city wrapt in flame?
 What else was wanting to complete my shame? 905
 How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
 Gods!—how will Drances point them to the fight!
 But oh!—shall Latium see her hero fly?—
 Is it so terrible but once to die?—

Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below! 910
 Since ev'ry pow'r celestial is my foe;
 Lo! I descend to your infernal coast,
 From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
 White, and unsully'd with that dire disgrace,
 Nor stain the splendors of my regal race! 915

While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
 Flew bleeding Sages on his foaming steed.
 Full in his face a feather'd arrow stood;
 And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
 Turnus, on you, our last, last hope depends; 920
 Oh! haste in pity, and relieve your friends:

909. *Is it so terrible.*] Great is the spirit and gallantry of this speech; but it is excelled by the following sentiment of Pindar:

—Θανεῖν δ' ὅσιν ἀνάγκη,
 Τί κε τις ἀνώνυμον γηφάσεν σκόλω
 Καθημένος εἴπει μάλα, ἅπαντων
 Καλὼν ἀμμορὸς;

Pindar. Olym. Od. I. Epod. 3.

918. *Full in his face.*] Virgil takes all opportunities of beautifying and enriching his poem with images, and such strokes as would have a fine effect in painting. Thus he could not omit the circumstance of the arrow sticking in the face of the messenger, who comes to inform Turnus of the dangerous situation of his friends, and the success of the enemy. In a picture, which is proverbially stiled *mutum poema*, this arrow would produce an admirable expression, artfully calculated to signify distress and danger, and bespeaking bad news.

For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the dust the Latian tow'rs.

See! o'er the roofs the fires tempestuous rise!

Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the skies! 925

All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:

The king himself stands doubtful which to own,

You, or your Trojan rival, for his son.

Yet worse—his queen, till now your chief support,

Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court. 930

Messapus only with Atinas stands,

To guard the gates, and animate the bands;

Whom in wedg'd ranks the hostile troops inclose,

And round them thick an iron harvest grows;

While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train, 935

And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,

He stood; he gaz'd; his bosom swell'd with grief:

937. *Thoughts confound the chief.*] The preceding and following circumstances, *viz.* Turnus's hearing the distant, confused cries of the distressed city, and stopping to listen to them more distinctly; his mind presaging some sad misfortune; his pathetic lamentation for the death of many of his best and dearest friends; and his apprehensions of the bitter sarcasms Drances would cast upon him; the approach of Sages, who discovers to him that the city is reduced to the last extremity, and that the queen has murdered herself; and his reproach to Turnus for his ill-timed absence; his silent and inexpressible sorrow and surprize at this fatal news,

Obsupuit varia confusus imagine rerum;

and as soon as he returns to himself, his seeing, for the first object, the city in flames; his telling his sister that he is now resolved to perish; and his leaping out of the chariot, and rushing to the fight; are all circumstances, so strongly and naturally conceived and painted, that one can scarce speak of them with that calmness of approbation, which perhaps just criticism demands.

Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
 At once set all the hero in a flame, 940
 Soon as his soul recover'd from the stroke ;
 Soon as, dispers'd, the cloud of passion broke ;
 Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
 His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
 Where the fierce fires in burning torrents rise 945
 O'er the tall roofs ; and, curling to the skies,
 Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
 Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along ;
 Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
 And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe. 950

Now, sister, fate prevails ; no more delay ;
 I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way.
 Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
 I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
 No more those eyes shall view thy brother's shame, 955
 Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame ;
 Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
 This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.

He said ; and sudden, with an eager bound,
 Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground ; 960
 Leaves his lamenting sister, in despair ;
 Springs thro' a storm of darts, the prince to dare ;
 And bursts impetuous thro' the ranks of war. }
 As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
 A rock from some high precipice is borne ; 965

964. *As when, by age.*] This simile is drawn from B. XIII. of the Iliad ; and it is justly esteemed one of the noblest in all Homer. Tasso has copied it, B. XVIII. St. 82.

Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
 The mass flies furious from th' æreal steep;
 Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
 In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground;
 So to the city, thro' the cleaving train, 970
 Thro' streams of blood, that drench the purpled plain,
 While round his head the whistling jav'lines play,
 As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.
 Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
 And loudly thus bespoke his social band: 975
 To me, ye Latians, the whole war resign,
 All, all the fortune of the field is mine.

As an old rock, which age, or stormy wind,
 Tears from some craggy hill, or mountain steep,
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind
 Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep:
 So fell the beam, and down with it all kind
 Of arms, of weapons, and of men, did sweep.

Fairfax, from whom this translation is taken, has omitted the last line, which is more sonorous than Italian is generally tho' falsely thought to be:

Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.

Pope prefers Homer's simile to both Virgil's and Tasso's; and observes, that they have taken the image without the likeness. In Virgil (continues he) it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application consists; and in Tasso it has no other allusion, than to the fall of a tower in general. If we compare separately the circumstances of Hector's violent descent from the wall, his being pushed on by Jupiter, his meeting with, and being stopped by, the phalanx of the Ajaxes, and the immobility of both, when so stopped (the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he is to get forward), with the separate circumstances of the simile itself, we cannot but agree with Pope, whose translation of it is well worth the reader's perusal; since he has in it so strongly imaged the violent bounding of the stone, the crackling of the wood, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, the increase of force in its progress, and at last its sudden stop.

'Tis just, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Assert the compact, or its breach atone.

I claim, I claim the right, in single fray, 980

To meet my rival, and decide the day.

Back at the word the squadrons are compell'd,

And for the champions form an open field.

Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,

Fierce from the town in all his terrors came; 985

Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind;

Joy, pride, and courage, raise his daring mind.

All-flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,

The godlike prince moves forward to the fight :

He burns impatient for the dire alarms; 990

And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.

With vast gigantic strides, he tow'rs on high,

And looks a second Athos in the sky ;

993. *And looks a second Athos.*] This simile is sublime to a great degree. Milton has imitated it, *Par. Lost*, B. IV. 985.

— On th' other side Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood ;

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :

His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest

Sat Horror plum'd. —

There is a very great strength and beauty in the conciseness and simplicity of, *Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx* ; and it must be confessed, that the *Cum fremit ilicibus quantus*, and the *gaudetque nivali*, &c. exceed any thing we find in Milton's comparison. Indeed, our great countryman would convey an idea different from Virgil's ; he insists upon the fixedness of Teneriff or Atlas : whereas Virgil would represent Æneas enraged, and accordingly mentions the oaks on the top of the Apennines, as resounding with tempests. The *gaudetque*, &c. means a triumphant boldness, a daring pride, and a rejoicing in his might. All these circumstances are implied in the verse preceding the simile :

Latitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis.

Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead shrouds ;
 Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds, 995
 When with a depth of snows his brows are crown'd,
 And all his nodding groves, majestic, wave around.

Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
 Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
 And all the nations, studious of the fight, 1000
 Their arms unbuckled, to survey the fight.
 Ev'n death stands still ; and, o'er the crouded plains,
 Thro' the long ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
 Nor less amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
 Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field, 1005
 By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
 To try their title to his daughter's bed.

Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
 Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
 They launch their spears ; their clashing shields resound ;
 Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground. 1011
 Then their bright swords the raging champions drew,
 And with repeated blows the charge renew.
 Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite ;
 And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight. 1015

As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
 Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,

1004. *Nor less amaz'd.*] This reflection of Latinus is natural, and agreeable to the *bien-séance* or decorum of the manners. Old men are very susceptible of impressions of this kind. It was certainly something wonderful and extraordinary, that two rivals, the one from Asia, and the other born in Italy, should be disputing for his daughter by force of arms.

CATROU.

1016. *As, where proud Sila's.*] Though perhaps we have had too many comparisons drawn from lions, tigers, bulls, wolves,

With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage :
 A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage :
 Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly ; 1020
 Struck dumb with terror, stand the heifers by ;
 Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
 And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
 Fierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er ;
 Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in }
 gore ; 1025
 The mountains, streams, and woods, rebellow to the }
 roar.

So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
 So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.

Now Jove suspends his scales ; two diff'rent weights
 He cast in both, and try'd the warriors fates. 1030

wolves, and other savage animals, too nearly resembling each other ; yet the passage before us, comparing the two heroes fighting for Lavinia, and the empire of Latium, to two bulls contending for the mastery of the meadows, and for the favourite heifers, contains such an exact point of likeness, as cannot but please the reader of taste. This again is another simile taken from Apollonius. The circumstance of Virgil's borrowing so frequently from this charming poet, may, perhaps, balance Quintilian's stricture upon him, who says he wrote, *Æquali quâdam mediocritate*.

1029. *Now Jove suspends.*] This fiction is originally drawn from Homer, Iliad VIII. where the fates of Hector and Achilles are weighed. Milton introduces the Almighty weighing the fate of Satan and Gabriel :

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign ;
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd ;
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events ;
 Battles, and realms : in these he puts two weights,

This, light with conquest, to the gods ascends ;
That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to the fiends.

With his drawn faulchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.
Loud shouts and groans succeed ; each army bent 1035
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event ;
When lo ! all-shatter'd flies the traitor sword,
And in the stroke deserts the Daunian lord.
A stranger hilt he spies, and shakes in vain :
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain ; 1040
And, swifter than the wind, he darts along the plain. }
For when the chief first vaulted on the car
With headlong haste, and rush'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd sword, 'tis said,
And seiz'd his charioteer Metiscus' blade ; 1045
And, ev'n with this, the growing slaughter spread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.

The signal each of parting and of fight :
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.

Par. Lost, B. IV. ver. 996.

This description may with justice, says Pope, be preferred both to Homer's and Virgil's, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of Libra in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since ; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and the stile of the Scriptures.

Macrobius, Saturnal. B. V. cap. 13. aptly remarks, that these scales are not so justly applied by the Latin, as by the Greek poet. We knew before, that Turnus would certainly perish, according to Juno's prediction :

*Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fati ;
Parcarumque dies, & vis inimica propinquat.*

After this declaration, which unfortunately foretells the event, there was less reason for weighing his fate with that of Æneas.

But when the mortal steel a stroke bestow'd
 On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
 The faulchion, faithless to the warrior's hand, 1050
 Broke short—the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
 O'er the wide field distracted Turnus springs,
 And flies with wild affright in mazy rings :
 For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs ;
 Here a vast lake ; and there the Latian tow'rs. 1055
 But still his foe, tho' tardy from his wound,
 Treads all his steps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
 As the fleet stag, by the staunch hound pursu'd,
 Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along the flood ;
 Now from the meshy toils with terror springs, 1060
 Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the strings :
 He starts, he pants, he stares with wild amaze,
 And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways.
 Close at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
 Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground. 1065
 On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
 And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.

1058. *As the fleet stag.*] Virgil drew the close of this comparison from Apollonius Rhodius, Arg. B. II. ver. 278. but has finely improved it by the beauty of his diction :

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐνὶ κνημοῖσι κυνὲς δεδαήμενοι αὐγρῆς,
 Ἡ αἰγὰς κεραυὲς ἢ προκάς ἰχνεύοντες,
 Θείωσιν, τυτθὸν δὲ τιταίνοντες μετόπισθεν
 Ἀκρῆς ἐν γένυεσσι μάτη ἀραβήσαν ὀδόντας·

"As when the sagacious dogs trace out in the groves the horned goats or stags, the extremity of their jaws approach, and almost touch the hunted animal from behind, and they snap their teeth together in vain."

The other circumstances are taken from a simile of the like subject, Homer's *Iliad* XXII.

Forth darts the stag—his foe cast far behind,
 Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
 The hunters shout; the streams, the rocks reply; 1070
 And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the sky.
 Thus, flying in distress, the Daunian lord
 Calls on his friends; demands his trusty sword.
 But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
 Forbids the bands the weapon to supply; 1075
 Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
 Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
 O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
 This hero leads, and that pursues the chase.

1078. *O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
 This hero leads, and that pursues the chase.*

Though Hector in the Iliad has much more reason to fly from Achilles, than Turnus from Æneas, yet this flight of Turnus will not, I believe, appear an act of cowardice, if we consider his pressing circumstances, ver. 1037. The sword which he uses against Æneas (which was that of his chariot-eer Metiscus, and unluckily snatched up for his own by mistake) is broken in pieces, upon the celestial armour of the Trojan hero. Thus Turnus is at once disarmed, and naturally betakes himself to flight: on the one side is the Trojan army, on the other a broad lake; on another the walls of Laurentum. He calls out on his friends, to give him his own sword from the city, which Æneas forbids them to do with loud menaces. Thus distressed, he is obliged to suffer himself to be hunted, as it were, by Æneas, to the number of ten rounds. But, notwithstanding this behaviour, having regained his sword by the assistance of Juturna, he returns, and attacks Æneas. And thus the courage and fierceness of his character are justly supported.

Mr. Pope, speaking of the flight of Hector, Iliad XXII. note on ver. 180. has these words.

"If the reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that Virgil had an un-
 common

No light reward must crown their eager strife ; 1080

The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life !

To Faunus sacred had an olive stood :

The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,

Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.

common esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost intirely to the death of Turnus ; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents : but doubtless he was touched with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole Iliad, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of Aristotle, who was so far from looking on this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteemed it marvellous and admirable."

[The passage is almost entirely applicable to the present case.]

" The wonderful, says he, ought to have a place in tragedy, but still more in epic poetry ; which proceeds in this point even to the unreasonable : for as in epic poems one sees not the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason, is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example ; what Homer says of Hector, pursued by Achilles, would appear ridiculous on the stage ; for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see, on the one side, the Greeks standing without any motion ; and, on the other, Achilles pursuing Hector, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear, when we read the poem ; for what is wonderful is always agreeable ; and, as a proof of it, we find, that they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it." The same great critic vindicates this passage in the chapter following : " A poet, says he, is inexcusable, if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry : but this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attends to the thing proposed ; for he has then brought about what he intended ; for example, if he renders, by it, any part of his poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place in the Iliad, where Achilles pursues Hector." Aristot. Poet. chap. 25, 26.

1082. *An olive stood.*] The true poet dignifies every the meanest object. The trunk of an old tree, in which Æneas

But late, to leave the field for combat free, 1085
 The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
 Full in the root, Æneas drove his spear :
 The dart, deep riveted, stood trembling there :
 The hero, struggling with incessant pain,
 Now bends to disengage the lance again ; 1090
 And with his dart, at least, o'ertake the foe,
 Who, frightened, to the god preferr'd his vow.
 Thy suppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
 And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the spear ;
 If still I honour'd with a pious hand 1095
 Your plant, by guilty Troy with steel profan'd.
 Thus he ; the god attends his humble strain ;
 The Trojan labours at the root in vain :
 There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
 Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight, 1100
 Once more Juturna to the chief restor'd
 (In brave Metiscus' form) his temper'd sword.
 This heav'nly Venus view'd with high disdain,
 And from the root releas'd the dart again.
 Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance ; 1105
 One shook the sword, and one the flaming lance.

happened to flick his spear, was an olive, says Virgil, consecrated to Faunus, which the Trojans had with great impiety (as Turnus says, to cast odium on his enemies) lately cut down.

1105. *The tow'ring chiefs advance.*] Just as we expected the heroes would engage in a decisive combat, the poet stops short, and introduces a dialogue betwixt Jupiter and Juno on this important action. Such unexpected pauses are highly judicious, awaken and raise the reader's attention, and make him impatient for the event.

Their heaving bosoms swell with stern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.

Then to his consort, who the war survey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer said : 1110
What schemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate ?
You know, and own, Æneas soon must rise
From earth, already sacred to the skies.
Long since, those glories to the chief are ow'd, 1115
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpose then this fruitless care ?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war ?
Say, was it just, to wake the dire alarms ?
To violate a god with mortal arms, 1120
When the bold sister to the chief restor'd,
By thy assistance, his paternal sword ?
(For what without thy succour could she dare ?)
And sent the vanquish'd Turnus to the war ?
At length, at length, the needless strife give o'er ; 1125
At my request, indulge your rage no more ;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to rest,
For ever prey on that immortal breast.
Oh ! let thy lord thy secret sorrow share,
Or, more than share it, give me all thy care ! 1130
To their last sacred point the fates are come ;
Here, here they fix th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and sea ;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite, 1135
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight ;

This we indulg'd : now give thy efforts o'er
At our command ; and thwart the fates no more.

So spoke th' imperial sov'reign of the skies ;
And, in submissive terms, the queen replies : 1140

Great fire ; because thy sacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.

Nor had I sat, but at the will of Jove,
Disgrac'd and pensive, in the clouds above ;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd, 1145

And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd ;
I bade Juturna mingle in the strife,

Nay, venture more, to save a brother's life.

That charge I own ; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a single jav'lin at the foe. 1150

'This, this, I swear, by the black Stygian floods,

The sole dread sanction of th' immortal gods :

Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,

And from this hour renounce the hateful war.

1140. *And, in submissive.*] Virgil, we have seen, has divided his poem, as Homer did his *Odyssey*. The first part contains the voyage and arrival of Æneas in Italy ; the second his establishment there. But he has connected these two great events better than Homer, by giving them a common *intrigue* or *plot*. He did not introduce, for the first part of his *intrigue*, a deity who could act no where but by sea, as the Neptune of Homer ; but makes choice of Juno, the goddess of the air, who had an equal power over sea and land. She at first vigorously opposes the voyage of our hero, and afterwards his settlement. This opposition then is what constitutes the general *intrigue* of the whole action. The *solution* of the *plot* or *intrigue* begins, when the anger of Juno is softened, and she is appeased by Jupiter, as she appears to be in this passage of the twelfth Book of the Æneid.

BOSSU, B. II. c. 13.

But yet I beg, O sov'reign of the sky! 1155

What not the hardest laws of fate deny;

For your own Latium I implore this grace,

This honour for your own majestic race;

When by these nuptials both the realms combine,

And in firm leagues of peace and friendship join; 1160

Still may the Latians, still remain the same,

Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!

May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;

Kings after kings the regal line sustain;

And from th' Italian blood may Rome arise, 1165

In all her pride and glory, to the skies.

But may a long oblivion quite destroy

The last, last ruins, with the name of Troy!

The goddess spoke; and, with a smile replies

The fire of men, and monarch of the skies: 1170

Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,

Th' imperial sister, and the wife, of Jove,

With endless schemes of vengeance break her rest?

Why burns such wrath in a celestial breast?

Cease, cease, at length, and lay your anger by, 1175

Since with your wish, my empress, we comply.

Th' Ausonians ever shall remain the same

In customs, garb, religion, and the name;

And the lost Trojan race forget from whence they

came:

1177. *Th' Ausonians.*] Here the poet gives a most artful reason why the Romans did not retain more of the Trojan customs, and names, and habits, than they were known to have done.

In manners, laws, and language, shall they join, 1180
And Ilion shall increase the Latian line.

From hence a pious godlike race shall rise ;
The first of men ; the darlings of the skies.

Nor all the nations of the world shall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they. 1185

Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above.

'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd

The watry goddess from the fighting field :

Two hideous monsters wait obsequious by, 1190

Tremendous fiends ! the furies of the sky ;

1183. *The first of men, &c.*

Supra homines, supra ire Deos, &c.

Virgil (says Catrou) puts a very poignant satire into the mouth of Jupiter, against the gods. But I think we should not understand this passage exactly according to the letter. It is common among the poets, in describing exalted merit, to extol it above the gods. Notwithstanding this, Virgil should have remembered whom he introduced speaking.

1185. *More glorious honours to thy name than they.*] Juno was highly worshipped among the Romans ; particularly by women of the first quality. She had a magnificent temple dedicated to her service, on the Aventine mount. Scipio brought her statue from Carthage to Rome. CATROU.

1190. *Two hideous monsters.*] It is to be observed (says Catrou), that Pluto is not the only deity who has furies under his jurisdiction. Jupiter has his likewise. Thus the gods were feigned to punish crimes in this and the next life. In this noble passage, I think our translator has equalled his original. Tho' Virgil's images are great, yet how much more terrible, and with what a greater degree of sublimity, are the agents and instruments of JEHOVAH described in the sacred writings, when he is angry ! Read particularly the following passage, Samuel 2 Book, chap. xxiv " And when the angel of the Lord stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people ; It is enough !—stay now thine hand !—"

Hell-born and horrible, they sprung to light,
 With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
 Huge wreaths of serpent spires their temples bound :
 Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around, 1195
 When bent the minds of mortal men to scare
 With the black horrors of the last despair ;
 When for the guilty world the god prepares
 Woes, death, disease, blue pestilence, and wars ;
 In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd ; 1200
 Before the throne of heav'n's almighty lord,
 To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they stand,
 Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.

Of these the swiftest from the skies he sent,
 To fright the goddess with the dire portent. 1205
 Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
 Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
 As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
 And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart ;
 He draws the circling bow ; the quiv'ring string 1210
 Twangs ; and the weapon whizzes on the wing :
 So swift to earth the baleful fury flew,
 Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
 When lo ! contracted, to the bird she turns,
 That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns, 1215

1201. *Before the throne.*] After this manner Satan appears in heaven; book of Job, chap. i. ver. 6.

1214. *Who lo! contracted.*]

Alitis in parvæ.

The epithet *parvæ* seems improperly applied to an owl, which the bird here spoken of, is supposed to be. Cunningham tells us, that *parvæ* is to be found in *Cod. Markiano*. This word *parvæ* has the same import as *obscæna*, *obscænaque volucres*,

Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
 And break the solemn silence of the shade.
 Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
 Round Turnus' head, and chills him with surprize;
 This way and that she flutters o'er the field, 1220
 And screams his death, and beats his founding shield.

His inmost soul a sudden horror stung;
 Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
 But soon, too soon, the goddesses knew the sound
 Of the black fury as she flies around: 1225
 She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
 Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.

volucres, Æn. 12. and Ovid calls this bird *profana avis*, Met. B. VIII. 543. Johan. Pierius, who gives us most of the various readings of our author in his *castigation. Æneid. Virgil.* takes no notice of this word. The reader will observe the fine effect of the spondee in the fifth place, in the following line, *culminibus desertis*, which strongly represents the melancholy image intended.

1223. *Stiff rose his hair.*] However simple this circumstance may appear, yet the ancients who so faithfully represent the genuine feelings of nature, always mention the erection of the hair as a strong mark of dread and terror. Sophocles, in that wonderfully sublime scene, where the death of Oedipus is described, after telling us how loudly he and his daughters lamented on their taking leave of each other, adds — *A silence ensued: when suddenly a certain voice called out, Oedipus, aloud, so that the hairs of all present were erected with fear;*

Ἦν μὲν σιωπῇ, φθέγμα δ' ἐξαιφνης τινος
 Θωξεν αὖλον, ὥς παντὶς οὐρίας
 Στήσαι φοβῶ δεισάλλας ἐξαιφνης τεύχας.

I would beg the reader to peruse the whole scene from verse 1666. to 1727. of the Oedipus Coloneus; for I know no piece of dramatic poetry that excites terror to so great a degree, except perhaps the Macbeth of Shakespear.

Ah me! she cries, in this unequal strife,
How can thy sister now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date, 1230
(Wretch that I am!) and stop the course of fate?
How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair. 1235
Too well I know your pinions clattering round.—
There was a scream!—Hell, hell is in the sound!
You came (I know) commission'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd, 1240
For my lost honour, by the grateful god?
Ah! why this lengthen'd life must I endure?
Deny'd the taste of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitless honours of the sky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity! 1245
Pleas'd, with my brother wou'd I yield my breath,
And share his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
Joy is no more; and nothing Jove bestows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! earth! thy inmost centre open throw, 1250
And rest a goddess in the shades below!
Then in her azure robes she wrapt her head,
Sigh'd, sobb'd, and plung'd into her watry bed;

1237. *There was a scream!*] This is a most lively, and animated translation of *Lethalemque sonum*; its being put into an exclamation, occasions one to think one hears the very sound; and cannot avoid making the reader tremble with horror,

Her last low murmurs, as the stream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.

1255

Now at the foe, the Trojan hero shook
His pointed spear, and sternly thus bespoke :
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight ?
'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight.

Try all thy arts and vigour to escape

1260

Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape ;
Wish for the morning's rapid wings, to fly ;
Shoot down to hell ; or vault into the sky.—

Not those insulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief (and shook his head); 1265
No—but the gods with fear my bosom move,
And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove !

1267. *And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove !*] We are now come to the conclusion of the poem, and to what the critics term the unravelling. It is necessary to make some difference between the action and the unravelling, whether it be of the epopœia in general, or of the Æneid in particular. The action here is the establishment of a Trojan colony : its unravelling is the cessation of all those obstacles which obstruct this establishment. Aristotle prescribes, that the action of the poem ought to have an historical verisimilitude ; and that it is faulty when it admits the machinery of gods. In fact, would it not be fool-hardiness in an hero to attempt an action, from whence it would be impossible for him to escape safely, without a miracle ? If then the fury is here introduced, it is as a circumstance belonging to the unravelling, and not to the action. As to the action, it is concluded, in the Æneis, in the most natural manner imaginable. Both parties engage in a sacrifice, and oaths are mutually sworn, that the Trojans shall be received in Italy, and that it shall be permitted them to make a settlement there, supposing that Æneas conquers Turnus. History has nothing more simple, or agreeable to truth. No deity forces or over-rules their sentiments ; it is with the utmost freedom that the Trojans are admitted to compose a joint people with

the

The warrior said ; and cast his fiery eyes,
Where an huge stone, a rocky fragment, lies ;

the Latins. But after all, a complication of circumstances still subsists. Turnus, yet living, is still an obstacle to the reception of the Trojans into the Latian territories. His death alone can be an unravelling of these complicated circumstances. But it is lawful to introduce gods for the unravelling, tho' it is contrary to rule, to make them contribute any thing to the action.

The fury then contributes to remove the obstacle which Turnus forms against the establishment of the Trojans ; and Juturna assists in prolonging the execution of his attempts. In this point Virgil's conduct is not contrary to the rules of art. In fine, the unravelling of the *Æneid* is of the number of those which Aristotle calls *simple*. He admits of two sorts, the *simple* and the *implex*. The *simple* is that which is carried on without a peripetie or remembrance. Thus, in the *Iliad*, the death of Hector removes all those obstacles which hindered the taking of Troy : and in the *Æneid*, the death of Turnus cuts off all those difficulties which kept back and detained the establishment of the Trojans. On the contrary, in the *Odyssey*, the unravelling is *implex*. This is always accompanied with a remembrance or discovery. Ulysses, disguised under the dress of a beggar, after having put to death the troublesome suitors of his wife Penelope, makes himself known to her. From the peripetie, the situation of both is suddenly changed for the better. Penelope ceases to be a prey to those princes who paid their addresses to her ; and Ulysses, after a long absence, enjoys domestic tranquillity. It is to be owned (with Aristotle), that the *implex* unravelling of the *Odyssey* is more complete than that of the *Iliad*, and consequently than that of the *Æneid* : but, the unravelling excepted, the *Iliad* infinitely surpasses the *Odyssey* and *Æneid* both.

CATROU.

I own I am of a contrary opinion, and do not think the *Iliad* exceeds the *Odyssey*, so much as some critics would persuade us : the moral of the latter is certainly more useful, and the images it contains, tho' of a milder and more domestic nature, are as strongly painted as any of the more fierce and glowing battle-pieces in the *Iliad* ; and there is indisputably a much greater and more entertaining variety of accidents, events, and scenes, in the *Odyssey*. Pope has, I think,
fatis-

Black, rough, prodigious, vast!--the common bound 1270
For ages past, and barrier of the ground.

Scarce twelve strong men the pond'rous mass could raise,
Such as disgrace these dark degen'rate days.

This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,

Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe : 1275

satisfactorily proved that Longinus is mistaken, in thinking this poem favours of the old age of Homer.

It should be remembered, that the rule of Horace (so often quoted)

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,
relates intirely, and only, to dramatic poetry. Whoever has been conversant in the Greek tragedies, knows how many of their plots are unravelled by the interposition of some deity. See the *Alceste* of Euripides, the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and many others.

1724. *This in his trembling hand.*] In B. XXI. of the *Iliad*, Pallas throws an huge stone at Mars. Pope observes, that this action in a mortal [Turnus] is somewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it so (says he) is an addition of two lines to this simile, which Virgil borrows from another part of Homer; only with this difference, that, whereas Homer says no two men could raise such a stone, Virgil extends it to twelve:

— *Saxum circumspicit ingens,*

Saxum antiquum, ingens, &c. —

There is a beauty in the repetition of *Saxum ingens* in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone:

Vix illud lecti bis sex ceruice subirent,

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

May I be allowed to think, he adds, these lines are not so well introduced in Virgil? For it is just after Turnus is described as weakened and oppressed with fears and ill omens: it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem. Thus far Pope.

That Turnus was oppressed with fears, and ill omens, is certain; but we are to consider this action as the last effort of a despairing man; and it is well known, that extremity of circumstances rouse all our strength, and provoke us to exert our abilities in an extraordinary manner.

But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
 Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
 His loose knees tremble, nor support their load :
 Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.
 Shot of the mark, and guiltless of a wound, 1280
 Th' unwieldly mass came thund'ring to the ground.
 And, as when slumber seals the closing fight,
 The sick wild fancy labours in the night :
 Some dreadful visionary foe we shun
 With airy strides, but strive in vain to run ; 1285
 In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay ;
 We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away ;
 Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,
 And on the tongue the struggling accents die :
 The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain ; 1290
 The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain !

Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands oppress'd,
 A thousand terrors working in his breast.
 Now to the Latian battlements on high,
 Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye, 1295
 Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly. }
 No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
 No car, no steeds, nor goddess charioteer !

With leuell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part ;
 Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart. 1300
 A stone dislodged, with less fury far,
 Flies from the brazen enginry of war :

1282. *And, as when slumber.*] The like simile is applied to Hector by Homer, II. XXII. There is a certain listlessness and impotence in that line, *Velle videmur*, and in *Mediis conatibus ægri*, which finely corresponds with the weak and fruitless essays we seem to make in dreams.

And wrap'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,
 Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
 Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies, 1305
 The jav'lin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies;
 Its rapid progress thro' the sev'n-fold shield,
 And the thick mail, with matchless fury held;
 Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
 And bent the hapless warrior to the ground. 1310

With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise:
 The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
 His eyes and hands the vanquish'd hero rear'd,
 And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:

Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate my death: 1315
 Then, use thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
 Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
 Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
 Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
 Grov'ling, and pleading for an only son! 1320
 Then save the son! in him the father save!
 Nor bow his age, with sorrow, to the grave!
 Or, oh! at least, this mercy I implore,
 My breathless relics to my friends restore.

1315. *Prince.*] 'Tis extremely judicious in the poet to make Turnus himself (whom perhaps we have been inclined to pity) fairly own, that he deserves to die, and that he has nothing to plead against his fate: the motive he makes use of to work upon the compassion of Æneas, by putting him in mind of his father Anchises, will appear the best chosen imaginable, if we recollect the tenderness and piety of our hero, so predominant in his character: and Turnus's solemn resignation of Lavinia, *tua est Lavinia conjux*, points out to us, and reminds us of, the occasion of the war, and of the combat which was to decide it.

Thine is the conquest ; lo ! the Latian bands 1325
Behold their gen'ral stretch his suppliant hands !
Restrain thy farther vengeance ; I resign
My former claim ; the royal fair is thine.

A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repres'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe. 1330
His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind ;
When lo ! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side ;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore, 1335
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he spoke: 1340
Thou ! wretch accurs'd ! canst thou to grace pretend ?
Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend ?
Go then, a victim to his spirit, go ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.

1331. *His melting words to mercy now inclin'd.*] The humanity of the hero is kept up and supported to the last. He pities, and is disposed to spare, his rival and inveterate enemy Turnus, till he accidentally casts his eyes on the spoils of his friend. This circumstance instantly awakens his anger, and gives justness to his indignation : and our judicious poet, by artfully putting the word *immolat* into the mouth of Æneas, suggests to the reader, that the death of Turnus is not a murder, but a sacrifice.

1348. *Plung'd to hell.*] Virgil closes the whole scene of action by the death of Turnus, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader ; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. For it is evident, that

Thus is his ghost aton'd.—The hero said ;
And bury'd in his breast the furious blade.

1345

the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Italy, answers the whole design and intention of the poem : had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark.

POPE.

The action of the Æneid ends, according to the rules laid down by the best critics, where the mind is left in repose, without expectation of any farther event.

Thus have I endeavoured to point out, in the foregoing notes, some of Virgil's capital beauties ; in which it will be perceived, that I have intended to consider him as a poet, rather than to play the grammarian and commentator. I am sensible, that I have not taken notice of every excellency that might be produced ; but have left room for the reader to admire for himself. Virgil is an inexhaustible fund for observation, and different passages may strike different minds. I hope I have not often been guilty of blind panegyric, or fallen into a rapturous applause, without giving a reason. I rather fear I shall be censured by some, for the liberties I have sometimes taken in finding fault. However, it is with great diffidence of my own judgment, that I submit what I have done to the candour of the public, on which I rely. But, by way of conclusion to the whole, I would beg leave to recommend to such readers of the foregoing translations and remarks, as may be too much inclined to mistake malignity and censure for criticism and taste, the following excellent observations of the penetrating and judicious author of the Rambler.

“ Some (says he) seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention upon minute inelegance, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The dissonance of a syllable, the recurrence of the same sound, the repetition of a particle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the slightest defect in construction or arrangement, swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass ; and know nothing of the justness of the design, the spirit of the performance, the artifice of connexion, or the harmony of the parts : they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole ; or how the trivial inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.

Others

With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to hell.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation, which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narrations, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy: of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into the worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice; but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity."

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POSTSCRIPT.

I Find it extremely difficult to disengage my thoughts from Virgil:

— *Juvat usque morari,
Et conferre gradum.* —

I hope therefore for the reader's pardon and patience, while I lay before him a few more general remarks on the *Æneid*, which could not well be introduced in the compass of the foregoing notes. *Judgment* being generally and justly reckoned our author's chief excellence and characteristic, I have placed together, in one view, the following *nine* instances of this his predominant qualification.

I.

In order to make the narration interesting, to keep the mind warm, and the attention alive, it is esteemed a great beauty in the epopœa, to break through the orderly and regular succession of time, and to set out in the very midst of the story, nay, to commence the *action* as near the *catastrophe* as possible. Thus in the *Odyssey* the gods order Mercury to go to the isle of Ogygia, where Ulysses was detained by Calypso. He was to charge that goddess to give the hero leave to depart, and to furnish him with every thing that was necessary for his voyage to Ithaca. The reader imagines therefore, the poem will end within the compass of

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a few verses. But Virgil, says Boffu, approaches still nearer to a conclusion. The very first time we see his hero, he hath already left Sicily ; is upon his voyage to, nay is almost arrived in, Italy. The second part of the poem, begins too in the same judicious manner. Æneas, arriving at the country which the fates had promised him, finds every thing well disposed for his reception and settlement. The king offers him his daughter, the sole heiress to his crown, in marriage. Who would imagine then, but that this hero had accomplished his design, and the poem was at an end? But a storm casts him on the coast of Carthage, which accident furnishes the poet with matter for his first part. And the jealousy and rivalry of Turnus, who claims a prior right to Lavinia, affords subject-matter for the last six books. Virgil therefore hath begun his poem in such a manner, that when once this hero hath made his appearance, he never ceases *acting* till the end of it. The hero himself relates all that passed *before*, and that too in one speech, artfully introduced on a most probable occasion. And this recital is so well placed, that the things related in it precede immediately, and without any interruption, those which the poet afterwards relates in his own person. How different, and how absurd, hath been the conduct of Statius, who, at his first setting out, asks his muse at what period of time he should begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo*? And equally blameable is Nonnus, who begins even with the birth of Bacchus, and proceeds regularly through his adventures and victories to his *apotheosis*. These injudicious poets seem never to have thought of the important advice of Horace :

Semper

*Semper ad eventum festinat ; & in mediâs res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*—

But our great countryman was so convinced of its justness, that he opens his incomparable *Paradise Lost* with a scene of devils already fallen into the infernal regions, and defers the account and reason of their fall for *Raphael* to relate in the sixth book.

II.

Virgil is equally commendable for his judgment in conducting the *episodes* with which has adorned his poem. Bossu observes that three circumstances are necessary to the right formation of an episode. The one is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is, as it were, a natural member of this body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes, and these members, with one another. And the third, never to finish any episode so completely as that it may seem to be an intire action, taken by itself; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the member only of a body, and as a part, of itself, not complete. The reader I hope has perceived, that Virgil hath observed these rules exactly, in his picture of the burning of Troy, in the affair of Dido, the games, Nisus and Euryalus, &c. all which are drawn from the very essence of the main fable, and are naturally connected with it. But, in the Thebaid, what part of the subject is either the cause, or the effect, of the massacre at Lemnos, or of any of the adventures of Jason? Happy was the author of the Iliad, whose story was naturally so full of matter, that it required not the least addition,

or recourse to any episode whatever: for those short fables inserted in it can, I think, scarcely be called so. I cannot forbear observing, how vicious an episode Tasso hath given us in the second book of his *Jerusalem Liberata*, in the entertaining story of *Sophronia* and *Olindo*; he hath adorned this impertinent and useless episode, with a great deal of true poetry, mixed with some far-fetched and trifling conceits and witticisms. One is apt at first to imagine, that this virtuous heroine, and her lover, are designed to be capital characters in the poem. But how great is the reader's mortification and surprize, to find they have no manner of concern with the principal action, and never to see them afterwards? Surely, after we are so much interested for any character, we naturally expect, that notwithstanding we lose sight of it for some time, yet that (*like the river Arethusa*) it will again appear in the course of the poem. The episode of *Agramante* and *Marfisa* in *Ariosto*, is also a very ill-judged one; yet we must acknowledge, that he hath made some amends for this defect, by his beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends *Medoro* and *Cloridano*, in the eighteenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is indeed an artful and exact copy of the *Nisus* and *Euryalus* of *Virgil*; yet the author hath added some original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what we find in *Virgil*; for *Medoro* and *Cloridano* venture into the field of battle to find out, among the heaps of slain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism.

III. *Virgil*

III.

Virgil never loses sight of his hero a moment ; every incident, nay, every line in his poem, tends to aggrandize and to exalt *Æneas* ; we are interested for him alone ; he ingrosses all our attention and concern ; he is placed like an exquisite statue in a well-disposed garden ; which way soever you walk, you are sure to meet with a full prospect of it in every avenue. And here again, *Tasso* hath committed a glaring mistake ; who makes *Rinaldo* perform all the most difficult and shining actions in the *Jerusalem*. It is he, that kills *Adrastus*, *Tisaphernes*, *Solyman*, and all the principal leaders of the enemy ; it is he that dissolves the charms of the enchanted forest, which *Tasso* hath nobly copied from *Lucan*, or rather from the favourite romances of the times ; the most important episodes are reserved for him ; nothing remarkable is transacted in his absence ; he alone is destined to make the most striking appearance ; and *Godfrey*, who is called the hero of the piece, executes no one thing worthy notice. It is in vain that *Tasso* endeavours to excuse this palpable fault by saying the whole is an allegory : surely this is only justifying one chimaera by another. *Homer*, with better judgment, and a very different taste, makes *Achilles*, the hero of the *Iliad*, the soul of it also : he pervades and animates the whole poem :

— *Agitat molem & magno se corpore miscet*—

but (adds *Rapin* unjustly, and with his usual dislike to the venerable father of poetry) it is true that *Homer* sometimes leaves this hero at too great a distance, and seems sometimes totally to forget him. *Virgil* never falls into this mistake : *Æneas* is perpetually the principal figure in the piece.

Such is the purity and justness of *Virgil's* taste, that he never wantonly indulges his imagination in launching out into any useless and improper descriptions. He well knew, that nothing could be more absurd to true judges, than for the action of an epic poem to stand still, while the author was amusing himself in giving florid pictures and images, instead of hastening forward to his catastrophe. Hence we find, that there is not one description in the *Æneid*, but what is absolutely necessary, and is so placed as to carry on the main business and intent of the poem, and moreover is made in as few words as possible. * The description of Carthage, with which *Virgil* opens his poem, is contained in six verses. He acquaints us, that this city is seated over-against Italy, facing the very mouth of the Tiber; that it is powerful in war; and that Juno designed to make it the seat of universal monarchy: this is the cause of the anger of this deity; and as it constitutes the plot of the poem, it was highly necessary to let the reader know these circumstance.

One could not have imagined how *Æolus* could restrain and let loose the winds, if one had not been informed, that they are inclosed in caverns. The poet therefore spends twelve verses on this subject.

The ships of *Æneas*, so roughly handled by a tempest, and at a season when the seas were liable to frequent and unforeseen storms, had need of an harbour that was intirely free from this danger, and that was safe and still; and since it was in an unknown country, it was requisite, that this haven should be situated in a private and secret place. This is what *Virgil* describes in eleven verses.

The

* See *Bossu*, B. VI. Ch. 2.

The description of the Trojans being hard at work, and eager to leave Carthage (*Æn.* IV.), is likewise very artfully managed. On one hand, it shews the good effect the presence of a lord and master has over these labourers; on the other, the poet paints this their eagerness and attention, not so much to the reader's as to Dido's view: she there saw the preparative to her death, and every blow the ax and hammer struck, were like the stabs of a dagger that had pierced her heart. Can any thing be more moving than the ingenious application Virgil himself makes of this description, by which he plainly points out his intention in making it?

*Quis tibi nunc, Dido, cernenti talia, sensus?
Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa?—*

If in the middle of a great action any thing is described, that seems to interrupt and distract the reader's mind; it is requisite, that the effect of these descriptions be such, as may carry along with them their necessity, and their reasonableness; and that, by this means, they may be embodied, if I may so speak, in the main action. We have one instance of this in the battle of the eleventh book of the *Æneid*, where the poet stops short, and runs out into so minute a description of the arms and dress of Chloereus, *Æn.* l. XI. v. 768. to v. 782. Judicious readers might perhaps have been disgusted at this beauty so carefully described in the very heat of the battle, if the poet had only done it for their sakes. But the case is this: Camilla is charmed with these glittering accoutrements; the desire of them costs her her life, gives the victory to the

Trojans, and at once breaks all the measures Turnus had taken against Æneas. These are such descriptions as are judiciously introduced, and managed with discretion. They are not made for their own sakes only; they are not mere ornaments, and introduced to shew the poet's talent of saying fine things. *Seneca* is far from observing this temperance, and reservedness. If he has any recital to make, though never so melancholy and pitiable, he begins it with such descriptions as are not only useless, but ridiculous. *Creon* has a story to relate to *Œdipus*, pregnant with all the circumstances of horror that can be conceived. He is intreated, he is threatened, and, after great signs of grief, for being forced to utter so terrible a tale, he begins his narration with a description of a grove, which *Œdipus* knew perfectly well, and frequently saw. But suppose he had never seen it, was he then at leisure (agitated as his mind was with fear and anxiety) to be told, that this grove was full of cypress-trees, oaks, laurel, myrtle, alder, and pines? that the cypress-trees are always green; that the laurel-trees bear bitter berries; that the alder-trees were proper to build ships, which ride on the wide ocean; that the oaks of this grove had their branches distorted and eat up with age; that time had gnawed the bark off this, that the roots of that could no longer support it; and that it would tumble down, were it not propped up by the trunk of another tree? The whole is too long, and too affectedly unnatural, to be transcribed; but the reader may see it in the third act of *Seneca's Œdipus*, beginning at ver. 530. In short, the management of descriptions, and how to introduce them with propriety, is so difficult and artful a task, that even *Homer* himself is thought sometimes

times to have erred in this particular ; as, for instance, in the fifth book of the *Iliad*, ver. 722. where he spends several lines in minutely describing the fine chariot of Juno, at a time when the reader expected to be hurried instantly into the thickest of the battle :

For why should Homer deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war ?
Or dwell on ev'ry wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms ?

PITT'S Vida, B. II.

Two of the longest descriptions in Virgil (except that of *Fame*, which I think cannot well be defended) are of the serpents, in the second book, that destroy Laocoon ; and of the ghost of Hector that appears to Æneas, to inform him of the treachery of Sinon, and of the inevitable destruction of Troy, whose gods he commits to his care, and bids him immediately set out in search of the empire the fates had designed for him. The reader at one view sees the necessity and importance of both these descriptions, especially the last, in which he must equally admire the *pathos*, and the *propriety*. Milton had been unpardonable, if he had indulged his luxuriant fancy in describing the serpent in so many lines, and in such gaudy colours, as he has spent upon it, B. IX. if this serpent had not been the instrument of that temptation on which the whole action of his poem turns. The palace of *Alcina* in *Ariosto*, that of *Armida* in *Tasso*, and the bower of *Bliss* in *Spenser* (manifestly copied from *Ariosto*) take up too much room in their respective places, are injudiciously introduced, are of
O 5 little

little service to the fable, and are more in the taste of the fairy descriptions of the crystal and diamond palaces in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, or Don Bellianis of Greece, than of objects that ought to be admitted into an epic poem. The same I think may be said of M. de *Voltaire's* description of the temple of Love in his *Henriade*.

V.

Innumerable are the little strokes of nature and character in Virgil : of which the following instances may be given, and than which, nothing more demonstrates a poet's judgment, and penetration into the human heart. The tenderness and piety of Æneas break out on every occasion ; he pities and bewails Amycus, Gyas, and Orontes, whom he imagined to be lost in the storm ; B. II. 222. he is put in mind of his own father's danger by seeing the death of old Priam, B. II. he himself carries this aged parent through the flames and tumult of the city ; he endeavours to find his *Creusa*, whom he had unfortunately lost, by venturing back into the city, though the enemy then fully possessed it ; and does not give over searching farther till her apparition warns him to retreat. He looks back to the walls of Carthage, when he was obliged by order of the gods to forsake Dido, with the utmost sorrow and regret ; especially when he saw the reflection of the flames of Dido's funeral fire :

† *Mœnia respiciens, quæ jam infelicitis Elisë
Collucent flammis.*——

When

† This image always puts me in mind of that very fine one in the book of Genesis, chap. XIX. And Abraham looked

When he meets 'this unhappy queen in the shades below, he accosts her in the tenderest manner imaginable :

Was I the unhappy cause of your death !

Funeris, heu ! tibi causa fui !

I swear by all the powers both of heaven and hell, that I left your kingdom with the deepest reluctance and regret. But the very same gods that have commanded me to visit (as you now see) these dismal infernal regions, laid on me their strict injunctions to forsake Carthage, and drove me out of your kingdom :

*Sed me jussa deum, quæ nunc has ire per umbras,
Per loca senta situ cogunt, noctemque profundam
Imperiis egere suis. —*

So that Æneas gives her the most indisputable proof, even ocular demonstration, of his perfect obedience to the will of heaven, the only motive that could have induced him to leave her. He adds very movingly, when he perceived she was going away, and would not stop to hear his defence ;

*Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahere nostro.
Quem fugis ? extremum fato quod te alloquor
hoc est.*

Again ; Aristotle says, the manners of each personage should be suitable (*ἄρμοττοντα*) to the sex, age, birth, education, and other circumstances, which looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain ; and beheld ; and lo ! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.

which usually distinguish and characterize one man from another. Thus the women Virgil introduces; the boys, as Iulus; the youths, as Turnus, Nisus, and Euryalus; the grown men, as Mnestheus, and Achates; the old ones, as Anchises and Priam; are each of them strongly marked and diversified from each other by the circumstances abovementioned. At least they are more strongly marked in our poet, than in any that preceded him, or have followed him, Homer and Shakespear only excepted, who have drawn more various and more true characters than any writers whatever.

Virgil hath likewise softened and civilized Homer's gods, and made them act with greater dignity and decorum, according to the improved notions of the times in which he lived. A strong instance of this art may be seen in the tenth book, where Juno and Venus are circumstantially talkative in their speeches, while Jupiter speaks with a majestic brevity.

VI.

It hath been observed in the foregoing notes, that the design of the epopœa being to instruct by examples, and not by downright moralities, sentences or reflections should be seldom introduced. It may be here added, that Virgil's judgment is great in the art of disguising sentences, and taking away from them their dogmatical air.

Bossu speaks of this proceeding in the following manner. Seneca very frequently, in his tragedies, where the moral should be less apparent than in the epopœa, utters his thoughts morally and sententially;

tentiously ; and Virgil, on the other hand, in the epic poem, and in places that are designed for morality, conceals his sentences under figures, and particular applications. For instance: if any thing lays us under an obligation of embracing virtue, and abandoning vice, it is doubtless this maxim; viz. That the highest and best recompence of a good action flows from virtue itself, and the good habits we contract by our good actions; as that, on the contrary, vicious actions imprint on us the love of vices, and the habits of committing them, which sometimes leads us into a kind of fatal necessity. Again, the habits take such deep root in us, that death itself does not make us relinquish them: we preserve to eternity the affections and inclinations which we have contracted in our lifetime, and with which we die. So that those who are so unhappy as to leave this world with their vicious inclinations about them, are afflicted with unspeakable torments, when they come to see the deformity of those vices which they cannot divest themselves of, and the beauty of justice and virtue, from which they are banished for ever. Virgil teaches us all this in several sentences, that he disguises after a most admirable manner.

The first is: That the manners and the habits are the best reward of good actions. He tempers this excellent precept with so much tenderness, that it is hard to say, whether in this passage he makes use of the profitable, or the pleasant. A young nobleman, Euryalus, the most amiable, and the most beloved of all the Trojans, meets with an important occasion of serving his prince, to which nothing but his own virtue obliges him: he embraces the opportunity with all earnestness, and is going to expose himself to a death, that
perhaps

perhaps might be the heart-breaking of his mother. She loved this son so passionately, that she was the only woman that followed him into Italy, without fearing the dangers, and the fatigues, which kept all the rest behind at Sicily. Euryalus, that loved his mother so dearly, dares not take his leave of her, because he could not sustain the tenderness of her tears. He therefore recommends her to young Ascanius. Ascanius receives her into his protection : and on both sides they express all the passion, which a great poet was able to inspire them with. It is in the midst of these passions, that a grave old man, with tears in his eyes, embraces Euryalus, and his dear friend Nisus ; prays for their success ; and, for a reward of so much virtue, promises them such an one as we have been discoursing of :

*Quæ vobis, quæ digna, viri, pro talibus ausis
Præmia posse reat solvi ? pulcherrima primum
Dii MORESQUE dabunt vestri.*——

Æn. IX. 252.

The second sentence is this : That when we die, we carry along with us the habits we have contracted upon earth. The poet makes mention of the troublesome and tormenting habits, when he describes those lovers whom Æneas meets with labouring under the same miseries they felt before their death :

——*Cura non ipsa in morte relinquunt.*

And he says the same concerning the pleasant inclinations, when in the Elysian fields Æneas meets
 4 with

with heroes that had the very same diversions there,
which they enjoyed in this life;

— *Que gratia currum*

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

VII.

It was intended to give many instances of Virgil's judgment in beautifying, and as it were making his own by his manner of working them up, the many passages he has borrowed from Homer, the Greek tragedies, and Ennius, and Lucretius. But on reading Mr. Hurd's ingenious *Discourse on poetical imitation*, one begins to doubt whether in reality he has borrowed at all, and whether one does not usually, in this case, mistake necessary *resemblances* for *thefts*. I refer the reader to the treatise itself, in which he will meet with much pleasure and instruction, although this hypothesis is perhaps pushed a little too far. The author seems to think with *La Bruyere*, that we are come into the world too late to produce any new thing and original; but his own performance is an admirable example to the contrary.

VIII.

The exact propriety of Virgil's thoughts ought to be particularly regarded. We find in him no points and turns, no witticisms and conceits, which are utterly inconsistent with the dignity of epic poetry, and please only those superficial readers, who cannot relish a just simplicity. *Le danger & les passions* (says M. Voltaire) *ne cherchent point l'esprit, Priam & Hecube ne font point d'Epigrammes,*
quand

quand leurs enfans sont egorgés dans Troye embrassée.
 What Dido says to Æneas in her last speech to him, is the voice of nature and passion. But how egregiously Tasso trifles, when Armida, in the same situation, addresses Rinaldo !

—— *O tu che porte
 Parte teco di me, parte ne lassi,
 O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morte
 Da insieme ad ambi.*——

Canto XVI. 40 Sta.

“ O thou who carriest one part of me away with thee, and leavest the other, either take the one, or restore the other, or give death to both of them at once.” By so frequently comparing the chaste manner of Virgil, with the vicious and false one of some Latin and Italian writers, it has been my design to give my younger readers especially, a disgust to unnatural and florid sentiments, and inspire them with a love of that greatest beauty in writing, *simplicity*. I would therefore recommend to them the following passage ; which, considering the taste and genius of its author, merits a more particular attention than any words of my own can demand. It is the amiable Fenelon, who thus writes to Fontenelle, as secretary of the French academy, p. 324 ; and it is a lesson by which Fontenelle himself might have profited. “ It is natural (says he) for the moderns who excel in elegance, and ingenious turns, to fancy that they have surpassed the ancients ; whose chief excellence is a natural simplicity. But I must beg leave here to propose a sort of apologue. The inventors of the Gothic kind of architecture (which is said to have

come from the Arabians) fancied, no doubt, that they had outdone the Greek architects. A Grecian structure has nothing in it that is merely ornamental. The parts that are necessary to support, or to cover it, as the pillars, and the cornice, become ornaments only by their beautiful proportion. Every thing is simple, exact, and useful. We see nothing in it either bold or fanciful, that can impose on the sight. The proportions are so just, that nothing seems very noble, though the whole really be so. Every thing is designed to satisfy true reason. On the contrary, the Gothic architect, upon very slender pillars, raises up a vast roof into the clouds. One would fancy it were going to tumble, though it stands many ages. It is all full of windows, roses, and petty decorations. The stones seem to be pinked and cut-out like paper-bawbles. Every thing looks gay and light; as it were hanging in the air. Was it not natural now for the Gothic architects to imagine, that, by their vain refinements, they had outdone the Greek simplicity? Now only change the names, and put poets and orators instead of architects: Lucan must naturally fancy he was a greater poet than Virgil. Seneca the tragedian must imagine he was more exquisite than Sophocles. Tasso perhaps hoped he should excel Virgil and Homer. If these authors thought so, they were much deceived. And the most excellent modern authors should beware of the like mistake."

IX.

Lastly, the art of Virgil is never so powerfully felt, as when he attempts to move the passions, especially the more tender ones. The *pathetic* was
the

the grand, distinguishing characteristic of his genius and temper. And this perhaps is the reason why Æneas is painted of so soft and compassionate a turn of mind. Our poet began so early as in his Eclogues (see the second and tenth) *to steep his song in tears*. And the story of Orpheus is excelled by nothing but that of Dido, of Nisus and Euryalus and his mother, the mournful picture of Troy, the lamentations of Evander, and the distresses of Latinus, Juturna, and Turnus. Quintilian has exactly drawn Virgil's character under that of Euripides: IN AFFECTIBUS CUM OMNIBUS MIRUS, TUM IIS QUI MISERATIONE CONSTANT, FACILE PRAECIPUUS, Lib. X. c. 1. It lay in his power alone, to have enriched the Roman poesy with what it so greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more useful work than even an epic poem itself, A PERFECT TRAGEDY.



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The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.



BOOKS



